

The English Theatre In Eight volumes ; Containing The most valuable Plays
Which have been acted on the London Stage

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THE
ENGLISH THEATRE.
IN
EIGHT VOLUMES.

CONTAINING

The most valuable PLAYS
Which have been acted on the
LONDON STAGE.

V O L. VII.

PROVOKED HUSBAND. *By C. Cibber, Esq;*
RECRUITING OFFICER. *By Mr. Farquhar.*
SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND. *By Dr. Hoadley.*
TUNBRIDGE WALKS. *By Mr. Baker.*
WONDER, a WOMAN keeps a SECRET.
By Mrs. Centlivre.

L O N D O N,

Printed for T. Lowndes in Fleet-street.

M DCC LXV.

Where may be had, All Sorts of PLAYS.





THE
PROVOK'D HUSBAND;
OR, A
JOURNEY to LONDON.
A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the THEATRES-ROYAL
in DRURY-LANE and COVENT-GARDEN.

Written by the late

Sir JOHN VANBRUGH and Mr. CIBBER.

—*Vivit Tanquam Vicina Mariti.* Juv. Sat. VI.



L O N D O N:

Printed for T. LOWNDES, in Fleet-Street.

MDCCLXV.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

At DRURY-LANE, 1765.

M E N.

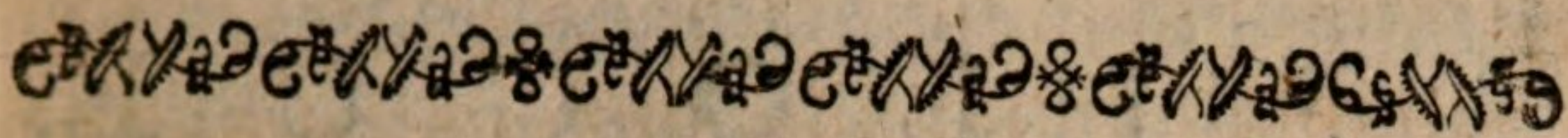
Lord Townly, of a Regular Life,	Mr. Powell.
Mr. Manley, an Admirer of Lady Grace,	Mr. Packer.
Sir Francis Wronghead, a Country Gentleman,	} Mr. Yates.
Squire Richard, his Son, a mere Whelp,	
Count Basset, a Gamester,	Mr. King.
John Moody, Servant to Sir Francis, an honest Clown,	} Mr. Burton.

W O M E N.

Lady Townly, immoderate in her Pursuit of Pleasures,	} Mrs. Yates.
Lady Grace, Sister to Lord Townly, of exemplary Virtue,	
Lady Wronghead, Wife to Sir Francis, inclined to be a fine Lady,	} Mrs. Hopkins.
Miss Jenny, her Daughter, pert and forward,	
Mrs. Motherly, one that lets Lodgings,	Mrs. Cross.
Myrtilla, her Niece, seduced by the Count,	} Mrs. Lee.
Mrs. Trusty, Lady Townly's Woman,	
	Mrs. Bennet.

At COVENT-GARDEN.

Lord Townly,	Mr. Ross.
Manly,	Mr. Clarke.
Sir Francis Wronghead	Mr. Shuter.
Squire Richard,	Mr. Cushing.
John Moody,	Mr. Dunstal.
Count Basset,	Mr. Dyer.
Lady Wronghead,	Mrs. Pitt.
Miss Jenny,	Miss Davis.
Lady Grace,	Miss Macklin.
Lady Townly,	Mrs. Ward.



P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

THIS Play took Birth from Principles of Truth,
To make amends for Errors past of Youth.

A Bard, that's now no more, in riper Days,
Conscious review'd the Licence of his Plays:
And though Applause his wanton Muse had fir'd,
Himself condemn'd what sensual Minds admir'd.
At length he own'd, that Plays should let you see
Not only, What you are, but ought to be ;
Though Vice was natural, 'twas never meant
The Stage should shew it, but for Punishment !
Warm with that Thought, his Muse once more took Flame,
Resolv'd to bring licentious Life to Shame.

Such was the Piece his latest Pen design'd,
But left no Traces of his Plan behind.
Luxuriant Scences, unprun'd, or half contriv'd ;
Yet, through the Mass, his native Fire surviv'd :
Rough, as rich Ore, in Mines the Treasure lay,
Yet still 'twas rich, and forms at length a Play.
In which the bold Compiler boasts no Merit,
But that his Pains have sav'd your Scenes of Spirit.
Not Scenes, that would a noisy Joy impart,
But such as hush the Mind and warm the Heart.
From Praise of Hands no sure Account he draws,
But fixt Attention is sincere Applause :

If then (for hard you'll own the Task) his Art
Can to those Embryon-scenes new Life impart,
The Living proudly would exclude his Lays,
And to the buried Bard resigns the Praise.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

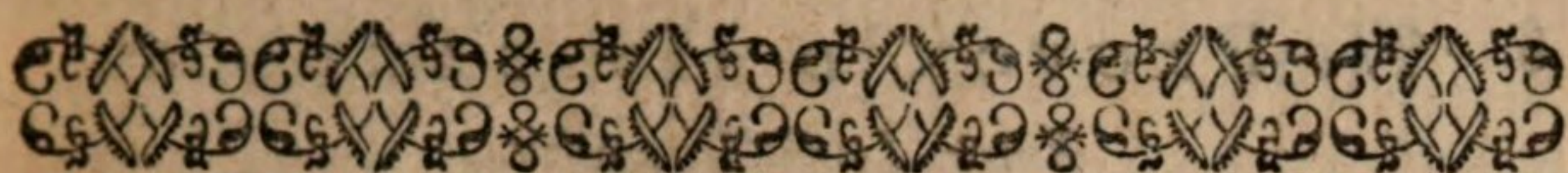
*M*ETHINKS I hear some powder'd Critics say,
"Damn it! this Wife reform'd has spoil'd the Play!"
"The Coxcomb should have drawn her more in Fashion,
"Have gratify'd her softer Inclination,
"Have tipt her a Gallant, and clinch'd the Provocation." }

But there our Bard stopt short: For 'twere uncivil
T' have made a modern Belle, all o'er a Devil!
He hop'd, in Honour of the Sex, the Age
Would bear one mended Women——on the Stage.

From whence, you see, by Common Sense's Rules,
Wives might be govern'd, were not Husbands Fools.
Whate'er by Nature Dames are prone to do,
They seldom stray but when they govern you.
When the wild Wife perceives her Deary tame,
No Wonder then she plays him all the Game.
But Men of Sense meet rarely that Disaster;
Women take Pride, where Merit is their Master:
Nay, she that with a weak Man wisely lives,
Will seem t' obey the due Commands he gives!
Happy Obedience is no more a Wonder,
When Men are Men, and keep them kindly under.
But modern Consorts are such high-bred Creatures,
They think a Husband's Power degrades their Features;
That nothing more proclaims a reigning Beauty,
Than that she never was reproach'd with Duty:
And that the greatest Blessing Heav'n e'er sent,
Is in a Spouse, incurious and content.

To give such Dames a diff'rent Cast of Thought,
By calling home the Mind, these Scenes were wrought.
If with a Hand too rude the Task is done,
We hope the Scheme by Lady Grace laid down,
Will all such Freedom with the Sex attone,
That Virtue there, unsoil'd by modish Art,
Throws out Attractions for a Manly's Heart. }

You, You, then, Ladies, whose unquestion'd Lives
Give you the foremost Fame of happy Wives,
Protect, for its Attempt, this helpless Play;
Nor leave it to the vulgar Taste a Prey;
Appear the frequent Champions of its Cause,
Direct the Crowd, and give yourselves Applause.



T H E
P R O V O K ' D H U S B A N D :
O R

A JOURNEY to LONDON.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *Lord Townly's Apartment.*

Lord Townly solus.

W H Y did I marry !——Was it not evident, my plain, rational Scheme of Life was impracticable, with a Women of so different a Way of thinking?——Is there one Article of it, that she has not broke in upon?——Yes,——let me do her Justice——her Reputation——That——I have no Reason to believe is in Question——But then how long her profligate Course of Pleasures may make her able to keep it——is a shocking Question ! and her Presumption while she keeps it——insupportable ! for on the Pride of that single Virtue she seems to lay it down, as a fundamental Point, that the free Indulgence of every other Vice, this fertile Town affords, is the Birth-right Prerogative of a Woman of Quality——Amazing ! that a Creature so warm in the Pursuit of her Pleasures, should never cast one thought towards her Happiness——Thus, while she admits no Lover, she thinks it a greater Merit still, in her Chastity, not to care for her Husband ; and while she herself is solacing in one continual Round of Cards and good Company, He, poor Wretch ! is left at large, to take Care of his own Contentment——'Tis time, indeed, some Care were taken, and speedily there shall be——Yet let me not be rash——Perhaps this Disappointment of my Heart may make me too impatient ; and some Tempers, when reproach'd, grow more untractable.——Here she comes——Let me be calm a while.

8 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or*

Enter Lady Townley.

Going out so soon after Dinner, Madam?

Lady Town. Lard, my Lord! what can I possibly do at Home?

Lord Town. What does my Sister, *Lady Grace*, do at Home?

Lady Town. Why, that is to me amazing! Have you ever any Pleasure at Home!

Lord Town. It might be in your Power, Madam, I confess, to make it a little more comfortable to me.

Lady Town. Comfortable! and so, my good Lord, you would really have a Woman of my Rank and Spirit, stay at Home to comfort her Husband! Lord! what Notions of Life some Men have!

Lord Town. Don't you think, Madam, some Ladies Notions are full as extravagant?

Lady Town. Yes, my Lord, when the tame Doves live coop'd within the Fenn of your Precepts, I do think 'em prodigious indeed!

Lord Town. And when they fly wild about this Town, Madam, pray what must the World think of 'em then?

Lady Town. Oh! This World is not so ill bred as to quarrel with any Woman for liking it.

Lord Town. Nor am I, Madam, a Husband so well-bred, as to bear my Wife's being so fond of it; in short, the Life you lead, Madam——

Lady Town. Is, to me, the pleasanter Life in the World.

Lord Town. I should not dispute your Taste, Madam, if a Woman had a Right to please no body but herself.

Lady Town. Why, whom would you have her please?

Lord Town. Sometimes her Husband.

Lady Town. And don't you think a Husband under the same Obligation?

Lord Town. Certainly.

Lady Town. Why then we are agreed, my Lord—— For if I never go abroad, 'till I am weary of being at home——which you know is the Case——is it not equally reasonable, not to come home 'till one's weary of being abroad!

Lord Town. If this be your Rule of Life, Madam, 'tis time to ask you one serious Question?

Lady Town. Don't let it be long a coming then——

For I am in haste.

Lord

Lord Town. Madam, when I am serious, I expect a serious Answer.

Lady Town. Before I know the Question?

Lord Town. Pshaw———have I Power, Madam, to make you serious by Intreaty?

Lady Town. You have.

Lord Town. And you promise to answer me sincerely?

Lady Town. Sincerely.

Lord Town. Now then recollect your Thoughts, and tell me seriously, Why you married me?

Lady Town. You insist upon Truth, you say?

Lord Town. I think I have a Right to it.

Lady Town. Why then, my Lord, to give you, at once, a Proof of my Obedience and Sincerity———I think———I married———to take off that Restraint, that lay upon my Pleasures, while I was a single Woman.

Lord Town. How, Madam! is any Women under less Restraint after Marriage, than before it?

Lady Town. O my Lord! my Lord! they are quite different Creatures! Wives have infinite Liberties in Life, that would be terrible in an unmarried Woman to take.

Lord Town. Name one.

Lady Town. Fitty, if you please!———to begin then, in the Morning———A married Woman may have Men at her Toilet; invite them to Dinner; appoint them a Party in a Stage-Box at the Play; ingross the Conversation; there call 'em by their Christian Names; talk louder than the Players;———From thence jaunt into the City———take a frolicksome Supper at an *India House*———perhaps, in her *Gaieté de Cœur*, toast a pretty Fellow———Then clatter again to this End of the Town; break, with the Morning, into an Assembly; crowd to the Hazard-Table; throw a familiar *Levant* upon some sharp lurching Man of Quality, and if he demands his Money, turn it off with a loud Laugh, and cry———you'll owe it him, to vex him! ha! ha!

Lord Town. Prodigious! [Aside.

Lady Town. These now, my Lord, are some few of the mady modish Amusements, that distinguish the Privilege of a Wife, from that of a single Woman.

Lord Town. Death! Madam! what Law has made these Liberties less scandalous in a Wife, than in an unmarried Woman?

10 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or*

Lady Town. Why, the strongest Law in the World, Custom——Custom Time out of Mind, my Lord.

Lord Town. Custom, Madam, is the Law of Fools : But it shall never govern me.

Lady Town. Nay then, my Lord, 'tis time for me to observe the Laws of Prudence.

Lord Town. I wish I could see an Instance of it.

Lady Town. You shall have one this Moment, my Lord : For I think, when a Man begins to lose his Temper at Home ; if a Woman has any Prudence, why
—————she'll go abroad 'till he comes to himself again.
[Going.

Lord Town. Hold, Madam——I am amaz'd you are not more uneasy at the Life you lead ! You don't want Sense ! and yet seem void of all Humanity : For with a Blush I say it, I think I have not wanted Love.

Lady Town. Oh ! don't say that, my Lord, if you suppose I have my Senses ?

Lord Town. What is it I have done to you ? what can you complain of ?

Lady Town. Oh ! nothing in the least : 'Tis true, you have heard me say, I have owed my Lord *Lurcher* an Hundred Pounds these three Weeks——but what then——a Husband is not liable to his Wife's Debts of Honour, you know——and if a silly Woman will be uneasy about Money she can't be su'd for, what's that to him ? as long as he loves her, to be sure, she can have nothing to complain of.

Lord Town. By Heav'n, if my whole Fortune thrown into your Lap, could make you delight in the chearful Duties of a Wife, I should think myself a Gainer by the Purchase.

Lady Town. That is, my Lord, I might receive your whole Estate, provided you were sure I would not spend a Shilling of it.

Lord Town. No, Madam ; were I Master of your Heart, your Pleasures would be mine ; but different, as they are, I'll feed even your Follies, to deserve it——Perhaps you may have some other trifling Debts of Honour abroad, that keep you out of Humour at Home——at least it shall not be my Fault, if I have not more of your Company——There, there's a Bill of Five Hundred——and now, Madam——

Lady

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 11

Lady Town. And now, my Lord, down to the Ground I thank you——Now am I convinced, were I weak enough to love this Man, I should never get a single Guinea from him. [*Aside.*

Lord Town. If it be no Offence, Madam——

Lady Town. Say what you please, my Lord ; I am in that Harmony of Spirits, it is impossible to put me out of Humour.

Lord Town. How long, in Reason then, do you think that Sum ought to last you ?

Lady Town. Oh, my dear, dear Lord ! now you have spoil'd all again ; How is it possible I should answer for an Event, that so utterly depends upon Fortune ? But to shew you, that I am more inclin'd to get Money, than to throw it away———I have a strong Possession, that with this five Hundred, I shall win five Thousand.

Lord Town. Madam, if you were to win ten Thousand, it would be no Satisfaction to me.

Lady Town. O ! the Churl ! ten Thousand ! what ! not so much as wish I might win ten Thousand !———Ten Thousand ! O ! the charming Sum ! what infinite pretty Things might a Women of Spirit do, with ten Thousand Guineas ! O' my Conscience, if she were a Woman of true Spirit—she—she might lose 'em all again.

Lord Town. And I had rather it should be so, Madam ; provided I could be sure, that were the last you would lose.

Lady Town. Well, my Lord, to let you see I design to play all the good House-wife I can ; I am now going to a Party at *Quadrille*, only to piddle with a little of it, at poor two Guineas a Fish, with the Duchesse of *Quiteright*. [*Exit Lady Townly.*

Lord Town. Insensible Creature ! neither Reproaches, or Indulgence, Kindness, or Severity, can wake her to the least Reflexion ! Continual Licence has lull'd her into such a Lethargy of Care, that she speaks of her Excesses with the same easy Confidence, as if they were so many Virtues. What a turn has her Head taken !———But how to cure it———I am afraid the Physic must be strong, that reaches her———Lenitives, I see, are to no Purpose———take my Friend's Opinion———*Manly* will speak freely———my Sister with Tenderness

12 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*
to both Sides. They know my Case——I'll talk with
'em.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Manly, my Lord, has sent to know, if your Lordship was at home.

Lord Town. They did not deny me?

Serv. No, my Lord.

Lord Town. Very well; step up to my Sister, and say, I desire to speak with her.

Serv. Lady Grace is here, my Lord. *[Exit Serv.]*

Enter Lady Grace.

Lord Town. So, Lady fair; what pretty Weapon have you been killing your Time with?

Lady Grace. A huge Folio, that has almost kill'd me—I think I have half read my Eyes out.

Lord Town. O! you should not pore so much just after Dinner, Child.

Lady Grace. That's true; but any Body's Thoughts are better than always one's own, you know.

Lord Town. Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Leave word at the Door, I am at Home to no Body but Mr. Manly.

Lady Grace. And why is he excepted, pray, my Lord?

Lord Town. I hope, Madam, you have no Objection to his Company?

Lady Grace. Your particular Orders, upon my being here, look, indeed, as if you thought I had not.

Lord Town. And your Ladyship's Enquiry into the Reason of those Orders, shews at least, it was not a Matter indifferent to you!

Lady Grace. Lord! You make the oddest Constructions, Brother!

Lord Town. Look you, my grave Lady Grace——in one serious Word——I wish you had him.

Lady Grace. I can't help that.

Lord Town. Ha! you can't help it! ha! ha! The flat Simplicity of that Reply was admirable!

Lady Grace. Pooh! you teize one, Brother!

Lord Town. Come, I beg Pardon, Child——this is not a Point, I grant you, to trifle upon; therefore I hope you'll give me leave to be serious.

Lady Grace. If you desire it, Brother! though upon
my

my Word, as to Mr. *Manly*'s having any serious Thoughts of me—I know nothing of it.

Lord Town. Well———there's nothing wrong, in your making a Doubt of it———But in short, I find, by his Conversation of late, that he has been looking round the World for a Wife; and if you were to look round the World for a Husband, he's the first Man I would give to you.

Lady Grace. Then, whenever he makes me any Offer, Brother, I will certainly tell you of it.

Lord Town. O! that's the last Thing he'll do; he'll never make you an Offer, 'till he's pretty sure it won't be refus'd

Lady Grace. Now you make me curious. Pray! did he ever make any Offer of that kind to you?

Lord Town. Not directly; but that imports nothing; he is a Man too well acquainted with the Female World, to be brought into a high Opinion of any one Woman, without some well-examin'd Proof of her Merit: Yet I have Reason to believe, that your good Sense, your turn of Mind, and your way of Life, have brought him to so favourable a one of you, that a few Days will reduce him to talk plainly to me: Which as yet (notwithstanding our Friendship) I have neither declin'd, nor encourag'd him to.

Lady Grace. I am mighty glad we are so near, in our Way of thinking: For to tell you the Truth, he is much upon the same Terms with me: You know he has a satirical Turn; but never lashes any Folly, without giving due Encomiums to its opposite Virtue: And upon such Occasions, he is sometimes particular, in turning his Compliments upon me, which I don't receive, with any Reserve, lest he should imagine I take them to myself.

Lord Town. You are right, Child: When a Man of Merit makes his Addresses; good Sense may give him an Answer, without Scorn, or Coquetry.

Lady Grace. Hush! he's here———

Enter Mr. Manly.

Man. My Lord! your most obedient.

Lord Town. Dear *Manly*, yours———I was thinking to send to you.

Man. Then, I am glad I am here, my Lord———

Lady

Lady Grace, I kiss you Hands! ———— What, only you two! How many Visits may a Man make, before he falls into such unfashionable Company? A Brother and Sister soberly sitting at Home, when the whole Town is a gadding! I question if there is so particular a *Tête à Tête*, again, in the whole Parish of St *James's*.

Lady Grace. Fy! fy! Mr. *Manly*; how censorious you are?

Man. I had not made the Reflexion, Madam, but that I saw you an Exception to it—Where's my Lady?

Lord Town. That I believe is impossible to guess.

Man. Then I won't try, my Lord——

Lord Town. But, 'tis probable I may hear of her, by that time I have been four or five Hours in Bed.

Man. Now, if that were my Case———I believe I —— But I beg Pardon, my Lord.

Lord Town. Indeed, Sir, you shall not: You will oblige me, if you speak out; for it was upon this Head I wanted to see you.

Man. Why then, my Lord, since you oblige me to proceed———If that were my Case———I believe I should certainly sleep in another House.

Lady Grace. How do you mean?

Man. Only a Compliment, Madam.

Lady Grace. A Compliment!

Man. Yes, Madam, in rather turning myself out of Doors than her.

Lady Grace. Don't you think, that would be going too far?

Man. I don't know but it might, Madam; for, in strict Justice, I think she ought rather to go, than I.

Lady Grace. This is new Doctrine, Mr. *Manly*.

Man. As old, Madam, as *Love, Honour, and Obey!* When a Women will stop at nothing that's wrong, why should a Man balance any thing that's right?

Lady Grace. Bless me, but this is fomenting things——

Man. Fomentations, Madam, are sometimes necessary to dispel Tumours: tho' I don't directly advise my Lord to do this———This is only what, upon the same Provocation, I would do myself.

Lady Grace. Ay! ay! You would do! Batchelors Wives, indeed, are finely govern'd.

Man. If the married Mens were as well———I am apt
to

to think we should not see so many mutual Plagues taking the Air, in separate Coaches!

Lady Grace. Well! but suppose it your own Case; would you part with a Wife, because she now and then stays out, in the best Company!

Lord Town. Well said, *Lady Grace*! come, stand up for the Privilege of your Sex! This is like to be a warm Debate! I shall edify.

Man. Madam, I think a Wife, after Midnight, has no Occasion to be in better Company than her Husband's; and that frequent unreasonable Hours make the best Company—the worst Company she can fall into.

Lady Grace. But if People of Condition are to keep company with one another; how is it possible to be done unless one conforms to their Hours?

Man. I can't find, that any Woman's good Breeding obliges her to conform to other People's Vices.

Lord Town. I doubt, Child, here we are got a little on the wrong Side of the Question.

Lady Grace. Why so, my Lord? I can't think the Case so bad, as Mr. *Manly* states it——People of Quality are not ty'd down to the Rules of those, who have their Fortunes to make.

Man. No People, Madam, are above being ty'd down to some Rules, that have Fortunes to lose.

Lady Grace. Pooh! I'm sure, if you were to take my Side of the Argument, you would be able to say something more for it.

Lord Town. Well, what say you to that, *Manly*?

Man. Why, 'troth, my Lord, I have something to say.

Lady Grace. Ay! that I should be glad to hear now!

Lord Town. Out with it!

Man. Then in one Word, this, my Lord, I have often thought that the Mis-conduct of my Lady has, in a great Measure, been owing to your Lordship's Treatment of her.

Lady Grace. Bless me!

Lord Town. My Treatment!

Man. Ay, my Lord, you so idoliz'd her before Marriage, that you even indulg'd her, like a Mistress, after it: In short, you continu'd the Lover, when you should have taken up the Husband.

16 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Lady Grace. O frightful! this is worse than t'other! can a Husband love a Wife too well!

Man. As easy, Madam, as a Wife may love her Husband too little.

Lord Town. So! you two are never like to agree, I find.

Lady Grace. Don't be positive, Brother;—I am afraid we are both of a Mind already. [*Aside*] And do you, at this rate, ever hope to be married, Mr. Manly?

Man. Never, Madam; 'till I can meet with a Woman that likes my Doctrine.

Lady Grace. 'Tis pity but your mistress should hear it.

Man. Pity me, Madam, when I marry the Woman that won't hear it.

Lady Grace. I think, at least, he can't say, that's me.

[*Aside.*]

Man. And so, my Lord, by giving her more Power than was needful, she has none where she wants it; having such intire possession of you, she is not Mistress of herself! And, Mercy on us! how many fine Womens Heads have been turn'd upon the same Occasion!

Lord Town. O Manly! 'tis too true! there's the Source of my Disquiet! she knows, and has abus'd her Power! Nay, I am still so weak (with Shame I speak it) 'tis not an Hour ago, that in the midst of my Impatience—I gave her another Bill for Five Hundred to throw away.

Man. Well—my Lord! to let you see I am sometimes upon the Side of Good-nature, I won't absolutely blame you; for the greater your Indulgence, the more you have to reproach her with.

Lady Grace. Ay, Mr. Manly! here now, I begin to come in with you: Who knows, my Lord, you may have a good Account of your Kindness!

Man. That, I am afraid, we had not best depend upon: But since you have had so much Patience, my Lord, even go on with it a Day or two more! and upon her Ladyship's next Sally, be a little rounder in your Expostulations; if that don't work——drop her some cool Hints of a determin'd Reformation, and leave her——to breakfast upon 'em.

Lord Town. You are perfectly right! how valuable is a Friend, in our Anxiety!

Man:

Man. Therefore to divert that, my Lord, I beg, for the present, we may call another Cause.

Lady Grace. Ay, for Goodness Sake let's have done with this.

Lord Town. With all my Heart.

Lady Grace. Have you no News abroad, Mr. *Manly*?

Man. *A propos*——— I have some, Madam; and I believe, my Lord, as extraordinary in its kind———

Lord Town. Pray let's have it.

Man. Do you know, that your Country Neighbour, and my wife Kinsman, Sir *Francis Wronghead*, is coming to Town with his whole Family?

Lord Town. The Fool! what can be his Business here?

Man. Oh! of the last Importance, I'll assure you——— No less than the Business of the Nation.

Lord Town. Explain!

Man. He has carried his Election———against Sir *John Worthland*.

Lord Town. The Deuce! what! for——for——

Man. The famous Borough of *Guzzledown*!

Lord Town. A proper Representative, indeed.

Lady Grace. Pray, Mr. *Manly*, don't I know him?

Man. You have din'd with him, Madam, when I was last down with my Lord, at *Bellmont*.

Lady Grace. Was not that he, that got a little merry before Dinner, and overset the Tea-table, in making his Compliments to my Lady?

Man. The same.

Lady Grace. Pray what are his Circumstances? I know but very little of him.

Man. Then he is worth your knowing, I can tell you, Madam. His Estate, if clear, I believe, might be a good two Thousand Pounds a Year: Though as it was left him, saddled with two Jointures, and two weighty Mortgages upon it, there is no saying what it is——— But that he might be sure never to mend it, he married a profuse young Hussy, for Love, without a Penny of Money! Thus having, like his brave Ancestors, provided Heirs for the Family (for his Dove breeds like a tame Pidgeon) he now finds Children and Interest-money make such a bawling about his Ears, that, at last, he has taken the friendly Advice of his Kinsman, the good Lord *Danglecourt*, to run his Estate two Thousand Pounds more in

18 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*
in Debt, to put the whole Management of what's left
into *Paul Pillage's* Hands, that he may be at leisure
himself to retrieve his Affairs, by being a Parliament-
Man.

Lord Town. A most admirable Scheme, indeed!

Man. And with this politic Prospect, he's now upon
his Journey to *London*——

Lord Town. What can it end in?

Man. Pooh! a Journey into the Country again.

Lord Town. Do you think he'll stir, 'till his Money's
gone? or at least, 'till the Session is over?

Man. If my Intelligence is right, my Lord, he won't
sit long enough to give his Vote for a Turnpike.

Lord Town. How so?

Man. O! a bitter Business! he had scarce a Vote, in
the whole Town, beside the Returning Officer: Sir *John*
will certainly have it heard at the Bar of the House, and
send him about his Business again.

Lord Town. Then he has made a fine Business of it
indeed.

Man. Which, as far as my little Interest will go, shall
be done, in as few Days as possible.

Lady Grace. But why would you ruin the poor Gentle-
man's Fortune, Mr. *Manly*?

Man. No, Madam, I would only spoil his Project, to
save his Fortune.

Lady Grace. How are you concern'd enough, to do
either?

Man. Why——I have some Obligations to the Fami-
ly, Madam: I enjoy, at this time, a pretty Estate, which
Sir *Francis* was Heir at Law to: But——by his being
a Booby, the last Will of an obstinate old Uncle gave it
to me.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. [to *Man.*] Sir, here's one of your Servants from
your House, desires to speak with you.

Man. Will you give him leave to come in, my
Lord?

Lord Town. Sir——the Ceremony's of your own
making.

Enter Manly's Servant.

Man. Well, *James*! what's the Matter now?

James. Sir, here's *John Moody's* just come to Town; he
says

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 19

says Sir *Francis*, and all the Family, will be here to-night, and is in a great Hurry to speak with you.

Man. Where is he?

James. At our House, Sir; He has been gaping and stumping about the Streets, in his dirty Boots, and asking every one he meets, if they can tell him where he may have a good Lodging for a Parliament-Man, till he hires a handsome whole House, fit for all his Family, for the Winter.

Man. I am afraid, my Lord, I must wait upon Mr. *Moody*.

Lord *Town.* Pr'ythee! let's have him here: He will divert us.

Man. O my Lord! he's such a Cub! Nor but he's so near Common Sense, that he passes for a Wit in the Family.

Lady Grace. I beg of all Things, we may have him: I am in Love with Nature, let her Dress be never so homely!

Man. Then desire him to come hither, *James*.

Exit James.

Lady Grace. Pray what may be Mr. *Moody's* Post?

Man. Oh! his *Maître d'Hôtel*, his Butler, his Bailiff, his Hind, his Huntsman; and sometimes——his Companion.

Lord *Town.* It runs in my Head, that the Moment this Knight has set him down in the House, he will get up, to give them the earliest Proof, of what Importance he is to the Public, in his own Country.

Man. Yes, and when they have heard him, he will find, that his utmost Importance stands valued at——sometimes being invited to Dinner.

Lady Grace. And her Ladyship, I suppose, will make as considerable a Figure, in her Sphere too.

Man. That you may depend upon: For (if I don't mistake) she has ten times more of the Jade in her, than she yet knows of: And she will so improve in this rich Soil, in a Month, that she will visit all the Ladies, that will let her into their Houses: And run in Debt to all the Shop-keepers that will let her into their Books: In short, before her important Spouse has made five Pounds, by his Eloquence, at *Westminster*; she will have
lost

20 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*
lost five hundred at Dice and *Quadrille*, in the Parish of
St. James's.

Lord Town. So that, by that Time he is declared unduly elected, a Swarm of Duns will be ready for their Money; and his Worship——will be ready for a Jail.

Man. Yes, yes, that I reckon will close the Account of this hopeful Journey to *London*——But see here comes the Fore-horse of the Team!

Enter John Moody.

Oh! Honest *John*!

John Moody. Ad's waunds, and heart! Measter *Manly*! I'm glad I ha' fun ye. Lawd! lawd! give me a Buss! Why that's friendly naw! Flesh! I thought we should never ha' got hither! Well! and how d'ye do, Measter?——Good lack! I beg Pardon for my Bawldness——I did not see, 'at his Honour was here.

Lord Town. Mr. *Moody*, your Servant: I am glad to see you in *London*; I hope all the good Family is well.

John Moody. Thanks be prais'd your Honour, they are all in pretty good Heart; thof' we have had a power of Crosses upo' the Road.

Lady Grace. I hope my Lady has had no Hurt, Mr. *Moody*.

John Moody. Noa, and please your Ladyship, she was never in better Humour: There's Money enough stirring now.

Man. What has been the Matter, *John*?

John Moody. Why, we came up in such a Hurry, you mun think, that our Tackle was not so tight as it should be.

Man. Come, tell us all——Pray how do they travel?

John Moody. Why i'the awld Coach, Measter, and 'cause my Lady loves to do things handsom, to be sure, she would have a couple of Cart-horses clapt to th' four old Geldings, that Neighbours might see she went up to *London* in her Coach and Six! and so *Giles Foulter*, the Plowman, rides Postillion!

Man. Very well! The Journey sets out as it shou'd do [*Aside*] What, do they bring all the Children with them too?

John Moody. Noa, noa, only the young Squoire, and Miss *Jenny*. The other Foive are all out at board, a half-

half a Crown a Head, a Week, with *John Growse*, at *Smoke-Dunghill Farm*.

Man. Good again! a right *English Academy* for younger Children!

John Moody. Anon, Sir. [Not understanding him.]

Lady Grace. Poor Souls! What will become of 'em?

John Moody. Nay, nay, for that Matter, Madam, they are in very good Hands: *Joan* loves 'um as thof' they were all her own: For she was Wet Nurse to every Mother's Babe of 'um ——— Ay, ay, they'll ne'er want for a Belly-full there!

Lady Grace. What Simplicity!

Man. The Lud 'a Mercy upon all good Folks! What Work will these People make! [Holding up his Hands.]

Lord Town. And when do you expect them here, *John*?

John Moody. Why we were in hopes to ha' come Yesterday, an' it had no' been, that th' owld Weazlebelly Horfe tyr'd: And then we were so cruelly loaden, that the two Fore-wheels came crash! down at once, in *Waggon-rut Lane*, and there we lost four Hours 'fore we cou'd set things to rights again.

Man. So they bring all their Baggage with the Coach then?

John Moody. Ay, ay, and good Store on't there is—— Why, my Lady's Geer alone were as much as fill'd four Portmantel Trunks, beside the great Deal-box, that heavy *Ralph* and the Monkey sit upon behind.

Lord Town. *Lady Grace*, and *Man*. Ha! ha, ha!

Lady Grace. Well, Mr. *Moody*, and pray how many are they within the Coach?

John Moody. Why there's my Lady, and his Worship; and the young Squoire, and Miss *Jenny*, and the fat Lap-dog, and my Lady's Maid, Mrs. *Handy*, and *Doll Tripe* the Cook, that's all—— Only *Doll* puked a little with riding backward, so they hoisted her into the Coach-box —And then her Stomach was easy.

Lady Grace. Oh! I see 'em! I see 'em go by me. Ha! ha!

[Laughing.]

John Moody. Then you mun think, Measter, there was some Stowage for the Belly, as well as th' Back too; Children are apt to be famisht upo the Road; so we had such Cargoes of Plumb-cake, and Baskets of Tongues,

22 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

and Biscuits, and Cheese, and cold boild Beef——And then, in case of Sickness, Bottles of Cherry Brandy, Plague Water, Sack, Tent, and strong Beer so plenty as made th' owld Coach crack again! Mercy upon them! and send 'em all well to Town, I say.

Man. Ay! and well out on't again, *John.*

John Moody. Ods bud! Measter, you're a wise Mon; and for that Matter, so am I——Whoam's whoam, I say: I'm sure we ha' got but little Good, e'er fin' we turn'd our Backs on't. Nothing but Mischief! Some Devil's Trick or other plagued us, awth' Dey lung! Crack! goes one thing: Bawnce! goes another. Woa, says *Roger*——Then sowse! we are all set fast in a Slough. Whaw! cries Miss! Scream go the Maids! and bawl, just as thof' they were stuck! And so Mercy on us! this was the Trade from Morning to Night. But my Lady was in such a murrain haste to be here, that set out she would, thof' I told her, it was *Childermas* Day.

Man. These Ladies, these Ladies, *John*——

John Moody. Ah, Measter? I ha' seen a little of 'em; And I find that the best——when she's mended, won't ha' much Goodness to spare.

Lord Town. Well said, *John.* Ha! ha!

Man. I hope at least, you and your good Woman agree still.

John Moody. Ay! ay! much of a Muchness. *Bridget* sticks to me: Tho' as for her Goodness——why, she was willing to come to *London* too——But hawld a Bit! Noa, noa, says I, there may be Mischief enough done, without you.

Man. Why that was bravely spoken, *John*, and like a Man.

John Moody. Ah, weast Heart, were Measter but hawf the Mon that I am——Ods wookers! thof' he'll speak stawtly too sometimes——But then he canno' hawld it——no! he canno' hawld it.

Lord Town. Lady Grace, *Man.* Ha! ha! ha!

John Moody. Ods flesh! But I mun hye me whoam! th' Coach will be coming every Hour naw——but Measter charg'd me to find your Worship out; for he has hugey Bufiness with you; and will certainly wait upon you, by that time he can put on a clean Neckcloth.

Man. O *John*! I'll wait upon him.

John

A JOURNEY to LONDON: 23

John Moody. Why you wonno' be so kind, wull ye?

Man. If you'll tell me where you lodge.

John Moody. Just i'th' Street next to where your Worship dwells, at the Sign of the *Golden Ball*——It's Gold all over; where they sell Ribbons and Flappits, and other sort of Geer for Gentlewomen.

Man. A Milliner's?

John Moody. Ay, ay, one Mrs. *Motherly*: Waunds! she has a Couple of cleaver Girls there stitching i'th' Fore-room.

Man. Yes, yes, she's a Women of good Business, no doubt on't——Who recommended that House to you, *John*?

John Moody. The greatest good Fortune in the World, sure! For as I was gaping about the streets, who should look out of the Window there, but the fine Gentleman, that was always riding by our Coach Side, at *York Races*——Count——*Basset*; ay, that's he.

Man. *Basset*? Oh, I remember, I know him by Sight.

John Moody. Well! to be sure, as civil a Gentleman to see to——

Man. As any Sharper in Town. [Aside.

John Moody. At *York*, he us'd to breakfast with my Lady every Morning.

Man. Yes, yes, and I suppose her Ladyship will return his Compliment here in Town. [Aside.

John Moody. Well, Measter——

Lord Town. My Service to Sir *Francis*, and my Lady, *John*.

Lady Grace. And mine, pray Mr. *Moody*.

John Moody. Ay, your Honours, they'll be proud on't, I dare say.

Man. I'll bring my Compliments myself: So, honest *John*.——

John Moody. Dear Measter *Manly*? the Goodness of Goodness bless and preserve you. [Exit *John Moody*.

Lord Town. What a natural Creature 'tis!

Lady Grace. Well! I can't but think *John*, in a wet Afternoon in the Country, must be very good Company.

Lord Town. O! the *Tramontane*! If this were known at half the *Quadrille*-tables in Town, they would lay down their Cards to look at——

24 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Lady Grace. And the Minute they took them up again they would do the same at the Losers——But to let you see, that I think good Company may sometimes want Cards to keep them together: what think you, if we three sit soberly down, to kill an Hour at *Ombre*?

Man. I shall be too hard for you, Madam.

Lady Grace. No matter! I shall have as much Advantage of my Lord, as you have of me.

Lord Town. Say you so, Madam? Have at you, then! Here! Get the *Ombre*-table, and Cards.

[*Exit Lord Townly.*

Lady Grace. Come, Mr. *Manly*——I know you don't forgive me now!

Man. I don't know whether I ought to forgive your thinking so, Madam. Where do you imagine I could pass my Time so agreeably?

Lady Grace. I'm sorry my Lord is not here to take his Share of the Compliment——But he'll wonder what's become of us!

Man. I'll follow in a Moment, Madam——

[*Exit Lady Grace.*

It must be so——She sees I love her——yet with what unoffending Decency she avoids an Explanation? How amiable is every Hour of her Conduct? What a vile Opinion have I had of the whole Sex, for these ten Years past, which this sensible Creature has recovered in less than one? Such a Companion, sure, might compensate all the irksome Disappointments, that Pride, Folly, and Falshood ever gave me!

Could Women regulate, like her, their Lives,
What *Halcyon* Days were in the Gift of Wives!
Vain Rovers, then, might envy what they hate;
And only Fools would mock the Married State [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Mrs. Motherly's House.

Enter Count Basset and Mrs. Motherly.

Count *Bas.* **I** TELL you there is not such a Family in England for you! Do you think I would have gone out of your Lodgings, for any Body, that was not sure to make you easy for the Winter?

Moth. Nay, I see nothing against it, Sir, but the Gentleman's being a Parliament-man; and when People may, as it were, think one impertinent, or be out of Humour, you know, when a Body comes to ask for one's own——

Count *Bas.* Pshah! Pr'ythee never trouble thy Head—His Pay is as good as the Bank!—Why, he has above two thousand a Year!

Moth. Alas-a-day! that's nothing: Your People of ten thousand a Year, have ten thousand Things to do with it.

Count *Bas.* Nay, if you are afraid of being out of your Money: what do you think of going a little with me, Mrs. Motherly?

Count *Bas.* Why I have a Game in my Hand, in which, if you'll croup me, that is, help me to play it, you shall go five hundred to nothing.

Moth. Say you so?—Why then, I go, Sir—and now pray let's see your Game.

Count *Bas.* Look you in one Word, my Cards lie thus—When I was down this Summer at York, I happen'd to lodge in the same House with this Knight's Lady, that's now coming to lodge with you.

Moth. Did you so, Sir?

Count *Bas.* And sometimes had the Honour to Breakfast, and pass an idle Hour with her——

Moth. Very Good; and here I suppose you would have the Impudence to sup, and be busy with her,

Count *Bas.* Pshah! pr'ythee hear me!

Moth. Is this your Game? I would not give Sixpence for

26 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

for it! What! you have a Passion for her Pin-money——
no, no, Country Ladies are not so flush of it!

Count *Baf.* Nay, if you won't have Patience——

Moth. One had need to have a good deal, I am sure,
to hear you talk at this rate? Is this your Way of making
my poor Niece *Myrtilla* easy?

Count *Baf.* Death! I shall do it still, if the Woman
will but let me speak——

Moth. Had not you a Letter from her this Morning?

Count *Baf.* I have it here in my Pocket——this is it.

[*Shews it and puts it up again.*]

Moth. Ay, but I don't find you have made any Answer
to it.

Count *Baf.* How the Devil can I, if you won't hear
me.

Moth. What! hear you talk of another Woman?

Count *Baf.* O lud! O lud! I tell you, I'll make her
Fortune——'Ounds! I'll marry her.

Moth. A likely matter! if you would not do it when
she was a Maid, your Stomach is not so sharp set now,
I presume.

Count *Baf.* Hey day! why your Head begins to turn,
my Dear! the Devil! you did not think I proposed to
marry her myself!

Moth. If you don't, who the Devil do you think will
marry her?

Count *Baf.* Why, a Fool——

Moth. Humph! there may be Sense in that——

Count *Baf.* Very good——One for t'other, then; if I
can help her to a Husband, why should not you come
into my Scheme of helping me to a Wife?

Moth. Your Pardon, Sir! ay! ay! in an honourable
Affair, you know you may command me —— but pray
where is this blessed Wife and Husband to be had?

Count *Baf.* Now have a little Patience——You must
know then, this Country Knight, and his Lady, bring
up, in the Coach with them, their eldest Son and a
Daughter, to teach them to——wash their Faces, and
turn their Toes out.

Moth. Good!

Count *Baf.* The Son is an unlick'd Whelp, about fix-
teen, just taken from School; and begins to hanker after
every Wench in the Family: The Daughter, much of
the

the same Age, a pert, forward Hussy, who having eight thousand Pounds left her by an old doting Grandmother, seems to have a devilish Mind to be doing in her Way too.

Moth. And your Design is, to put her into Business for Life?

Count *Bas.* Look you, in short, Mrs. *Motherly*, we Gentlemen, whose occasional Chariots roll, only, upon the four Aces, are liable sometimes, you know, to have a Wheel out of Order: Which, I confess, is so much my Case at present, that my Dapple Grays are reduc'd to a Pair of Ambling Chairmen: Now, if with your Assistance I can whip up this young Jade into a Hackney-Coach, I may chance, in a Day or two after, to carry her in my own Chariot, *en famille*, to an Opera. Now what do you say to me?

Moth. Why, I shall not sleep——for thinking of it. But how will you prevent the Family's smoaking your Design?

Count *Bas.* By renewing my Addresses to the Mother.

Moth. And how will the Daughter like that, think you?

Count *Bas.* Very well——whilst it covers her own Affair.

Moth. That's true——it must do——but, as you say, one for t'other, Sir, I stick to that——if you, don't do my Niece's Business with the Son, I'll blow you with the Daughter, depend upon't.

Count *Bas.* It's a Bet—pay as we go, I tell you, and the five hundred shall be stak'd in a third Hand.

Moth. That's honest —— But here comes my Niece! shall we let her into the Secret?

Count *Bas.* Time enough! may be, I may touch upon it.

Enter Myrtilla.

Moth. So Niece, are all the Rooms done out, and the Beds sheeted?

Myr. Yes, Madam, but Mr. *Moody* tells us the Lady always burns Wax, in her own Chamber, and we have none in the House.

Moth. Odso! then I must beg your Pardon, Count; this is a busy Time you know. [*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*]

Count *Bas.* *Myrtilla!* how dost thou do, Child?

28 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Myr. As well as a losing Gamester can.

Count Bas. Why, what have you lost?

Myr. What I shall never recover; and what's worse, you that have won it, don't seem to be much the better for't.

Count Bas. Why Child, dost thou ever see any Body over-joyed for winning a deep Stake, six Months after 'tis over?

Myr. Would I had never played for it!

Count Bas. Pshaw! Hang these melancholy Thoughts; we may be Friends still.

Myr. Dull ones.

Count Bas. Useful ones perhaps——suppose I should help thee to a good Husband?

Myr. I suppose you'll think any one good enough, that will take me off o' your Hands.

Count Bas. What do you think of the young Country Squire, the Heir of the Family, that's coming to lodge here?

Myr. How should I know what to think of him?

Count Bas. Nay, I only give you the hint Child; it may be worth your while, at least, to look about you—Haik! what Bustle's that without?

Enter Mrs. Motherly in haste.

Moth. Sir! Sir! the Gentleman's Coach is at the Door! they are all come!

Count Bas. What, already?

Moth. They are just getting out!——won't you step and lead in my Lady? Do you be in the Way, Niece? I must run and receive them. [*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*]

Count Bas. And think of what I told you.

[*Exit Count.*]

Myr. Ay! ay! you have left me enough to think of, as long as I live——a faithless Fellow! I am sure, I have been true to him; and for that only Reason, he wants to be rid of me: But while Women are weak, Men will be Rogues:

Mrs. Motherly returns, shewing in Lady Wronghead, led by Count Bassett.

Moth. If your Ladyship pleases to walk into this Parlour, Madam, only for the present, 'till your Servants have got all your Things in.

Lady

Lady Wrong. Well! dear Sir, this is so infinitely obliging!——I protest it gives me Pain tho', to turn you out of your Lodging thus!

Count Bas. No Trouble in the east, Madam; we single Fellows are soon moved; besides, Mrs. *Motherly's* my old Acquaintance, and I could not be her Hindrance.

Moth. The Count is so well bred, Madam, I dare say he would do a great deal more, to accommodate your Ladyship.

Lady Wrong. O dear Madam!——A good well-bred sort of a Woman. [*Apart to the Count.*]

Count Bas. O Madam, she is very much among People of Quality, she is seldom without them in her House.

Lady Wrong. Are there a good many People of Quality in this Street, Mrs. *Motherly*?

Moth. Now your Ladyship is here, Madam, I don't believe there is a House without them.

Lady Wrong. I am mighty glad of that: for really I think People of Quality should always live among one another.

Count Bas. 'Tis what one would choose, indeed, Madam.

Lady Wrong. Bless me! but where are the Children all this while?

Moth. Sir *Francis*, Madam, I believe, is taking care of them.

Sir Fran. [*within*] *John Moody!* stay you by the Coach, and see all our Things out—Come, Children.

Moth. Here they are, Madam.

Enter Sir Francis, Squire Richard, and Miss Jenny.

Sir Fran. Well Count! I mun say it, this was koynd, indeed!

Count Bas. Sir *Francis*? give me leave to bid you welcome to London.

Sir Fran. Pihah! how dost do, Mon?——Waunds, I'm glad to see thee! A good sort of a House this!

Count Bas. Is not that Master *Richard*?

Sir Fran. Ey! Ey! that's young hopeful——why dost not baw, *Dick*?

Squ. Rich. So I do, Feyther.

Count Bas. Sir, I'm glad to see you——I protest Mrs. *Jane* is grown so, I should not have known her.

30 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Sir Fran. Come forward, *Jenny*?

Jenny. Sure, Papa, do you think I don't know how to behave myself?

Count Bas. If I have Permission to approach her, *Sir Francis.*

Jenny. Lord, Sir, I'm in such a frightful Pickle———
[*Salute.*

Count Bas. Every Dress that's proper must become you, Madam,———you have been a long Journey.

Jenny. I hope you will see me in a better, to morrow, Sir.

[*Lady Wrong. whispers Mrs. Moth. pointing to Myrtilla.*

Moth. Only a Niece of mine, Madam, that lives with me: she will be proud to give your Ladyship any Assistance in her Power.

Lady Wrong. A pretty sort of a young Woman———

Jenny, you two must be acquainted.

Jenny. O, Mamma! I am never strange, in a strange Place! [Salutes Myrtilla.

Myr. You do me a great deal of Honour, Madam——
Madam, your Ladyship's welcome to *London.*

Jenny. Mamma! I like her prodigiously! she call'd me my Ladyship.

Squ. Rich. Pray Mother, mayn't I be acquainted with her too?

Lady Wrong. You! you Clown! stay 'till you learn a little more Breeding first.

Sir Fran. Od's Heart! my *Lady Wronghead!* why do you balk the Lad? how should he ever learn Breeding, if he does not put himself forward?

Squ. Rich. Why ay, Feyther, does Mother think 'at I'd be uncivil to her?

Myr. Master has so much good Humour, Madam, he would soon gain upon any Body. [He kisses Myr.

Squ. Rich. Lo' you there, Mother: and you would but be quiet, she and I should do well enough.

Lady Wrong. Why, how now, Sirrah! Boys must not be so familiar.

Squ. Rich. Why, 'an I know no body, haw the Murrain mun I pass my Time here, in a strange Place? Naw you and I, and Sister, forsooth, sometimes, in an Afternoon, may play at One and thirty Bone-ace, purely.

Jenny. Speak for yourself, Sir! D'ye think I play at such Clownish Games?
Squ.

Squ. Rich. Why and you woant yo' ma' let it aloane ; then she, and I, mayhap, will have a bawt at All fours, without you.

Sir Fran. Noa ! Noa ! *Dick*, that won't do neither ; you mun learn to make one at Ombre, here, Child.

Myr. If Master pleases, I'll shew it him.

Squ. Rich. What ! the *Humber* ! Hoy day ! why does our River run to this Tawn, Feather ?

Sir Fran. Pooh ! you silly Tony ! Ombre is a Geam at Cards, that the better Sort of People play three together at.

Squ. Rich. Nay the moare the merrier, I say ; but Sister is always so cross grain'd——

Jenny. Lord ! this Boy is enough to deaf People—— and one has really been stuft up in a Coach so long, that——Pray, Madam——could not I get a little Powder for my Hair ?

Myr. If you please to come along with me, Madam.

[*Exeunt Myr. and Jenny.*]

Squ. Rich. What has Sister ta'en her away naw ! mels, I'll go and have a little Game with 'em. [*Ex. after them.*]

Lady Wrong. Well, Count, I hope you won't so far change your Lodgings, but you will come, and be at Home here sometimes ?

Sir Fran. Ay ! ay ! pry'thee come and take a bit of Mutton with us, naw and tan, when thouh't nawght to do.

Count Bas. Well, Sir *Francis*, you shall find I'll make but very little Ceremony.

Sir Fran. Why ay naw, that's hearty !

Moth. Will your Ladyship please to refresh yourself, with a Dish of Tea, after your Fatigue ? I think I have pretty good.

Lady Wrong. If you please, Mrs. *Motherly* ; but I believe we had best have it above Stairs.

Moth. Very well, Madam : it shall be ready immediately. [*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*]

Lady Wrong. Won't you walk up, Sir ?

Sir Fran. Moody !

Count Bas. Shan't we stay for Sir *Francis*, Madam ?

Lady Wrong. Lard ! don't mind him ! he will come if he likes it.

32 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Sir Fran. Ay, ay! ne'er heed me——I ha' Things to look after. [*Exeunt Lady Wrong. and Count Bas.*]

Enter John Moody.

John Moody. Did your Worship want muh?

Sir Fran. Ay, is the Coach clear'd? and all our Things in?

John Moody. Aw but a few Band-boxes, and the Nook that's left o'the' Goose Poy——But a Plague on him, th' Monkey has gin us the slip, I think——I suppose he's goon to see his Relations; for here looks to be a Power of 'um in this Tawn——but heavy *Ralph* is skawer'd after him.

Sir Fran. Why, let him go to the Devil! no matter, and the Hawnds had had him a Month agoe——but I wish the Coach and Horses were got safe to th' Inn! This is a sharp Tawn, we mun look about us here, *John*, therefore I would have you go along with *Roger*, and see that nobody runs away with them before they get to the Stable.

John Moody. Alas-a-day, Sir: I believe our awld Cattle won't yeasily be run away with to-night——but howsomdever, we'll ta' the best Care we can of 'um, poor Sawls.

Sir Fran. Well, well! make haste then——

[*Moody goes out, and returns.*]

John Moody. Ods Flesh! here's Master *Monly* come to wait upo' your Worship!

Sir Fran. Wheere is he?

John Moody. Just coming in at Threshould.

Sir Fran. Then goa about your Bufiness. [*Ex. Moody.*]

Enter Manly.

Cousin *Manly*? Sir, I am your very humble Servant.

Man. I heard you were come, Sir *Francis*——and——

Sir Fran. Odsheart! this was so kindly done of you naw.

Man. I wish you may think it so, Cousin! for I confess, I should have been better pleas'd to have seen you in any other Place.

Sir Fran. How soa, Sir?

Man. Nay, 'tis for your own sake: I'm not concern'd.

Sir Fran. Look you, Cousin! thof' I know you wish me well; et I don't question I shall give you such weighty

weighty Reasons for what I have done, that you will say, Sir, this is the wisest Journey that ever I made in my Life.

Man. I think it ought to be, Cousin; for I believe, you will find it the most expensive one——your Election did not cost you a Trifle, I suppose.

Sir Fran. Why ay! it's true! That—that did lick a little; but if a Man's wife, (and I han't fawn'd yet that I'm a Fool) there are Ways, Cousin, to lick one's self whole again.

Man. Nay if you have that Secret——

Sir Fran. Don't you be fearful, Cousin——you'll find that I know something.

Man. If it be any thing for your good, I should be glad to know it too.

Sir Fran. In short then, I have a Friend in a Corner, that has let me a little into what's What, at *Westminster*——that's one Thing.

Man. Very well! but what Good is that to do you?

Sir Fran. Why not me, as much as it does other Folks.

Man. Other People, I doubt, have the Advantage of different Qualifications.

Sir Fran. Why ay! there's it naw! you'll say that I have lived all my Days i'the Country——what then——I'm o'the *Quorum*——I have been at Sessions, and I have made Speeches there? ay, and at Vestry too——and mayhap they may find here,——that I have brought my Tongue up to Town with me! D'ye take me, naw?

Man. If I take your Case right, Cousin, I am afraid the first Occasion you will have for your Eloquence here, will be, to shew that you have any Right to make use of it at all.

Sir Fran. How d'ye mean?

Man. That Sir *John Wortbland* has lodg'd a Petition against you.

Sir Fran. Petition! why ay! there let it lie——we'll find a Way to deal with that, I warrant you!——why, you forget, Cousin, Sir *John's* o'the wrung Side, Mon!

Man. I doubt, Sir *Francis*, that will do you but little Service; for in Cases very notorious (which I take yours

to be) there is such a Thing as a short Day, and dispatching them immediately.

Sir Fran. With all my Heart ! the sooner I send him home again, the bet er.

Man And this is the Scheme you have laid down, to repair your Fortune ?

Sir Fran. In one Word, Cousin, I think it my Duty ! the *Wrongheads* have been a considerable Family, ever since *Eng'and* was *England* ; and since the World knows I have Talents where-withal ; they shan't say it's my Fault, if I don't make as good a Figure as any that ever were at the Head on't.

Man. Nay ! this Project as you have laid it, will come up to any thing your Ancestors have done these five hundred Years.

Sir Fran. And let me alone to work it : mayhap I hav'n't told you all, neither ———

Man. You astonish me ! what ! and is it full as practicable as what you have told me !

Sir Fran. Ay, thof' I say it ——— every whit, Cousin ? you'll find that I have more Irons i'the Fire than one ; I doan't come of a Fool's Errand !

Man. Very well.

Sir Fran. In a Word, my Wife has got a Friend at Court, as well as myself, and her Dowghter *Jenny* is naw pretty well grown up ———

Man. [*Aside.*] ——— And what in the Devil's Name would he do with the Dowdy ?

Sir Fran. Naw, if I doan't lay in for a Husband for her, mayhap, i'this Tawn, she may be looking out for herself ———

Man. Not unlikely.

Sir Fran. Therefore I have some Thoughts of getting her to be Maid of Honour.

Man. [*Aside.*] Oh ! he has taken my Breath away ! but I must hear him out ——— Pray, *Sir Francis*, do you think her Education has yet qualified her for a Court ?

Sir Fran. Why, the Girl is a little too mettlesome, it's true ! but she has Tongue enough : She woan't be dash't ! Then she shall learn to daunce forthwith, and that will soon teach her how to stond still, you know.

Man. Very well ; but when she is thus accomplisht, you must still wait for a Vacancy.

Sir

Sir Fran. Why I hope one has a good Chance for that every Day, Cousin! For if I take it right, that's a Post, that Folks are not more willing to get into, than they are to get out of—It's like an Orange-tree, upon that Accawnt—it will bear Blossoms, and Fruit that's ready to drop, at the same time.

Man. Well, Sir, you best know how to make good your Pretensions! But pray where is my Lady, and my young Cousins? I should be glad to see them too.

Sir Fran. She is but just taking a Dish of Tea with the Count, and my Landlady—I'll call her dawn.

Man. No, no, if she's engag'd, I shall call again.

Sir Fran. Odsheart! but you mun see her naw, Cousin; what! the best Friend I have in the World! ————— Here! Sweetheart! [*To a Servant without.*] pr'ythee desire my Lady and the Gentleman to come down a bit; tell her here's Cousin *Manly* come to wait upon her.

Man. Pray, Sir, who may the Gentleman be?

Sir Fran. You mun know him to be sure; why it's Count *Basset*.

Man. Oh! is it he?—Your Family will be infinitely happy in his Acquaintance.

Sir Fran. Troth! I think so too: He's the civilest Man that ever I knew in my Life——why! here he would go out of his own Lodgings, at an Hour's Warning, purely to oblige my Family. Wasn't that kind, naw?

Man. Extremely civil——the Family is in admirable Hands already!

Sir Fran. Then my Lady likes him hugely—all the Time of *York* Races, she would never be without him.

Man. That was happy indeed! and a prudent Man, you know, should always take care that his Wife may have innocent Company.

Sir Fran. Why ay! that's it! and I think there could not be such another!

Man. Why truly, for her Purpose, I think not.

Sir Fran. Only naw and tan, he—he stonds a leetle too much upon Ceremony; that's his Fault.

Man. O never fear! he'll mend that every Day——Mercy on us! what a Head he has!

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Sir Fran. So! here they come!

Enter Lady Wronghead, Count Basset, and Mrs Motherly.

Lady Wrong. Cousin *Manly*! this is infinitely obliging! I am extremely glad to see you.

Man. Your most obedient Servant, Madam; I am glad to see your Ladyship look so well, after your Journey.

Lady Wrong. Why really! coming to *London* is apt to put a little more Life in one's Looks.

Man. Yet the Way of living here, is very apt to deaden the Complexion——and give me leave to tell you, as a Friend, Madam, you are come to the worst Place in the World, for a good Woman to grow better in.

Lady Wrong. Lord, Cousin! how should People ever make any Figure in Life, that are always moap'd up in the Country?

Count Bas. Your Ladyship certainly takes the Thing in a quite right Light, Madam: Mr. *Manly*, your humble Servant——a hem.

Man. Familiar Puppy. [*Aside.*] Sir, your most obedient——I must be civil to the Rascal, to cover my Suspicion of him. [*Aside.*]

Count Bas. Was you at *White's* this Morning, Sir?

Man. Yes, Sir, I just call'd in.

Count Bas. Pray——what——was there any Thing done there?

Man. Much as usual, Sir; the same daily Carcases, and the same Crows about them.

Count Bas. The *Demoivre*-Baronet had a bloody Tumble Yesterday.

Man. I hope, Sir, you had your Share of him.

Count Bas. No, faith! I came in when it was all over——I think I just made a couple of Bets with him, took up a cool hundred, and so went to the *King's Arms*.

Lady Wrong. What a genteel, easy Manner he has!

[*Aside.*]

Man. A very hopeful Acquaintance I have made here.

[*Aside.*]

Enter

Enter Squire Richard, with a wet brown Paper on his Face.

Sir Fran. How naw, *Dick!* what's the matter with thy Forehead, Lad?

Squ. Rich. I ha' gotten a knuck upon't.

Lady Wrong. And how did you come by it, you heedless Creature?

Squ. Rich. Why, I was but running after Sister, and t'other young Woman, into a little Room just naw: and so with that, they flapt the Door full in my Face, and gave me such a whurr here—I thought they had beaten my Brains out! so I gut a dab of wet brown Paper here, to swage it a while.

Lady Wrong. They serv'd you right enough! will you never have done with your Horse-play?

Sir Fran. Pooh, never heed it, Lad! it will be well by to-morrow—the Boy has a strong Head!

Man. Yes, truly, his Scull seems to be of a comfortable Thickness. *[Aside.]*

Sir Fran. Come, *Dick*, here's Cousin *Manly*.—Sir, this is your God-son.

Lady Wrong. Oh! here's my Daughter too.

Enter Miss Jenny.

Squ. Rich. Honour'd Godfeyther! I crave leave to ask your Blessing.

Man. Thou hast it, Child—and if it will do thee any good, may it be to make thee, at least, as wise a Man as thy Father.

Lady Wrong. Miss *Jenny!* don't you see your Cousin, Child?

Man. And as for thee, my pretty Dear—*[Salutes her.]* may'st thou be, at least, as good a Woman, as thy Mother.

Jenny. I wish I may ever be so handsom, Sir.

Man. Hah! Miss *Pert!* Now that's a Thought, that seems to have been hatcht in the Girl on this Side *Highgate*. *[Aside.]*

Sir Fran. Her Tongue is a little nimble, Sir.

Lady Wrong. That's only from her Country Education, *Sir Francis.* You know she has been kept too long there——so I brought her to *London*, Sir, to learn a little more Reserve and Modesty.

Man.

38 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Man. O, the best Place in the World for it—every Women she meets will teach her something of it—
There's the good Gentlewoman of the House, looks like a knowing Person; even she perhaps will be so good as to shew her a little *London Behaviour*.

Moth. Alas! Sir, Miss won't stand long in need of my Instruction.

Man. That I dare say: What thou can't teach her, she will soon be Mistress of. [*Aside.*]

Moth. If she does, Sir, they shall always be at her Service.

Lady Wrong. Very obliging indeed, Mrs. Motherly.

Sir Fran. Very kind and civil truly—I think we are got into a mighty good House here.

Man. O yes, and very friendly Company.

Count Bas. Humh! I gad I don't like his Looks—he seems a little smoky—I believe I had as good brush off—I stay, I don't know but he may ask me some odd Questions.

Man. Well, Sir, I believe you and I do but hinder the Family—

Count Bas. It's very true, Sir—I was just thinking of going—He don't care to leave me, I see: but it's no matter, we have time enough. [*Aside.*] And so, Ladies, without Ceremony, your humble Servant.

[*Exi. Count Basset, and drops a Letter.*]

Lady Wrong. Ha! what Paper's this? Some Billet-doux I'll lay my Life, but this is no Place to examine it.

[*Puts it in her Pocket.*]

Sir Fran. Why in such haste, Cousin?

Man. O! my Lady must have a great many Affairs upon her Hands, after such a Journey.

Lady Wrong. I believe, Sir, I shall not have much less every Day, while I stay in this Town, of one Sort or other.

Man. Why truly, Ladies seldom want Employment here, Madam.

Jenny. And Mamma did not come to it to be idle, Sir.

Man. Nor you neither, I dare say, my young Mistress.

Jenny. I hope not, Sir.

Man. Ha! Miss Mettle!—Where are you going, Sir?

Sir

Sir Fran. Only to see you to the Door, Sir.

Man. Oh! *Sir Francis*, I love to come and go, without Ceremony.

Sir Fran. Nay, Sir, I must do as you will have me—your humble Servant. [Exit *Manly*.]

Jenny. This Cousin *Manly*, Papa, seems to be but of an odd Sort of a crusty Humour—I don't like him half so well as the Count.

Sir Fran. Pooh! that's another thing, Child——Cousin is a little proud indeed! but however you must always be civil to him, for he has a deal of Money; and no body knows who he may give it to.

Lady Wrong. Pshaw; a Fig for his Money, you have so many Projects of late about Money, since you are a Parliament Man: What! we must make ourselves Slaves to his impertinent Humours, eight or ten Years perhaps, in hopes to be his Heirs, and then he will be just old enough to marry his Maid.

Moth. Nay, for that matter, Madam, the Town says he is going to be married already.

Sir Fran. Who? Cousin *Manly*?

Lady Wrong. To whom, pray?

Moth. Why, is it possible your Ladyship should know nothing of it!——to my Lord *Townly's* Sister, Lady *Grace*.

Lady Wrong. Lady *Grace*!

Moth. Dear Madam, it has been in the Newspapers!

Lady Wrong. I don't like that neither.

Sir Fran. Naw, I do; for then it's likely it mayn't be true.

Lady Wrong. [Aside] If it is not too far gone: at least it may be worth one's while to throw a Rub in his Way.

Squ. Rich. Pray, Feyther, haw lung will it be to Supper?

Sir Fran. Odso! that's true! step to the Cook, Lad, and ask what she can get us.

Moth. If you please, Sir, I'll order one of my Maids to shew her where she may have any thing you have a mind to.

Sir Fran. Thank you kindly, Mrs. *Motherly*.

Squ. Rich. Ods-flesh! what is not it i'the Hawse yet
——I shall

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—I shall be famisht— but hawld ! I'll go and ask *Doll*, an there's none o'the Goose Poy left.

Sir Fran. Do so, and do'st hear, *Dick*——see if there's e'er a Bottle o'th' strong Beer that came i'th' Coach with us— if there be, clap a Toast in it, and bring it up.

Squ. Rich. With a little Nutmeg and Sugar, shawn't I, Feyther ?

Sir Fran. Ay ! ay ! as thee and I always drink it for Breakfast—Go thy Ways !— and I'll fill a Pipe i'th' mean while. [*Takes one from a Pocket-case, and fills it.*]

[*Exit Squ. Rich.*]

Lady Wrong. This Boy is always thinking of his Belly !

Sir Fran. Why, my Dear, you may allow him to be a little hungry after his Journey.

Lady Wroug. Nay, ev'n breed him your own Way— He has been cramming in or out of the Coach all this Day, I am sure—I wish my poor Girl could eat a quarter as much.

Jenny. O as for that I could eat a great deal more, Mamma ; but then mayhap, I should grow coarse, like him, and spoil my Shape.

Lady Wrong. Ay, so thou would'st my Dear.

Enter Squire Richard with a full Tankard.

Squ. Rich. Here, Feyther, I ha' browght it— it's well I went as I did ; for our *Doll* had just bak'd a Toast, and was going to drink it herself.

Sir Fran. Why then, here's to thee, *Dick* ! [*Drinks.*]

Squ. Rich. Thonk yow, Feyther.

Lady Wrong. Lord ! *Sir Francis* ! I wonder you can encourage the Boy to swill so much of that lubberly Liquor— it's enough to make him quite stupid.

Squ. Rich. Why it never hurts me, Mother ; and I sleep like a Hawnd after it. [*Drinks.*]

Sir Fran. I am sure I ha' drunk it these thirty Years, and by your Leave, Madam, I don't know that I want Wit : Ha ! ha !

Jenny. But you might have had a great deal more, Papa, if you would have been governed by my Mother.

Sir Fran. Daughter, he that is governed by his Wife, has no Wit at all.

Jenny

Jenny. Then I hope I shall marry a Fool, Sir; for I love to govern dearly.

Sir. Fran. You are too pert, Child; it don't do well in a young Woman.

Lady Wrong. Pray, *Sir Francis*, don't snub her? she has a fine growing Spirit, and if you check her so, you will make her as dull as her Brother there.

Squ. Rich. [After a long Draught.] Indeed, Mother, I think my Sister is too forward.

Jenny. You! you think I'm too forward! sure! Brother Mud! your Head's too heavy to think of any Thing but your Belly.

Lady Wrong. Well said, Miss, he's none of your Master, tho' he is your elder Brother.

Squ. Rich. No, nor she shawn't be my Mistress, while she's younger Sister.

Sir Fran. Well said *Dick!* shew 'em that stawt Liquor makes a stawt Heart, Lad!

Squ. Rich. So I will! and I'll drink ageen, for all her! [Drinks.]

Enter John Moody.

Sir Fran. So *John!* how are the Horses?

John Moody. Troth, Sir, I ha' noa good Opinion o' this Tawn, it's made up o' Mischief, I think!

Sir Fran. What's the Matter naw?

John Moody. Why I'll tell your Worship——before we were gotten to th' Street End, with the Coach, here, a great Luggerheaded Cart, with Wheels as thick as a Brick Wall, laid hawld on't, and has poo'd it aw to Bits; Crack! went the Perch! Down goes the Coach! and Whang says the Glassses, all to Shivers! Marcy upon us! and this be *London!* would we were aw weell in the Country ageen!

Jenny. What have you to do, to wish us all in the Country again, Mr. Lubber? I hope we shall not go into the Country again these seven Years, Mamma; let twenty Coaches be pull'd to pieces.

Sir Fran. Hold your Tongue, *Jenny!*——Was *Roger* in no Fault in all this?

John Moody. Noa, Sir, nor I, noather, are not yow asheam'd, says *Roger* to the Carter, to do such an unkind thing by Strangers? Noa, says he, you Bumkin. Sir, he did the Thing on very Purpose! and so the Folks said that

that stood by—Very well, says *Roger*, yow shall see what our *Meyster* will say to ye! Your *Meyster*, says he; your *Meyster* may kifs my—and so he clapt his Hand just there, and like your Worship. Flesh! I thought they had better Breeding in this Tawn.

Sir Fran. I'll teach this Rascal some, I'll warrant him! Odsbud! if I take him in hand, I'll play the Devil with him.

Squ. Rich. Ay do, Feyther; have him before the Parliament.

Sir Fran. Odsbud! and so I will—I will make him know who I am! Where does he live?

John Moody. I believe in *London*, Sir.

Sir Fran. What's the Rascal's Name?

John Moody. I think I heard somebody call him *Dick*.

Squ. Rich. What, my Name!

Sir Fran. Where did he go?

John Moody. Sir, he went home.

Sir Fran. Where's that?

John Moody. By my Troth, Sir, I doan't know! I heard him say he would cross the same Street again to-morrow; and if we had a mind to stand in his Way, he wou'd poll us over and over again.

Sir Fran. Will he so; Odszooks! get me a Constable.

Lady Wrong. Pooh! get you a good Supper. Come, *Sir Francis*, don't put yourself in a Heat for what can't be helpt. Accidents will happen to People that travel abroad to see the World——For my Part, I think it's a Mercy it was not over-turn'd before we were all out on't

Sir Fran. Why ay, that's true again, my Dear.

Lady Wrong. Therefore see to-morrow if we can buy one at Second-hand, for present Use; so bespeak a new one, and then all's easy.

John Moody. Why troth, Sir, I doan't think this could have held you above a Day longer.

Sir Fran. D'ye think so, *John*?

John Moody. Why you ha' had it, ever since your Worship were High Sheriff.

Sir Fran. Why then go and see what *Doll* has got us for Supper——and come and get off my Boots.

[Exit *Sir Fran.*

Lady Wrong. In the mean time, Miss, do you step to
Handy,

Handy, and bid her get me some fresh Night-clothes.

[Exit Lady Wrong.

Jenny. Yes, Mamma, and some for myself too.

[Exit Jenny.

Squ. Rich. Odsflesh! and what mun I do all alone?

I'll e'en seek out where t'other pratty Miss is,
And she and I'll go play at Cards for Kiffes.

[Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Lord Townly's House.*

Enter Lord Townly, a Servant attending.

Lord Town. WHO's there!

Serv. My Lord.

Lord Town. Bid them get Dinner——Lady Grace,
your Servant.

Enter Lady Grace.

Lady Grace. What, is the house up already? My Lady
is not drest yet!

Lord Town. No matter—it's three o'Clock—she may
break my Rest, but she shall not alter my Hours.

Lady Grace. Nay, you need not fear that now, for
she dines abroad.

Lord Town. That, I suppose, is only an Excuse for her
not being ready yet.

Lady Grace. No, upon my Word, she is engaged in
Company.

Lord Town. Where, pray?

Lady Grace. At my Lady Revel's; and you know they
never dine 'till Supper-time.

Lord Town. No truly——she is one of those orderly
Ladies, who never let the Sun shine upon any of their
Vices!——But pr'ythee, Sister, what Humour is she
in to-day?

Lady Grace. O! in tip-top Spirits, I can assure you
——she won a good deal, last Night.

Lord Town. I know no Difference between her Win-
ning or Losing, while she continues her Course of Life.

Lady Grace. However, she is better in good Humour,
than bad.

Lord

44 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Lord Town. Much alike : When she is in good Humour, other People only are the better for it : When in a very ill Humour, then, indeed, I seldom fail to have my Share of her.

Lady Grace. Well, we won't talk of that now——
Does any Body dine here ?

Lord Town. Manly promis'd me—by the Way, Madam, what do you think of his last Conversation ?

Lady Grace.——I am a little at a Stand about it.

Lord Town. How so ?

Lady Grace. Why——I don't know how he can ever have any Thoughts of me, that could lay down such severe Rules upon Wives, in my Hearing.

Lord Town. Did you think his Rules unreasonable ?

Lady Grace. I can't say I did : But he might have had a little more Complaisance before me, at least.

Lord Town. Complaisance is only a Proof of good Breeding : But his Plainness was a certain Proof of his Honesty ; nay, of his good Opinion of you : For he would never have open'd himself so freely, but in confidence that your good Sense could not be disobliged at it.

Lady Grace. My good Opinion of him, Brother, has hitherto been guided by yours : But I have receiv'd a Letter this Morning that shews him a very different Man from what I thought him.

Lord Town. A Letter from whom ?

Lady Grace. That I don't know, but there it is.

[Gives a Letter.

Lord Town, Pray let's see.

[Reads.

The Inclos'd, Madam, fell accidentally into my Hands ; if it no way concerns you, you will only have the Trouble of reading this, from your sincere Friend and humble Servant, Unknown, &c.

Lady Grace. And this was the inclos'd. [Giving another.

Lord Town. [Reads.] To Charles Manly, Esq;

Your manner of living with me of late, convinces me, that I now grow as painful to you, as to myself : but however, though you can love me no longer, I hope, you will not let me live worse than I did, before I left an honest Income, for the vain Hopes of being ever Yours.

Myrtilla Dupe.

P. S. 'Tis above four Months since I receiv'd a Shilling from you.

Lady

Lady Grace. What think you now?

Lord Town. I am considering——

Lady Grace. You see it's directed to him——

Lord Town. That's true! but the Postscript seems to be a Reproach, that I think he is not capable of deserving.

Lady Grace. But who could have Concern enough, to send it to me?

Lord Town. I have observed that these Sort of Letters from unknown Friends, generally come from secret Enemies.

Lady Grace. What would you have me do in it?

Lord Town. What I think you ought to do—fairly shew it him, and say I advis'd you to it.

Lady Grace. Will not that have a very odd Look, from me?

Lord Town. Not at all, if you use my name in it; if he is innocent, his Impatience to appear so, will discover his Regard to you: If he is Guilty, it will be your best way of preventing his Address'es.

Lady Grace. But what Pretence have I to put him out of Countenance?

Lord Town. I can't think there's any Fear of that.

Lady Grace. Pray what is it you do think then?

Lord Town. Why certainly, that it's much more probable, this Letter may be all an Artifice, than that he is in the least concern'd in it——

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Manly, my Lord

Lord Town. Do you receive him; while I step a Minute in to my Lady. [Exit Lord Townly.

Enter Manly.

Man. Madam, your most Obedient; they told me, my Lord was here.

Lady Grace. He will be here presently: He is but just gone in to my Sister.

Man. So! then my Lady dines with us.

Lady Grace. No; she is engag'd.

Man. I hope you are not of her Party, Madam?

Lady Grace. Not till after Dinner.

Man. And pray how may she have dispos'd of the rest of the Day?

46 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Lady Grace. Much as usual! she has Visits 'till about Eight; after that, 'till Court time, she is to be at Quadrille, at Mrs. *Idle's*: After the Drawing room, she takes a short Supper with my Lady *Moonlight*. And from thence, they go together to my Lord *Noble's* Assembly.

Man. And are you to do all this with her, Madam?

Lady Grace. Only a few of the Visits; I would indeed have drawn her to the Play; but I doubt we have so much upon our Hands, that it will not be practicable.

Man. But how can you forbear all the rest of it?

Lady Grace. There's no great Merit in forbearing, what one is not charm'd with.

Man. And yet I have found that very difficult in my Time.

Lady Grace. How do you mean?

Man. Why, I have pass'd a great deal of my Life in the hurry of the Ladies, though I was generally better pleas'd when I was at quiet without 'em.

Lady Grace. What induc'd you, then, to be with them?

Man. Idleness, and the Fashion.

Lady Grace. No Mistresses in the Case?

Man. To speak honestly——Yes——being often in the Toyshop, there was no forbearing the Bawbles.

Lady Grace. And of course, I suppose sometimes you were tempted to pay for them, twice as much as they were worth.

Man. Why really, where Fancy only makes the Choice, Madam, no wonder if we are generally bubbled, in those sort of Bargains, which I confess has been often my Case: For I had constantly some Coquette, or other, upon my Hands, whom I could love perhaps just enough, to put it in her power to plague me.

Lady Grace. And that's a Pow'r, I doubt, commonly made use of.

Man. The Amours of a Coquette, Madam, seldom have any other View! I look upon them, and Prudes, to be Nufances, just alike; tho' they seem very different: The first are always plaguing the Men; and the other are always abusing the Women.

Lady

Lady Grace. And yet both of them do it for the same vain Ends; to establish a false Character of being virtuous.

Man. Of being chaste, they mean; for they know no other Virtue: and, upon the Credit of that, they traffick in every thing else, that's vicious: They (even against Nature) keep their Chastity, only because they find they have more Power to do Mischief with it, than they could possibly put in practice without it.

Lady Grace. Hold! Mr. *Manly*: I am afraid this severe Opinion of the Sex, is owing to the ill Choice you have made of your Mistresses.

Man. In a great Measure, it may be so; But, Madam, if both these Characters are so odious; how vastly valuable is that Woman, who has attain'd all they aim at without the Aid of the Folly or Vice of either?

Lady Grace. I believe those Sort of Women to be as scarce, Sir, as the Men, that believe there are any such; or that allowing such have Virtue enough to deserve them.

Man. That *could* deserve them then——had been a more favourable Reflexion!

Lady Grace. Nay, I speak only from my little Experience: For (I'll be free with you, Mr. *Manly*) I don't know a Man in the World, that, in Appearance, might better pretend to a Woman of the first Merit, than yourself: And yet I have a Reason, in my Hand, here, to think you have your Failings.

Man. I have infinite, Madam; but I am sure, the want of an implicit Respect for you, is not among the Number——pray what is in your Hand, Madam?

Lady Grace. Nay, Sir, I have no Title to it; for the Direction is to you. [Gives him a Letter.

Man. To me! I don't remember the Hand—— [Reads to himself.

Lady Grace. I can't perceive any Change of Guilt in him! and his Surprise seems natural! [Aside.]—— Give me leave to tell you one Thing by the Way, Mr. *Manly*; That I should never have shewn you this, but that my Brother enjoin'd me to it.

Man. I take that to proceed from my Lord's good Opinion of me, Madam.

Lady Grace. I hope, at least, it will stand as an Excuse for my taking this Liberty. *Man.*

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Man. I never yet saw you do any thing, Madam, that wanted an Excuse; and, I hope, you will not give me an Instance to the contrary, by refusing the Favour I am going to ask you.

Lady Grace. I don't believe I shall refuse any, that you think proper to ask.

Man. Only this, Madam, to indulge me so far, as to let me know how this Letter came into your Hands.

Lady Grace. Inclos'd to me in this, without a Name.

Man. If there be no Secret in the Contents, Madam——

Lady Grace. Why——there is an impertinent Infination in it: But as I know your good Sense will think it so too, I will venture to trust you.

Man. You'll oblige me Madam.

[He takes the other Letter and reads.]

Lady Grace. *[Aside.]* Now am I in the oddest Situation! methinks our Conversation grows terribly critical! This must produce something:——O lud! would it were over!

Man. Now, Madam, I begin to have some Light into the poor Project, that is at the Bottom of all this.

Lady Grace. I have no Notion of what could be proposed by it!

Man. A little Patience, Madam——First, as to the Infination you mention——

Lady Grace. O! what is he going to say now! *[Aside.]*

Man. Tho' my Intimacy with my Lord may have allow'd my Visits to have been very frequent here of late: Yet, in such a talking Town as this, you must not wonder, if a great many of those Visits are plac'd to your Account: And this taken for granted, I suppose has been told to my Lady *Wronghead*, as a Piece of News, since her Arrival, not improbably without many more imaginary Circumstances.

Lady Grace. My Lady *Wronghead*!

Man. Ay, Madam, for I am positive this is her Hand!

Lady Grace. What View could she have in writing it?

Man. To interrupt any Treaty of Marriage, she may have heard I am engaged in: Because if I die without Heirs, her Family expects that some Part of my Estate may return to them again. But, I hope, she is so far mistaken.

mistaken, that if this Letter has given you the least Uneasiness,——I shall think that the happiest Moment of my Life.

Lady Grace. That does not carry your usual Complaisance, Mr. Manly.

Man. Yes, Madam, because I am sure I can convince you of my Innocence.

Lady Grace. I am sure I have no right to inquire into it.

Man. Suppose you may not, Madam; yet you may very innocently have so much Curiosity.

Lady Grace. With what an artful Gentleness he steals into my Opinion? [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, I won't pretend to have so little of the Woman in me, as to want Curiosity——But pray, do you suppose then, this *Myrtilla* is a real, or a fictitious Name?

Man. Now I recollect, Madam, there is a young Woman, in the House, where my Lady *Wronghead* lodges, that I heard somebody call *Myrtilla*: This Letter may be written by her——but how it came directed to me, I confess is a Mystery; that before I ever presume to see your Ladyship again, I think myself oblig'd, in Honour, to find out. [*Going.*]

Lady Grace. Mr. Manly——you are not going?

Man. 'Tis but to the next Street, Madam; I shall be back in ten Minutes.

Lady Grace. Nay! but Dinner's just coming up.

Man. Madam, I can neither eat, nor rest, till I see an End of this Affair!

Lady Grace. But this is so odd! why should any silly Curiosity of mine drive you away?

Man. Since you won't suffer it to be yours, Madam; then it shall be only to satisfy my own Curiosity——

[*Exit Manly.*]

Lady Grace. Well——and now, what am I to think of all this? Or suppose an indifferent Person had heard every Word we have said to one another, what would they have thought on't? Would it have been very absurd to conclude, he is seriously inclined to pass the rest of his Life with me?——I hope not——for I am sure, the Case is terribly clear on my Side! and why may not I, without Vanity, suppose my——unaccountable somewhat——has done as much Execu-

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tion upon him?——why——because he never told me so——nay, he has not so much as mentioned the Word Love, or ever said one civil thing to my Person——well——but he has said a thousand to my good Opinion, and has certainly got it——had he spoke first to my Person, he had paid a very ill Compliment to my Understanding——I should have thought him Impertinent, and never have troubled my Head about him; but as he has manag'd the Matter, at least I am sure of one Thing; that let his Thoughts be what they will, I shall never trouble my Head about any other Man, as long as I live.

Enter Mrs. Trusty.

Well, Mrs. *Trusty*, is my Sister dress'd yet!

Trusty. Yes, Madam; but my Lord has been courting her so, I think, 'till they are both out of Humour.

Lady Grace. How so?

Trusty. Why, it begun, Madam, with his Lordship's desiring her Ladyship to dine at home to day——upon which my Lady said she could not be ready; upon that, my Lord order'd them to stay the Dinner, and then my Lady order'd the Coach; then my Lord took her short, and said, he had order'd the Coachman to set up: Then my Lady made him a great Curt'sy, and said, she would wait 'till his Lordship's Horses had din'd, and was mighty pleasant: But for fear of the worst, Madam, she whisper'd me——to get her Chair ready. *[Exit. Trusty.]*

Lady Grace. O! here they come; and, by their Looks, seem a little unfit for Company. *[Exit Lady Grace.]*

Enter Lady Townly, Lord Townly following.

Lady Town. Well! look you, my Lord; I can bear it no longer! nothing still but about my Faults, my Faults! an agreeable Subject truly!

Lord Town. Why, Madam, if you won't hear of them: how can I ever hope to see you mend them?

Lady Town. Why, I don't intend to mend them—I can't mend them——you know I have try'd to do it an hundred times, and—it hurts me so—I can't bear it!

Lord Town. And I, Madam, can't bear this daily licentious Abuse of your Time and Character.

Lady

Lady Town. Abuse! Astonishing! when the Universe knows, I am never better Company, than when I am doing what I have a mind to! But to see this World! that Men can never get over that silly Spirit of Contradiction——why but last *Thursday* now——there you wisely amended one of my Faults as you call them——you insisted upon my not going to the Masquerade——and pray, what was the Consequence! was not I as cross as the Devil, all the Night after? was not I forc'd to get Company at home! and was not it almost three o'Clock in the Morning, before, I was able to come to myself again? and then the Fault is not mended neither,——for next time, I shall only have twice the Inclination to go: so that all this mending, and mending, you see, is but dearning an old Ruffle, to make it worse than it was before.

Lord Town. Well, the Manner of Womens living, of late, is insupportable; and one Way or other——

Lady Town. It's to be mended, I suppose! why so it may; but then, my dear Lord, you must give one Time——and when Things are at worst, you know, they may mend themselves! ha! ha!

Lord Town. Madam, I am not in a Humour, now, to trifle.

Lady Town. Why then, my Lord, one Word of fair Argument—to talk with you, your own Way now——You complain of my late Hours, and I of your early ones——so far are we even, you'll allow——but pray which gives us the best Figure in the Eye of the polite World? my active, spirited Three in the Morning, or your dull drowsy Eleven at Night? Now, I think, One has the Air of a Woman of Quality, and t'other of a plodding Mechanic, that goes to Bed betimes, that he may rise early, to open his Shop!—Faugh!

Lord Town. Fy, fy, Madam is this your Way of Reasoning? 'tis time to wake you then——'tis not your ill Hours alone, that disturb me, but as often the ill Company, that occasion those ill Hours.

Lady Town. Sure I don't understand you now, my Lord; what ill Company do I keep?

Lord Town. Why, at best, Women that lose their Money, and Men that win it! Or, perhaps, Men that are voluntary Bubbles at one Game, in hopes a Lady will

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give them fair play at another. Then that unavoidable mixture with known Rakes, conceal'd Thieves, and Sharpers in Embroidery——or what, to me, is still more shocking, that Herd of familiar chattering crop-ear'd Coxcombs, who are so often like Monkeys, there would be no knowing them afunder, but that their Tails hang from their Head, and the Monkey's grows where it should do.

Lady Town. And a Husband must give eminent Proof of his Sense, that thinks their Powder-puffs dangerous.

Lord Town. Their being Fools, Madam, is not always the Husband's Security: Or if it were, Fortune, sometimes, gives them Advantages might make a thinking Woman tremble.

Lady Town. What do you mean!

Lord Town. That Women, sometimes, lose more than they are able to pay; and if a Creditor be a little pressing, the Lady may be reduc'd to try if, instead of Gold, the Gentleman will accept of a Trinket.

Lady Town. My Lord you grow scurrilous; you'll make me hate you. I'll have you to know, I keep Company with the politest People in Town, and the Assemblies I frequent are full of such.

Lord Town. So are the Churches——now and then.

Lady Town. My Friends frequent them too, as well as the Assemblies.

Lord Town. Yes, and would do it oftner, if a Groom of the Chambers there were allowed to furnish Cards to the Company.

Lady Town. I see what you drive at all this while; you would lay an Imputation on my Fame, to cover your own Avarice! I might take any Pleasures, I find, that were not expensive.

Lord Town. Have a Care, Madam; don't let me think you only value your Chastity, to make me reproachable for not indulging you in every thing else, that's vicious——I, Madam, have a Reputation too, to guard, that's dear to me, as yours——The Follies of an ungovern'd Wifemay make the wisest Man uneasy; but 'tis his own Fault, if ever they make him contemptible.

Lady Town. My Lord——you would make a Woman mad!

Lord Town. You'd make a Man a Fool.

Lady

Lady Town. If Heav'n has made you otherwise, that won't be in my Power.

Lord Town. Whatever may be in your Inclination, Madam; I'll prevent you making me a Beggar at least.

Lady Town. A Beggar! *Craesus!* I'm out of Patience! I won't come home 'till four to-morrow Morning.

Lord Town. That may be, Madam; but I'll order the Doors to be lock'd at twelve.

Lady Town. Then I won't come home 'till to-morrow Night.

Lord Town. Then, Madam;——You shall never come home again. [Exit Lord Town.]

Lady Town. What does he mean! I never heard such a Word from him in my Life before! the Man always us'd to have Manners in his worst Humours! there's something, that I don't see, at the Bottom of all this —— but his Head's always upon some impracticable Scheme or other, so I won't trouble mine any longer about him. Mr. Manly, your Servant.

Enter Manly.

Man. I ask Pardon for my Intrusion, Madam; but I hope my Business with my Lord will excuse it.

Lady Town. I believe you'll find him in the next Room, Sir.

Man. Will you give me Leave, Madam?

Lady Town. Sir——you have my Leave, tho' you were a Lady.

Man. [*Aside.*] What a well bred Age do we live in?

[Exit Manly.]

Enter Lady Grace.

Lady Town. O! my dear Lady Grace! how could you leave me so unmercifully alone all this while?

Lady Grace. I thought my Lord had been with you.

Lady Town. Why yes—and therefore I wanted your Relief; for he has been in such a Fluster here——

Lady Grace. Bless me! for what?

Lady Town. Only our usual Breakfast; we have each of us had our Dish of Matrimonial Comfort this Morning! we have been charming Company!

Lady Grace. I am mighty glad of it! sure it must be a vast Happiness, when a Man and a Wife can give themselves the same turn of Conversation!

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Lady Town. O! the prettiest Thing in the World!

Lady Grace. Now I should be afraid, that where two People are every Day together so, they must often be in want of something to talk upon.

Lady Town. O my Dear, you are the most mistaken in the World! married People have Things to talk of, Child, that never enter into the Imagination of others. ——— Why, here's my Lord and I now, we have not been married above two short Years, you know, and we have already eight or ten Things constantly in Bank, that whenever we want Company, we can take up any one of them for two Hours together, and the Subject never the flatter; nay, if we have Occasion for it, it will be as fresh next Day too, as it was the first Hour it entertain'd us.

Lady Grace. Certainly that must be vastly pretty.

Lady Town. O! there's no Life like it! why t'other Day for Example, when you din'd abroad; my Lord and I, after a pretty chearful *tête à tête* Meal, sat us down by the fire side, in an easy indolent, pick-tooth Way, for about a Quarter of an Hour, as if we had not thought of any other's being in the Room—— at last, stretching himself, and yawning——My Dear, says he,——aw——you came home very late, last Night——'Twas but just turn'd of Two, says I——I was in bed——aw——by Eleven, says he; so you are every Night, says I——Well, says he, I am amazed you can sit up so late——How can you be amaz'd, says I, at a Thing that happens so often?——upon which we enter'd into a Conversation——and tho' this is a Point has entertain'd us above fifty times already, we always find so many pretty new Things to say upon it, that I believe in my Soul, it will last as long as we live.

Lady Grace. But pray! in such Sort of Family Dialogues (tho' extremely well for passing the Time) don't there, row and then, enter some little witty Sort of Bitterness?

Lady Town. O yes! which does not do amiss at all? A smart Repartee, with a Zest of Recrimination at the Head of it, makes the prettiest Sherbet; Ay, ay! if we did not mix a little of the Acid with it, a matrimonia society would be so luscious, that nothing but an old liquorish Prude would be able to bear it.

Lady

Lady Grace. Well,——certainly you have the most elegant Taste——

Lady Town. 'Tho' to tell you the Truth, my Dear, I rather think we squeez'd a little too much Lemon into it, this Bout; for it grew so sour at last, that—I think——I almost told him, he was a Fool——and he again——talk'd something odly of——turning me out of Doors.

Lady Grace. O! have a care of that!

Lady Town. Nay, if he should, I may thank my own wise Father for that——

Lady Grace. How so?

Lady Town. Why——when my good Lord first open'd his honourable Trenches before me, my unaccountable Papa, in whose Hands I then was, gave me up at Discretion.

Lady Grace. How do you mean?

Lady Town. He said, the Wives of this Age were come to that pass, that he would not desire even his own Daughter should be trusted with Pin-money; so that my whole Train of separate Inclinations are left entirely at the Mercy of an Husband's odd Humours.

Lady Grace. Why, that, indeed, is enough to make a Woman of Spirit look about her!

Lady Town. Nay, but to be serious; my Dear; what would you really have a Woman do in my Case?

Lady Grace. Why——if I had a sober Husband as you have, I would make myself the happiest Wife in the World by being as sober as he.

Lady Town. O! you wicked Thing! how can you teize one at this Rate? when you know he is so very sober, that (except giving me Money) there is not one Thing in the World he can do to please me! And I at the same Time, partly by Nature, and partly, perhaps, by keeping the best Company, do with my Soul love almost every Thing he hates! I dote upon Assemblies! my Heart bounds at a Ball; and at an Opera——I expire! then I love Play to Distraction! Cards enchant me! and Dice——put me out of my little Wits! Dear! dear Hazard! oh! what a Flow of Spirits it gives one! Do you never play at Hazard, Child?

Lady Grace. Oh! never! I don't think it fits well upon Women; there's something so masculine, so much

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the Air of a Rake in it! you see how it makes the Men swear and curse! and when a Woman is thrown into the same Passion——why——

Lady Town. That's very true! one is a little put to it, sometimes, not to make use of the same Words to express it.

Lady Grace. Well—and, upon ill Luck, pray what Words are you really forc'd to make use of?

Lady Town. Why upon a very hard Case, indeed, when a sad wrong Word is rising, just to one's Tongue's End, I give a great Gulp——and swallow it.

Lady Grace. Well——and is not that enough to make you forswear play, as long as you live?

Lady Town. O yes? I have forsworn it.

Lady Grace. Seriously?

Lady Town. Solemnly! a thousand Times; but then one is constantly forsworn.

Lady Grace. And how can you answer that?

Lady Town. My Dear, what we say, when we are Losers, we look upon to be more binding than a Lover's Oath, or a Great Man's Promise. But I beg pardon, Child; I should not lead you so far into the World; you are a Prude, and design to live soberly.

Lady Grace. Why, I confess, my Nature, and my Education do, in a good Degree, incline me that Way.

Lady Town. Well! how a Woman of Spirit, (for you don't want that, Child) can dream of living soberly, is to me inconceivable! for you will marry, I suppose.

Lady Grace. I can't tell but I may.

Lady Town. And won't you live in Town?

Lady Grace. Half the Year, I should like it very well.

Lady Town. My Stars! and you would really live in London half the Year to be sober in it?

Lady Grace. Why not?

Lady Town. Why can't you as well go, and be sober in the Country?

Lady Grace. So I would——t'other half Year.

Lady Town. And pray, what comfortable Scheme of Life would you form now, for your Summer and Winter sober Entertainments?

Lady Grace. A Scheme, that I think might very well Content us.

Lady Town. O! of all Things let's hear it.

Lady

Lady Grace. Why, in Summer, I could pass my leisure Hours in riding, in reading, walking by a Canal, or sitting at the End of it under a great Tree; in dressing, dining, chatting with an agreeable Friend; perhaps, hearing a little Music, taking a Dish of Tea, or a Game of Cards, soberly! Managing my Family, looking into its Accounts, playing with my Children (if I had any) or in a thousand other innocent Amusements——soberly! and possibly, by these Means, I might induce my Husband to be as sober as myself——

Lady Town. Well, my Dear, thou art an astonishing Creature! For sure such primitive antediluvian Notions of Life, have not been in any Head these thousand Years——Under a great Tree! O' my Soul!——But I beg we may have the sober Town-scheme too——for I am charm'd with the Country one!——

Lady Grace. You shall, and I'll try to stick to my Sobriety there too.

Lady Town. Well, tho' I'm sure it will give me the Vapours, I must hear it however.

Lady Grace. Why then, for fear of your fainting, Madam, I will first so far come into the Fashion, that I would never be dress'd out of it——but still it should be soberly. For I can't think it any Disgrace to a Woman of my private Fortune, not to wear her Lace as fine as the Wedding-suit of a first Dutches. Tho' there is one Extravagance I would venture to come up to.

Lady Town. Ay now for it——

Lady Grace. I would every Day be as clean, as a Bride.

Lady Town. Why the Men say, that's a great Step to be made one——Well now you are dress'd——pray let's see to what Purpose?

Lady Grace. I would visit—that is, my real Friends; but as little for Form as possible.——I would go to Court; sometimes to an Assembly, nay, play at *Quadrille*——soberly: I would see all the good Plays; and, (because 'tis the Fashion) now and then an Opera——but I would not expire there, for fear I should never go again: And lastly, I can't say, but for Curiosity, if I lik'd my Company, I might be drawn in once to a Masquerade!

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querade! And this, I think, is as far as any Woman can go——soberly.

Lady Town. Well! if it had not been for that last Piece of Sobriety, I was just going to call for some Surfeit-water.

Lady Grace. Why, don't you think, with the farther Aid of Breakfasting, Dining, taking the Air, Supping, Sleeping, not to say a Word of Devotion, the four and twenty Hours might roll over in a tolerable Manner?

Lady Town. Tolerable? Deplorable! Why, Child, all you propose, is but to endure Life, now I want to enjoy it——

Enter Mrs. Trusty.

Trusty. Madam, your Ladyship's Chair is ready.

Lady Town. Have the Footmen their white Flambeaux yet? For last Night I was poison'd.

Trusty. Yes, Madam: there were some come in this Morning. [Exit Trusty.]

Lady Town. My Dear, you will excuse me; but you know my Time is so precious——

Lady Grace. That I beg I may not hinder your least Enjoyment of it.

Lady Town. You will call on me at Lady Revel's?

Lady Grace. Certainly.

Lady Town. But I am so afraid it will break into your Scheme, my Dear!

Lady Grace. When it does, I will——soberly break from you.

Lady Town. Why then, 'till we meet again, dear Sister, I wish you all tolerable Happiness. [Exit Lady Town.]

Lady Grace. There she goes—Dash! into her Stream of Pleasures! poor Woman! she is really a fine Creature! and sometimes infinitely agreeable! nay, take her out of the Madness of this Town, rational in her Notions, and easy to live with: But she is so borne down by this Torrent of Vanity in vogue, she thinks every Hour of her Life is lost that she does not lead at the Head of it. What it will end in, I tremble to imagine!——Ha! my Brother, and *Manly* with him! I guess what they have been talking of——I shall hear it

it in my Turn, I suppose, but it won't become me to be inquisitive. [Exit Lady Grace.

Enter Lord Townly and Manly.

Lord Town. I did not think my Lady *Wronghead* had such a notable Brain: Tho' I can't say she was so very wise, in trusting this silly Girl you call *Myrtilla*, with the Secret.

Man. No, my Lord, you mistake me, had the Girl been in the Secret, perhaps I had never come at it myself.

Lord Town. Why I thought you said the Girl writ this Letter to you, and that my Lady *Wronghead* sent it inclos'd to my Sister?

Man. If you please to give me Leave, my Lord—the Fact is thus—This inclos'd Letter to Lady *Grace* was a real Original one, written by this Girl, to the Count we have been talking of: The Count drops it, and my Lady *Wronghead* finds it: Then only changing the Cover, she seals it up as a Letter of Business, just written by herself, to me: And pretending to be in a Hurry, gets this innocent Girl to write the Direction, for her.

Lord Town. Oh! then the Girl did not know she was superscribing a Billet-doux of her own to you?

Man. No, my Lord; for when I first question'd her about the Direction, she own'd it immediately: But when I shew'd her that her Letter to the Count was within it, and told her how it came into my Hands, the poor Creature was amaz'd, and thought herself betray'd both by the Count and my Lady—in short, upon this Discovery the Girl and I grew so gracious, that she has let me into some Transactions, in my Lady *Wronghead*'s Family, which, with my having a careful Eye over them, may prevent the Ruin of it.

Lord Town. You are very generous to be solicitous for a Lady that has given you so much Uneasiness.

Man. But I will be most unmercifully reveng'd of her: for I will do her the greatest Friendship in the World—against her Will.

Lord Town. What an uncommon Philosophy art thou Master of? to make even thy Malice a Virtue!

Man. Yet, my Lord, I assure you, there is no one Action of my Life gives me more Pleasure than your Approbation of it.

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Lord Town. Dear *Charles!* my Heart's impatient, 'till thou art nearer to me: And as a Proof that I have long wish'd thee so; while your daily Conduct has chosen rather to deserve than ask my Sister's Favour; I have been as secretly industrious to make her sensible of your Merit: And since on this Occasion you have open'd your whole Heart to me, 'tis now with equal Pleasure, I assure you, we have both succeeded——she is as firmly yours——

Man. Impossible! you flatter me!

Lord Town. I'm glad you think it Flattery: But she herself shall prove it none: She dines with us alone: When the Servants are withdrawn, I'll open a Conversation, that shall excuse my leaving you together—O! *Charles!* had I, like thee, been cautious in my Choice, what melancholy Hours had this Heart avoided!

Man. No more of that, I beg, my Lord——

Lord Town. But 'twill, at least be some Relief to my Anxiety (however barren of Content the State has been to me) to see so near a Friend and Sister happy in it: Your Harmony of Life will be an Instance how much the Choice of Temper is preferable to Beauty.

While your soft Hours in Mutual Kindness move,
You'll reach by Virtue what I lost by Love.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *Mrs. Motherly's House.*

Enter Mrs. Motherly, meeting Myrtilla.

Moth. SO, Niece! where is it possible you can have been these six Hours?

Myr. O! Madam! I have such a terrible Story to tell you!

Moth. A Story! Ods my Life! What have you done with the Count's Note of five hundred Pound, I sent you about? is it safe? is it good? is it Security?

Myr. Yes, yes, it is safe: But for its Goodness——Mercy on us! I have been in a fair Way to be hang'd about it?

Moth.

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Moth. The Dickens! has the Rogue of a Count play'd us another 'Trick then?

Myr. You shall hear, Madam; when I came to Mr. *Cash*, the Banker's, and shewed him his Note for five hundred Pounds, payable to the Count, or Order, in two Months——he look'd earnestly upon it, and desired me to step into the Inner Room, while he examin'd his Books——after I had staid about ten Minutes, he came in to me——claps to the Door, and charges me with a Constable for Forgery.

Moth. Ah poor Soul! and how didst thou get off?

Myr. While I was ready to sink in this Condition, I begg'd him to have a little Patience, 'till I could send for Mr. *Manly*, whom he knew to be a Gentleman of Worth and Honour, and who, I was sure, would convince him, whatever Fraud might be in the Note, that I was myself an innocent abus'd Woman——and as good Luck would have it, in less than half an Hour Mr. *Manly* came——so, without mincing the Matter, I fairly told him upon what Design the Count had lodg'd that Note in your Hands, and in short, laid open the whole Scheme he had drawn us into, to make our Fortune.

Moth. The Devil you did!

Myr. Why how do you think it was possible, I could any otherways make Mr. *Manly* my Friend, to help me out of the Scrape I was in? To conclude, he soon made Mr. *Cash* easy, and sent away the Constable; nay farther he promis'd me, if I would trust the Note in his Hands, he would take care it should be fully paid before it was due, and at the same time would give me an ample Revenge upon the Count; so that all you have to consider now, Madam, is, whether you think yourself safer in the Count's Hands, or Mr. *Manly's*.

Moth. Nay, nay, Child; there is no Choice in the Matter! Mr. *Manly* may be a Friend indeed, if any think in our Power can make him so.

Myr. Well, Madam, and now pray, how stand Matters at home here? What has the Count done with the Ladies?

Moth. Why every thing he has a mind to do, by this Time, I suppose. He is in as high Favour with Miss, as he is with my Lady.

Myr.

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Myr. Pray, where are the Ladies?

Moth. Rattling abroad in their own Coach, and the well-bred Count along with them: They have been scouring all the Shops in Town over, buying fine Things and new Clothes from Morning to Night: They have made one Voyage already, and have brought home such a Cargo of Bawbles and Trumpery——Mercy on the poor Man that's to pay for them!

Myr. Did not the young Squire go with them?

Moth. No, no; Miss said, truly he would but disgrace their Party: so they even left him asleep by the Kitchen Fire.

Myr. Has not he asked after me all this while? For I had a Sort of an Assignment with him.

Moth. O yes! he has been in a bitter Taking about it. At last his Disappointment grew so uneasy, that he fairly fell a crying; so to quiet him, I sent one of the Maids and *John Moody* abroad with him to shew him——the Lions, and the Monument.

Enter Sir Francis Wronghead and Mrs. Motherly.

Sir Fran. What! my Wife and Daughter abroad, say you?

Moth. O dear Sir, they have been mighty busy all the Day long; they just come home to snap up a short Dinner, and so went out again.

Sir Fran. Well, well, I shan't stay Supper for 'em I can tell 'em that: For Ods heart! I have had nothing in me, but a Toast and Tankard, since Morning.

Moth. I am afraid, Sir, these late Parliament Hours won't agree with you.

Sir Fran. Why, truly, Mrs. Motherly, they don't do right with us Country Gentlemen; to lose one Meal out of three, is a hard Tax upon a good Stomach.

Moth. It is so indeed, Sir.

Sir Fran. But, howsomever, Mrs. Motherly, when we consider, that what we suffer is for the Good of our Country——

Moth. Why truly, Sir, that is something.

Sir Fran. Oh! there's a great deal to be said for't—the Good of ones Country is above all Things——A true hearted *Englishman* thinks nothing too much for it——I have heard of some honest Gentlemen so very
zealous,

zealous, that for the good of their Country——they would sometimes go to Dinner at Midnight.

Moth. O! the Goodness of 'em! sure their Country must have a vast Esteem for them?

Sir Fran. So they have, Mrs. *Motherly*; they are so respected when they come home to their Boroughs, after a Session, and so belov'd——that their Country will come and dine with them every Day in the Week.

Moth. Dear me! What a fine Thing 'tis to be so populous?

Sir Fran. It is a great Comfort, indeed! and I can assure you you are a good sensible Woman, Mrs. *Motherly*.

Moth. O dear Sir, your Honour's pleas'd to Compliment.

Sir Fran. No, no, I see you know how to value People of Consequence.

Moth. Good lack! here's Company, Sir; will you give me leave to get you a little something 'till the Ladies come home, Sir?

Sir Fran. Why troth, I 'don't think it would be amiss.

Moth. It shall be done in a Moment, Sir. [Exit.

Enter Manly.

Man. Sir Francis, your Servant.

Sir Fran. Cousin Manly.

Man. I am come to see how the Family goes on here.

Sir Fran. Troth! all as busy as Bees; I have been upon the Wing ever since Eight o'Clock this Morning.

Man. By your early Hour, then, I suppose you have been making your Court to some of the Great Men.

Sir Fran. Why, Faith! you have hit it, Sir——I was advis'd to lose no Time: So I e'en went straight forward, to one great Man I had never seen in my Life before.

Man. Right! that was doing Business: But who had you got to introduce you?

Sir Fran. Why, no Body——I remember'd I had heard a wise Man say——My Son, be bold——so troth! I introduc'd myself.

Man. As how, pray?

Sir

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Sir Fran. Why, thus——Look ye——Please your Lordship, says I, I am *Sir Francis Wronghead* of *Bumper-Hall*, and Member of Parliament for the Borough of *Guzzledown*——*Sir*, your humble Servant, says my Lord; thof I have not the Honour to know your Person, I have heard you are a very honest Gentleman, and I am glad your Borough has made choice of so worthy a Representative; and so, says he, *Sir Francis*, have you any Service to command me? Naw, Cousin! those last Words, you may be sure gave me no small Encouragement. And thof I know, *Sir*, you have no extraordinary Opinion of my Parts, yet I believe, you won't say I mist it naw!

Man. Well, I hope I shall have no Cause.

Sir Fran. So when I found him so courteous——My Lord, says I, I did not think to ha' troubled your Lordship with Business upon my first Visit: but since your Lordship is pleased not to stand upon Ceremony,——why truly, says I, I think naw is as good as another Time.

Man. Right! there you push'd him home.

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, I had a mind to let him see that I was none of your mealy-mouth'd ones.

Man. Very good!

Sir Fran. So, in short, my Lord, says I, I have a good Estate——but—a—it's a little awt at Elbows: and as I desire to serve my King, as well as my Country, I shall be very willing to accept of a Place at Court.

Man. So, this was making short Work on't.

Sir Fran. I'cod! I shot him flying, Cousin: Some of your Hawf-witted Ones naw, would ha' humm'd and haw'd, and dangled a Month or two after him, before they durst open their Mouths about a Place, and mayhap, not ha' got it at last neither.

Man. Oh! I'm glad you're so sure on't——

Sir Fran. You shall hear, Cousin——*Sir Francis*, says my Lord, pray what Sort of a Place may you ha' turn'd your Thoughts upon? My Lord, says I, Beggars must not be Chusers; but ony Place, says I, about a thousand a Year, will be well enough to be doing with 'till something better falls in——for I thought it would not look well to stond haggling with him at first.

Man. No, no, your Business was to get Footing any way.

Sir Fran. Right! there's it! ay, Cousin, I see you know the World!

Man. Yes, yes, one sees more of it every Day—— well! but what said my Lord to all this?

Sir Fran. Sir Francis, says he, I shall be glad to serve you any way that lies in my Power; so he gave me a Squeeze by the Hand, as much as to say, Give yourself no Trouble——I'll do your Business; with that he turn'd him abawt to some-body with a colour'd Ribbon a cross here, that look'd, in my Thowghts, as if he came for a Place too.

Man. Ha! so, upon these Hopes, you are to make your Fortune!

Sir Fran. Why, do you think there's ony Doubt of it, Sir?

Man. Oh no, I have not the least Doubt about it—— for just as you have done, I made my Fortune ten Years ago.

Sir Fran. Why, I never knew you had a Place, Cousin.

Man. Nor I neither, upon my Faith, Cousin. But you, perhaps, may have better Fortune: For I suppose my Lord has heard of what Importance you were in the Debate to-day——You have been since down at the House, I presume!

Sir Fran. O yes! I would not neglect the House, for ever so much.

Man. Well, and pray what have they done there?

Sir Fran. Why, troth! I can't well tell you what they have done, but I can tell you what I did: and I think pretty well in the main; only I happened to make a little Mistake at last, indeed.

Man. How was that?

Sir Fran. Why, they were all got there, into a Sort of a puzzling Debate, about the Good of the Nation——and I were always for that, you know——but in short, the Arguments were so long-winded o' both sides, that, waunds! I did not well understand 'um: Haw-somever, I was convinc'd, and so resolv'd to vote right, according to my Conscience——so when they came to put the Question, as they call it,——I don't know how 'twas

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'twas——but I doubt I cry'd Ay! when I should ha' cry'd No!

Man. How came that about?

Sir Fran. Why, by a Mistake, as I tell you —— for there was a good-humour'd Sort of a Gentleman, one *Mr. Totherside* I think they call him, that sat next me, as soon as I had cry'd Ay! gives me a hearty shake by the Hand! Sir, says he, you are a Man of Honour, and a true *Englishman*! and I should be proud to be better acquainted with you——and so, with that, he takes me by the Sleeve, along with the Crowd into the Lobby——so, I knew nowght——but Ods-flesh! I was got o'the wrung side the Post——for I were told, afterwards, I should have staid where I was.

Man. And so, if you had not quite made your Fortune before, you have clench'd it now!——Ah! thou Head of the *Wrongheads*. [*Aside.*]

Sir Fran. Odso! here's my Lady come home at last——I hope, Cousin, you will be so kind, as to take a Family Supper with us?

Man. Another time, *Sir Francis*; but to-night, I am engaged!

Enter Lady Wronghead, Miss Jenny, and Count Basset.

Lady Wrong. Cousin! your Servant; I hope you will pardon my Rudeness: But we have really been in such a continual Hurry here, that we have not had a leisure Moment to return your last Visit.

Man. O Madam! I am a Man of no Ceremony; you see that has not hinder'd my coming again.

Lady Wrong. You are infinitely obliging; but I'll redeem my Credit with you.

Man. At your own Time, Madam.

Count Bas. I must say that for *Mr. Manly*, Madam; if making People easy is the Rule of Good-breeding, he is certainly the best-bred Man in the World.

Man. Soh! I am not to drop my Acquaintance, I find——[*Aside.*] I am afraid, Sir, I shall grow vain upon your good Opinion.

Count Bas. I don't know that, Sir; but I am sure, what you are pleas'd to say, makes me so.

Man. The most impudent Modesty that ever I met with.

[*Aside.*
Lady

Lady *Wrong*. Lard! how ready his Wit is? [*Aside.*

Sir *Fran*. Don't you think, Sir, the Count's
a very fine Gentleman?

Man. O! among the Ladies, certainly.

Sir *Fran*. And yet he's as stout as a Lion:
Waund, he'll storm any thing. } *Apart.*

Man. Will he so? Why then, Sir, take
care of your Citadel.

Sir *Fran*. Ah! you are a Wag, Cousin.

Man. I hope, Ladies, the Town Air continues to
agree with you?

Jenny. O! perfectly well, Sir! We have been abroad
in our new Coach all Day long——and we have
bought an Ocean of fine Things. And to-morrow
we go to the Masquerade! and on *Friday* to the Play!
and on *Saturday* to the Opera! and on *Sunday*, we are
to be at the what-d'ye call it——Assembly, and see the
Ladies play at Quadrille, and Picquet and Ombre, and
Hazard! and Basset! And on *Monday*, we are to see the
King! and so on *Tuesday*——

Lady *Wrong*. Hold, hold, Miss! you must not let
your Tongue run so fast, Child——you forget! you
know I brought you hither to learn Modesty.

Man. Yes, yes! and she is improved with a Vengeance——
[*Aside.*

Jenny. Lawrd! Mama, I am sure I did not say any
Harm! and if one must not speak in ones Turn, one
may be kept under as long as one lives, for ought I
see.

Lady *Wrong*. O' my Conscience, this Girl grows so
Headstrong——

Sir *Fran*. Ay, ay, there's your fine growing Spirit
for you! Now tack it dawn, an' you can.

Jenny. All I said, Papa, was only to entertain my
Cousin Manly.

Man. My pretty Dear, I am mightily oblig'd to you.

Jenny. Look you there now, Madam.

Lady *Wrong*. Hold your, Tongue I say.

Jenny. [*Turning away and glowering.*] I declare it, I
won't bear it: she is always snubbing me before you,
Sir!——I know why she does it, well enough——

[*Aside to the Count.*
Count

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Count *Bas*. Hush! hush, my Dear! don't be uneasy at that! she'll suspect us. [*Aside.*

Jenny. Let her suspect, what do I care——I don't know, but I have as much Reason to suspect, as she——tho' perhaps I'm not so 'afraid of her.

Count *Bas*. [*Aside.*] I'gad, if I don't keep a tight Hand on my Tit, here, she'll run away with my Project before I can bring it to bear.

Lady *Wrong*. [*Aside.*] Perpetually hanging upon him! The young Harlot is certainly in love with him; but I must not let them see I think so——and yet I can't bear it: Upon my Life, Count, you'll spoil that forward Girl——you should not encourage her so.

Count *Bas*. Pardon me, Madam, I was only advising her to observe what your Ladyship said to her.

Man. Yes, truly, her Observations have been something particular. [*Aside.*

Count *Bas*. In one Word, Madam, she has a Jealousy of your Ladyship, and I am forc'd to encourage her, to blind it; 'twill be better to take no notice of her Behaviour to me.

Lady *Wrong*. You are right, I will be more cautious. } *Apart.*

Count. *Bas*. To-morrow at the Masquerade, we may lose her.

Lady *Wrong*. We shall be observ'd. I'll send you a Note, and settle that Affair——go on with the Girl, and don't mind me. }

Count *Bas*. I have been taking your Part, my little Angel.

Lady *Wrong*. *Jenny*! come hither, Child——you must not be so hasty, my Dear——I only advise you for your good.

Jenny. Yes, Mama; but when I am told of a Thing before Company, it always makes me worse, you know.

Man. If I have any skill in the fair Sex; Miss, and her Mama, have only quarrel'd, because they are both of a Mind. This facetious Count seems to have made a very genteel Step into the Family. [*Aside.*

Enter Myrtilla. [*Manly talks apart with her.*]

Lady *Wrong*. Well, Sir *Francis*, and what News have you brought us from *Westminster*, to-day?

Sir

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Sir Fran. News, Madam? I'cod! I have some—— and such as does not come every Day, I can tell you ——a word in your Ear——I have got a Promise of a Place at Court of a thousand Pawnd a Year already.

Lady Wrong. Have you so, Sir? And pray who may you thank for't? Now! who's in the right? Is not this better than throwing so much away, after a stinking Pack of Fox-hounds, in the Country? Now your Family may be the better for it!

Sir Fran. Nay! that's what perswaded me to come up, my Dove.

Lady Wrong. Mighty well——come——let me have another hundred Pound then.

Sir Fran. Another! Child? Waunds! you have had one hundred this Morning, pray what's become of that, my Dear?

Lady Wrong. What's become of it? why I'll shew you, my Love! *Jenny!* have you the Bills about you?

Jenny. Yes, Mama.

Lady Wrong. What's become of it? why laid out, my Dear, with fifty more to it, that I was forc'd to borrow of the Count here.

Jenny. Yes, indeed, Papa, and that would hardly do neither ——There's th' Account.

Sir Fran. [*Turning over the Bills.*] Let's see! let's see! what the Devil have we got here?

Man. Then you have sounded your Aunt you say, and she readily comes into all I propos'd to you?

Myr. Sir, I'll answer, with my Life, she is most thankfully yours in every Article: She mightily desires to see you, Sir.

} *Apart.*

Man. I am going home, directly: Bring her to my House in half an Hour; and if she makes good what you tell me, you shall both find your Account in it.

Myr. Sir, she shall not fail you.

Sir Fran. Ods-life! Madam, here's nothing but Toys and Trinkets, and Fans, and Clock-Stockings, by wholesale.

Lady Wrong. There's nothing but what's proper, and for your Credit, *Sir Francis*——Nay, you see I am so good a Housewife, that in Necessaries for myself, I have scarce laid out a Shilling.

I pay I
I had I

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Sir Fran. No, by my troth, so it seems; for the Devil o'one Thing's here, that I can see you have any Occasion for!

Lady Wrong. My Dear! do you think I came hither to live out of the Fashion! why, the greatest Distinction of a fine Lady in this Town is in the Variety of pretty Things that she has no Occasion for.

Jenny. Sure, Papa, could you imagine, that Women of Quality wanted nothing but Stays and Petticoats?

Lady Wrong. Now, that is so like him!

Man. So! the Family comes on finely. [*Aside.*

Lady Wrong. Lard, if Men were always to govern, what Dowdies would they reduce their Wives to!

Sir Fran. An hundred Pound in the Morning, and want another afore Night! Waunds and Fire! the Lord Mayor of *London* could not hold it at this Rate!

Man. O! do you feel it, Sir? [*Aside.*

Lady Wrong. My Dear, you seem uneasy; let me have the hundred Pound, and compose yourself.

Sir Fran. Compose the Devil, Madam! why, do you consider what a hundred Pound a Day comes to in a Year?

Lady Wrong. My Life, if I account with you from one Day to another, that's really all my Head is able to bear at a time——But I'll tell you what I consider——I consider that my Advice has got you a thousand Pound a Year this Morning——That now methinks you might consider, Sir.

Sir Fran. A thousand a Year? Wounds, Madam, but I have not touch'd a Penny of it yet!

Man. Nor ever will, I'll answer for him. [*Aside.*

Enter Squire Richard.

Squ. Rich. Feyther, an you doan't come quickly, the Meat will be coal'd: and I'd fain pick a bit with you.

Lady Wrong. Bless me, *Sir Francis!* you are not going to sup by yourself!

Sir Fran. No, but I'm going to dine by myself, and that's pretty near the Matter, Madam.

Lady Wrong. Had not you as good stay a little, my Dear? we shall all eat in half an Hour; and I was thinking to ask my Cousin *Manly* to take a Family Morfel with us.

Sir

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Sir Fran. Nay, for my Cousin's good Company, I don't care if I ride a Day's Journey without Baiting.

Man. By no Means, *Sir Francis.* I am going upon a little Business.

Sir Fran. Well, Sir, I know you don't love Compliments.

Man. You'll excuse me, Madam——

Lady Wrong. Since you have Business, Sir——

[*Exit Manly.*

Enter Mrs. Motherly.

O, *Mrs. Motherly!* you were saying this Morning, you had some very fine Lace to shew me——can't I see it now?

[*Sir Francis stares.*

Moth. Why, really Madam, I had made a Sort of a Promise to let the Countess of *Nicely* have the first Sight of it for the Birth-day: But your Ladyship——

Lady Wrong. O! I die if I don't see it before her.

Squ. Rich. Woan't you goa, Feyther?

Sir Fran. Waunds! Lad, I shall ha' noa } *Apart.*
Stomach at this Rate!

Moth. Well, Madam, though I say it, 'tis the sweetest Pattern that ever came over——and for Fineness——no Cobweb comes up to it!

Sir Fran. Ods Guts and Gizard, Madam! Lace as fine as a Cobweb! why, what the Devil's that to cost now?

Moth. Nay, *Sir Francis* does not like of it, Madam——

Lady Wrong. He like it! Dear *Mrs. Motherly*, he is not to wear it.

Sir Fran. Flesh, Madam, but I suppose I am to pay for it.

Lady Wrong. No doubt on't! Think of your thousand a Year, and who got it you; go! eat your Dinner, and be thankful, go. [*Driving him to the Door.*] Come, *Mrs. Motherly.*

[*Exit Lady Wronghead with Mrs. Motherly.*

Sir Fran. Very fine! so here I mun fast, 'till I am almost famish'd for the Good of my Country; while Madam is laying me out an hundred Pound a Day in Lace, as fine as a Cobweb, for the Honour of my Family! Ods-flesh! Things had need go well at this Rate!

Squ.

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Squ. Rich. Nay, nay——come, Feyther.

[*Exit Sir Francis.*]

Enter Mrs. Motherly.

Moth. Madam, my Lady desires you and the Count will please to come and assist her Fancy in some of the new Laces.

Count Bas. We'll wait upon her——

[*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*]

Jenny. So! I told you how it was! you see she can't bear to leave us together.

Count Bas. No matter, my Dear: You know she has ask'd me to stay Supper: So, when your Papa and she are a-bed, Mrs. *Myrtilla* will let me into the House again; then you may steal into her Chamber, and we'll have a pretty Sneaker of Punch together.

Myr. Ay, ay, Madam, you may command me any thing.

Jenny. Well! that will be pure!

Count Bas. But you had best go to her alone, my Life: it will look better if I come after you.

Jenny. Ay, so it will: And to-morrow you know at the Masquerade. And then!—hey! Oh, I'll have a Husband! ay, Marry, &c. [*Exit singing.*]

Myr. So, Sir! am not I very commode to you?

Count Bas. Well, Child! and don't you find your Account in it? did not I tell you we might still be of use to one another?

Myr. Well, but how stands your Affair with Miss, in the main?

Count Bas. O she's mad for the Masquerade! it drives like a Nail, we want nothing now but a Parson, to clinch it. Did not your Aunt say she could get one at a short Warning?

Myr. Yes, yes, my Lord *Townly's* Chaplain is her Cousin you know; he'll do your Business and mine, at the same Time.

Count Bas. O! it's true! but where shall we appoint him?

Myr. Why, you know my Lady *Townly's* House is always open to the Masques upon a Ball-night, before they go to the Hay-market.

Count Bas. Good.

Myr. Now the Doctor purposes, we should all come thither in our Habits, and when the Rooms are full, we may steal up into his Chamber, he says, and there—crack—he'll give us all Canonical Commission to go to-bed together.

Count Bas. Admirable! Well, the Devil fetch me, if I shall not be heartily glad to see thee well settled, Child.

Myr. And may the Black Gentleman tuck me under his Arm at the same Time, if I shall not think myself oblig'd to you, as long as I live.

Count Bas. One Kiss for old Acquaintance Sake—I'gad I shall want to be busy again!

Myr. O you'll have one shortly will find you Employment: But I must run to my Squire.

Count Bas. And I to the Ladies—so your humble Servant, sweet Mrs. *Wronghead*.

Myr. Yours, as in Duty bound, most noble Count *Basset*. [Exit. *Myr.*

Count Bas. Why ay! Count! That Title has been of some Use to me indeed! not that I have any more Pretence to it, than I have to a blue Ribband. Yet, I have made a pretty considerable Figure in Life with it: I have loll'd in my own Chariot, dealt at Assemblies, din'd with Ambassadors, and made one at Quadrille, with the first Women of Quality——But——*Tempora mutantur*——since that damn'd Squadron at *White's* have left me out of their last Secret, I am reduced to trade upon my own Stock of Industry, and make my last Push upon a Wife: If my Card comes up right (which I think can't fail) I shall once more cut a Figure, and cock my Hat in the Face of the best of them: For since our modern Men of Fortune are grown wise enough to be Sharpers; I think Sharpers are Fools that don't take up the Airs of Men of Quality. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Manly meeting Sir Francis.

SIR *Francis*, your Servant; how came I by the Favour of this extraordinary Visit?

D

Sir

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Sir Fran. Ah! Cousin!

Man. Why that sorrowful Face, Man?

Sir Fran. I have no Friend alive but you——

Man. I am sorry for that——but what's the Matter?

Sir Fran. I have play'd the Fool by this Journey, I see now—for my bitter Wife—

Man. What of her?

Sir Fran. Is playing the Devil!

Man. Why truly, that's a Part that most of your fine Ladies begin with, as soon as they get to *London*.

Sir Fran. If I am a living Man, Cousin, she has made away with above two hundred and fifty Pounds since Yesterday Morning!

Man. Hah! I see a good Housewife will do a great deal of Work in a little Time.

Sir Fran. Work do they call it! Fine Work indeed!

Man. Well, but how do you mean made away with it? What, she has laid it out, may be——but I suppose you have an Account of it.

Sir Fran. Yes, yes, I have had the Account indeed; but I mun needs say, it's a very sorry one.

Man. Pray, let's hear.

Sir Fran. Why, first I let her have an hundred and fifty, to get Things handsome about her, to let the World see that I was Somebody! and I thought that Sum was very genteel.

Man. Indeed I think so; and in the Country, might have serv'd her a Twelve-month.

Sir Fran. Why, so it might——but here in this fine Tawn, forsooth! it could not get through four and twenty Hours——for in half that Time, it was all squander'd away in Bawbles, and new-fashion'd Trumpery.

Man. O! for Ladies in *London*, Sir Francis, all this might be necessary.

Sir Fran. Noa! there's the Plague on't! the Devil o' one useful Thing do I see for it, but two Pair of lac'd Shoes, and those stond me in three Pound three Shillings a Pair too.

Man. Dear Sir! this is nothing! Why we have City Wives here, that while their good Man is selling three Pennyworth of Sugar, will give you twenty Pound for a short Apron.

Sir

Sir Fran. Mercy on us! What a mortal poor Devil is a Husband!

Man. Well, but I hope, you have nothing else to complain of?

Sir Fran. Ah! would I could say so too—but there's another hundred behind yet, that goes more to my Heart, than all that went before it.

Man. And how might that be disposed of?

Sir Fran. Troth I am almost ashamed to tell you.

Man. Out with it.

Sir Fran. Why she has been at an Assembly.

Man. What, since I saw you! I thought you had all slept at home last Night?

Sir Fran. Why, so we did—and all as merry as Grigs—I'cod! my Heart was so open, that I toss'd another hundred into her Apron, to go out early this Morning with——But the Cloth was no sooner taken away, than in comes my Lady *Townly* here, (—— who between you and I—mum! has had the Devil to pay yonder——) with another rantipole Dame of Quality, and out they must have her, they said, to introduce her at my Lady *Noble's* Assembly forsooth—a few Words, you may be sure, made the Bargain——so, bawnce! and away they drive as if the Devil had got into the Coach-box—so about four or five in the Morning——home comes Madam, with her Eyes a Foot deep in her Head——and my poor hundred Pound left behind her at the Hazard-Table.

Man. All lost at Dice!

Sir Fran. Every Shilling——among a Parcel of Pig-tail Puppies, and pale-fac'd Women of Quality.

Man. But pray, Sir *Francis*, how came you, after you found her so ill an Housewife of one Sum, so soon to trust her with another?

Sir Fran. Why truly, I mun say that was partly my own Fault: For if I had not been a Blab of my Tongue, I believe that last hundred might have been sav'd.

Man. How so?

Sir Fran. Why, like an Owl as I was, out of Good-will, forsooth, partly to keep her in Humour, I must needs tell her of the thousand Pound a Year, I had just got the Promise of—I'cod! she lays her Claws upon

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it that Moment——said it was owing to her Advice, and truly she would have her Share on't.

Man. What, before you had it yourself?

Sir Fran. Why ay! that's what I told her——My Dear, said I, mayhap I mayn't receive the first Quarter on't this half Year.

Man. Sir Francis, I have heard you with a great deal of Patience, and I really feel Compassion for you.

Sir Fran. Truly, and well you may, Cousin, for I don't see that my Wife's Goodness is a bit the better, for bringing to London.

Man. If you remember I gave you a Hint of it.

Sir Fran. Why ay, it's true you did so: But the Devil himself could not have believ'd she would have rid Post to him.

Man. Sir, if you stay but a Fortnight in this Town, you will every Day see hundreds as fast upon the Gallop, as she is.

Sir Fran. Ah! this London is a base Place indeed——waunds, if Things should happen to go wrong with me at Westminster, at this Rate, how the Devil shall I keep out of a Jail?

Man. Why truly, there seems to me but one Way to avoid it.

Sir Fran. Ah! would you could tell me that, Cousin.

Man. The Way lies plain before you, Sir; the same Road that brought you hither will carry you safe home again.

Sir Fran. Odsflesh! Cousin, what! and leave a thousand Pound a Year behind me?

Man. Pooh! pooh! leave any thing behind you, but your Family, and you are a Saver by it.

Sir Fran. Ay, but consider, Cousin, what a scurvy Figure shall I make in the Country, if I come dawn withawt it!

Man. You will make a much more lamentable Figure in a Jail without it.

Sir Fran. Mayhap 'at yow have no great Opinion of it then, Cousin?

Man. Sir Francis, to do you the Service of a real Friend, I must speak very plainly to you: You don't yet see half the Ruin that's before you?

Sir

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Sir Fran. Good-lack! how may yow mean, Cousin?

Man. In one Word, your whole Affairs stand thus
—— In a Week you'll lose your Seat at *Westminster*: In a Fortnight my Lady will run you into Jail, by keeping the best Company——In four and twenty Hours, your Daughter will run away with a Sharper, because she han't been us'd to better Company: And your Son will steal into Marriage with a cast Mistress, because he has not been used to any Company at all.

Sir Fran. I' th' Name o' Goodness why should you think all this?

Man. Because I have Proof of it; in short, I know so much of their Secrets, that if all this is not prevented to-night, it will be out of your Power to do it to-morrow Morning.

Sir Fran. Mercy upon us! you frighten me——
Well, Sir, I will be govern'd by yow: But what am I to do in this Case?

Man. I have not Time here to give you proper Instructions: But about eight this Evening, I'll call at your Lodgings; and there you shall have full Conviction, how much I have it at Heart to serve you.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord desires to speak with you.

Man. I'll wait upon him.

Sir Fran. Well then, I'll go straight home, naw.

Man. At Eight depend upon me

Sir Fran. Ah! dear Cousin! I shall be bound to you as long as I live. Mercy deliver us! what a terrible Journey have I made on't! [Exeunt severally.]

The SCENE opens to a Dressing Room. Lady Townly, as just up, walks to her Toilet, leaning on Mrs. Trusty.

Trust. Dear Madam, what should make your Ladyship so out of order!

Lady Town. How is it possible to be well, where one is kill'd for want of Sleep?

Trust. Dear me! it was so long before you rung, Madam, I was in hopes your Ladyship had been finely compos'd.

78 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Lady Town. Compos'd! why I have lain in an Inn here! this House is worse than an Inn with ten Stage-Coaches! What between my Lord's impertinent People of Business in a Morning, and the intolerable thick Shoes of Footmen at Noon, one has not a Wink all Night.

Trusty. Indeed, Madam, it's a great Pity my Lord can't be persuaded into the Hours of People of Quality——Though I must say that, Madam, your Ladyship is certainly the best Matrimonial Manager in Town.

Lady Town. Oh! you are quite mistaken, *Trusty*! I manage very ill! for notwithstanding all the Power I have, by never being over-fond of my Lord——yet I want Money infinitely oftener than he is willing to give it me.

Trusty. Ah, if his Lordship could but be brought to play himself, Madam, then he might feel what it is to want Money.

Lady Town. Oh! don't talk of it! do you know that I am undone, *Trusty*?

Trusty. Mercy forbid, Madam!

Lady Town. Broke! ruin'd! plunder'd!——stripp'd, even to a Confiscation of my last Guinea.

Trusty. You don't tell me so, Madam!

Lady Town. And where to raise ten Pound in the World——What is to be done, *Trusty*?

Trusty. Truly, I wish I were wise enough to tell you, Madam: But may be your Ladyship may have a run of better Fortune, upon some of the good Company that comes here to night.

Lady Town. But I have not a single Guinea to try my Fortune!

Trusty. Ha! that's a bad Business indeed, Madam——Adad! I have a Thought in my Head, Madam, if it is not too late——

Lady Town. Out with it quickly then, I beseech thee?

Trusty. Has not the Steward something of fifty Pound, Madam, that you left in his Hands, to pay somebody about this Time?

Lady Town. O! ay! I had forgot——'twas to—a——what's his plthy Name?

Trusty. Now I remember, Madam, 'was to Mr. Lute-
string

bring your old Mercer, that your Ladyship turn'd off, about a Year ago, because he would trust you no longer.

Lady Town. The very Wretch! if he has not paid it, run quickly, Dear *Trusty*, and bid him bring it hither immediately ——— [*Exit Trusty.*] Well! sure mortal Woman never had such Fortune! Five! Five, and Nine, against poor Seven for ever! ——— No! after that horrid Bar of my Chance, that Lady *Wronghead's* fatal red Fift upon the Table, I saw it was impossible, ever, to win another Stake ——— Sit up all Night! lose all one's Money! dream of winning Thousands! wake without a Shilling! and then ——— how like a Hag I look! In short ——— the Pleasures of Life, are not worth this Disorder! If it were not for Shame now, I could almost think, Lady *Grace's* sober Scheme not quite so ridiculous ——— If my wise Lord could but hold his Tongue for a Week, 'tis odds, but I should hate the Town in a Fortnight ——— But I will not be driven out of it, that's positive!

[*Trusty returns.*]

Trusty. O Madam! there is no bearing it! Mr. *Lutestring* was just let in at the Door, as I came to the Stair Foot; and the Steward is now actually paying him the Money in the Hall.

Lady Town. Run to the Stair-case Head, again ——— and scream to him, that I must speak with him this Instant.

[*Trusty runs out, and speaks.*]

Trusty. Mr. *Poundage* ——— a hem! Mr. *Poundage*, a Word with you quickly.

Pound. [*within.*] I'll come to you presently.

Trusty. Presently won't do, Man, you must come this Minute.

} *without.*

Pound. I am but just paying a little Money, here.

Trusty. Cods my Life! paying Money? is the Man distracted? Come here I tell you, to my Lady, this Moment, quick?

[*Trusty returns.*]

Lady Town. Will the Monster come or no? ———

Trusty. Yes, I hear him now, Madam, he is hobbling, as fast as he can.

80 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Lady Town. Don't let him come in—for he will keep such a babbling about his Accounts,---my Brain is not able to bear him.

[Poundage comes to the Door with a Money-bag in his Hand.

Trusty. O! it's well you are come, Sir! where's the fifty Pound?

Pound. Why here it is; if you had not been in such haste, I should have paid it by this Time—the Man's now writing a Receipt, below, for it.

Trusty. No matter! my Lady says, you must not pay him with that Money, there is not enough, it seems; there's a Pistole, and a Guinea, that is not good in it, — besides there is a Mistake in the Account too— *[Twitching the Bag from him.]* But she is not at leisure to examine it now; so you must bid Mr. What-d'ye-call-um call another Time.

Lady Town. What is all that Noise there?

Pound. Why and it please your Ladyship—

Lady Town. Pr'ythee! don't plague me now, but do as you were order'd.

Pound. Nay, what your Ladyship pleases, Madam— *[Exit. Poundage.]*

Trusty. There they are, Madam— *[Pours the Money out of the Bag.]* The pretty Things—were so near falling into a nasty Tradesman's Hands, I protest it made me tremble for them—I fancy your Ladyship had as good give me that bad Guinea, for luck's sake—thank you, Madam. *[Takes a Guinea.]*

Lady Town. Why, I did not bid you take it.

Trusty. No, but your Ladyship look'd as if you were just going to bid me, and so I was willing to save you the Trouble of speaking, Madam.

Lady Town. Well! thou hast deserv'd it, and so, for once—— but hark! don't I hear the Man making a Noise yonder? Though I think now we may compound for a little of his ill Humour——

Trusty. I'll listen.

Lady Town. Pr'ythee do. *[Trusty goes to the Door.]*

Trusty. Ay! they are at it, Madam—he's in a bitter Passion, with poor Poundage——bless me! I believe he'll beat him——mercy on us; how the Wretch swears!

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 81

Lady Town. And a sober Citizen too! that's a Shame!

Trufty. Ha! I think all's silent, of a sudden——
may be the Porter has knock'd him down—I'll step and
see—— [Exit. *Trufty.*

Lady Town. Those Trades-people are the trouble-
somest Creatures! No Words will satisfy them!

[*Trufty returns.*

Trufty. O Madam! undone! undone! My Lord has
just bolted out upon the Man, and is hearing all his piti-
ful Story over——if your Ladyship pleases to come hi-
ther, you may hear him yourself?

Lady Townly. No matter: It will come round pre-
sently: I shall have it from my Lord, without losing a
Word by the Way, I'll warrant you.

Trufty. O lud! Madam! here's my Lord just com-
ing in.

Lady Town. Do you get out of the Way then. [Exit
Trufty.] I am afraid I want Spirits! but he will soon
give 'em me.

Enter Lord Townly.

Lord Town. How comes it, Madam, that a Tradesman
dares be clamorous in my House, for Money due to him
from you?

Lady Town. You don't expect, my Lord, that I should
answer for other Peoples Impertinence!

Lord Town. I expect, Madam, you should answer for
your own Extravagances, that are the Occasion of it——
I thought I had given you Money three Months ago, to
satisfy all these Sort of People!

Lady Town. Yes, but you see they never are to be sa-
tisfied.

Lord Town. Nor am I, Madam, longer to be abus'd
thus! what's become of the last five hundred I gave
you?

Lady Town. Gone.

Lord Town. Gone! what Way, Madam?

Lady Town. Half the Town over, I believe, by this
Time.

Lord Town. 'Tis well! I see Ruin will make no Im-
pression, 'till it falls upon you.

Lady Town. In short, my Lord, if Money is always
the Subject of our Conversation, I shall make you no
Answer.

82 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Lord Town. Madam! Madam, I will be heard, and make you Answer.

Lady Town. Make me! then I must tell you, my Lord, this is a Language I have not been us'd to, and I won't bear it.

Lord Town. Come! come, Madam, you shall bear a great deal more, before I part with you.

Lady Town. my Lord, if you insult me, you will have as much to bear, on your Side, I can assure you.

Lord Town. Pooh! your Spirit grows ridiculous—— you have neither Honour, Worth, or Innocence, to support it!

Lady Town. You'll find, at least, I have Resentment! and do you look well to the Provocation!

Lord Town. After those you have given me, Madam, 'tis almost infamous, to talk with you.

Lady Town. I scorn your Imputation, and your Menaces! The Narrowness of your Heart's your Monitor! 'tis there! there, my Lord, you are wounded; you have less to complain of than many Husbands of an equal Rank to you.

Lord Town. Death, Madam! do you presume upon your Corporal Merit! that your Person's less tainted, than your Mind! is it there! there alone an honest Husband can be injur'd? Have you not every other Vice that can debase your Birth, or stain the Heart of Woman? Is not your Health, your Beauty, Husband, Fortune, Family disclaim'd, for Nights consum'd in Riot and Extravagance? The Wanton does no more; if she conceals her Shame, does less: And sure the Dissolute avow'd, as sorely wrongs my Honour, and my Quiet.

Lady Town. I see, my Lord, what Sort of Wife might please you.

Lord Town. Ungrateful Woman! could you have seen yourself, you in yourself had seen her——I am amaz'd our Legislature has left no Precedent of a Divorce for this more visible Injury, this Adultery of the Mind, as well as that of the Person! when a Woman's whole Heart is alienated to Pleasures I have no Share in, what is't to me, whether a black Ace, or a powder'd Coxcomb as Possession of it?

Lady

Lady Town. If you have not found it yet, my Lord, his is not the Way to get Possession of mine, depend upon it.

Lord Town. That, Madam, I have long despair'd of; and since our Happiness cannot be mutual, 'tis fit, that with our Hearts, our Persons too should separate. — This House you sleep no more in! Tho' your Content might grossly feed upon the Dishonour of a Husband, yet my Desires would starve upon the Features of a Wife.

Lady Town. Your Stile, my Lord, is much of the same Delicacy with your Sentiments of Honour.

Lord Town. Madam, Madam! this is no Time for Compliments — I have done with you.

Lady Town. If we had never met, my Lord, I had not broke my Heart for it! but have a care! I may not, perhaps, be so easily recall'd as you imagine.

Lord Town. Recall'd! — Who's there! [*Enter a Servant.*] Desire my Sister and Mr. Manly to walk up.

Lady Town. My Lord, you may proceed as you please, but pray what Indiscretions have I committed, that are not daily practis'd by a hundred other Women of Quality?

Lord Town. 'Tis not the Number of ill Wives, Madam, that makes the Patience of a Husband less contemptible: and tho' a bad one may be the best Man's Lot, yet he'll make a better Figure in the World, that keeps his Misfortunes out of Doors, than he that tamely keeps them within.

Lady Town. I don't know what Figure you may make, my Lord, but I shall have no Reason to be ashamed of mine, in whatever Company I may meet you.

Lord Town. Be sparing of your Spirit, Madam, you'll need it to support you.

Enter Lady Grace and Manly.

Mr. Manly, I have an Act of Friendship to beg of you, which wants more Apologies, than Words can make for it.

Man. Then pray make none, my Lord, that I may have the greater Merit in obliging you.

Lord Town. Sister, I have the same Excuse to intreat of you too.

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Lady Grace. To your Request, I beg, my Lord.

Lord Town. Thus then—as you both were present at my ill-consider'd Marriage, I now desire you each will be a Witness of my determin'd Separation—I know, Sir, your Good-nature, and my Sister's must be shock'd at the Office I impose on you! But, as I don't ask your Justification of my Cause; so I hope you are conscious——that an ill Woman can't reproach you, if you are silent, upon her Side.

Man. My Lord, I never thought, 'till now, it could be difficult to oblige you.

Lady Grace. [*Aside.*] Heavens! how I tremble!

Lord Town. For you, my *Lady Townly*, I need not here repeat the Provocations of my parting with you—the World, I fear, is too well inform'd of them——For the good Lord, your dead Father's Sake, I will still support you, as his Daughter——As the *Lord Townly's* Wife, you have had every thing a fond Husband could bestow, and (to our mutual Shame I speak it) more than happy Wives desire—But those Indulgences must end! State, Equipage and Splendor, but ill become the Vices that misuse 'em——The decent Necessaries of Life shall be supply'd——but not one Article to Luxury! Not even the Coach, that waits to carry you from hence, shall you ever use again! Your tender Aunt, my *Lady Lovemore*, with Tears, this Morning, has consented to receive you; where if Time, and your Condition, brings you to a due Reflexion, your Allowance shall be increas'd——But, if you still are lavish of your little or pine for past licentious Pleasures, that little shall be less! nor will I call that Soul my Friend, that names you in my Hearing!

Lady Grace. My Heart bleeds for her! [*Aside.*

Lord Town. O *Manly*! look there! turn back thy Thoughts with me, and witness to my growing Love! there was a Time when I believ'd that Form incapable of Vice or of Decay! There I proposed the Partner of an easy Home! There! I, forever, hoped to find, a cheerful Companion, an agreeable Intimate, a faithful Friend, a useful Help-mate, and a tender Mother——But oh! how bitter now the Disappointment!

Man. The World is different in its Sense of Happiness: attended as you are, I know you will still be just.

Lord

Lord Town. Fear me not.

Man. This last Reproach, I see, has struck her.

[*Aside.*

Lord Town. No, let me not (though I this Moment cast her from my Heart for ever) let me not urge her Punishment beyond her Crimes——I know the World is fond of any Tale that feeds its appetite of Scandal : And as I am conscious, Severities of this Kind seldom fail of Imputations too gross to mention, I here, before you both, acquit her of the least Suspicion rais'd against the Honour of my Bed. Therefore, when abroad her Conduct may be question'd, do her Fame that Justice.

Lady Town. O Sister ! [*Turns to Lady Grace weeping.*

Lord Town. When I am spoken of, where without Favour this Action may be canvass'd, relate but half my Provocations, and give me up to Censure. [*Going.*

Lady Town. Support me ! save me ! hide me from the World !

[*Falls on Lady Grace's Neck.*

Lord Town. [*Returning.*]——I had forgot me—You have no Share in my Resentment, therefore, as you have liv'd in Friendship with her, your Parting may admit of gentler Terms then suit the Honour of an injur'd Husband.

[*Offers to go out.*

Man. [*Interposing.*] My Lord, you must not, shall not leave her thus ! One Moment's Stay can do your Cause no wrong ! If Looks can speak the Anguish of the Heart, I'll answer with my Life, there's something labouring in her Mind, that would you bear the Hearing, might deserve it.

Lord Town. Consider ! since we no more can meet ; press not my Staying to insult her.

Lady Town. Yet stay, my Lord—the little I would say, will not deserve an Insult ; and undeserv'd, I know your Nature gives it not. But as you've call'd in Friends, to witness your Resentment, let them be equal Hearers of my last Reply.

Lord Town. I shan't refuse you that, Madam——be it so.

Lady Town. My Lord, you ever have complain'd I wanted Love ; but as you kindly have allowed I never gave it to another ; so when you hear the Story of my Heart, though you may still complain, you will not wonder at my Coldness.

Lady

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Lady Grace. This promises a Reverse of Temper.

Apart.

Man. This, my Lord, you are concern'd to hear!

Lord Town. Proceed, I am attentive.

Lady Town. Before I was your Bride, my Lord, the flattering World had talk'd me into Beauty; which, at my Glass, my youthful Vanity confirm'd: Wild with that Fame, I thought Mankind my Slaves, I triumph'd over Hearts while all my Pleasure was their Pain: Yet was my own so equally insensible to all, that when a Father's firm Commands enjoin'd me to make choice of one; I even there declin'd the Liberty he gave, and to his own Election yielded up my Youth——his tender Care, my Lord, directed him to you——Our Hands were join'd! But still my Heart was wedded to its Folly! My only Joy was Power, Command, Society, Profuseness, and to lead in Pleasures! The Husband's Right to Rule, I thought a vulgar Law, which only the Deform'd or Meanly-spirited obey'd! I knew no Directors, but my Passions; no Master, but my Will! Even you, my Lord, some time o'ercome by Love, was pleas'd with my Delights; nor, then, foresaw this mad Misuse of your Indulgence——And, though I call myself ungrateful, while I own it, yet, as a Truth, it cannot be deny'd——That kind Indulgence has undone me! it added Strength to my habitual Failings, and in a Heart thus warm, in wild unthinking Life, no wonder if the gentler Sense of Love was lost.

Lord Town. O *Manly!* where has this Creature's Heart been buried?

Man. If yet recoverable——How vast a } *Apart.*
Treasure?

Lady Town. What, I have said, my Lord, is not my Excuse, but my Confession! my Errors (give 'em if you please, a harder Name) cannot be defended! No! What's in its Nature wrong, no Words can palliate, no Plea can alter! What then remains in my Condition, but Resignation to your Pleasure? Time only can convince you of my future Conduct: Therefore, 'till I have liv'd an Object of Forgiveness, I dare not hope for Pardon——The Penance of a lonely contrite Life were little to the Innocent; but to have deserv'd this Separation, will
bestow perpetual Thorns upon my Pillow.

Lady

Lady Grace. O happy, heavenly Hearing!

Lady Town. Sister, Farewell! [*Kissing her.*] Your Virtue needs no Warning from the Shame that falls on me: But when you think I have aton'd my Follies past——persuade your injur'd Brother to forgive them.

Lord Town. No, Madam! Your Errors thus renounc'd, this Instant are forgotten! So deep, so due a Sense of them, has made you, what my utmost Wishes form'd, and all my Heart has sigh'd for.

Lady Town. [*Turning to Lady Grace.*] How odious does this Goodness make me!

Lady Grace. How amiable your thinking so?

Lord Town. Long-parted Friends, that pass through easy Voyages of Life, receive but common Gladness in their Meeting: But from a Shipwreck sav'd, we mingle Tears with our Embraces! [*Embracing Lady Townly.*

Lady Town. What Words! what Love! what Duty can repay such Obligations?

Lord Town. Preserve but this Desire to please, your Power is endless!

Lady Town. Oh!——'till this Moment, never did I know, my Lord, I had a Heart to give you!

Lord Town. By Heav'n! this yielding Hand, when first it gave you to my Wishes, presented not a Treasure more desirable! O *Manly!* Sister! as you have often shar'd in my Disquiet, partake of my Felicity! my new-born Joy! see here the Bride of my Desires! This may be called my Wedding-day!

Lady Grace. Sister! (for now methinks that Name is dearer to my Heart than ever) let me congratulate the Happiness that opens to you.

Man. Long, long, and mutual may it flow——

Lord Town. To make our Happiness compleat, my Dear, join here with me to give a Hand, that amply will repay the Obligation.

Lady Town. Sister! a Day like this——

Lady Grace. Admits of no Excuse against the general Joy. [*Gives her Hand to Manly.*

Man. A Joy like mine——despairs of Words to speak it.

Lord Town. O *Manly!* how the Name of Friend endears the Brother!

[*Embracing him.*

Man.

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Man. Your Words, my Lord, will warm me, to deserve them.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, the Apartments are full of Masqueraders——And some People of Quality there desire to see your Lordship, and my Lady.

Lady Town. I thought, my Lord, your Orders had forbid this Revelling?

Lord Town. No, my Dear, *Manly* has desir'd their Admittance to-night, it seems upon a particular Occasion——Say we will wait upon them instantly.

[Exit Servant.]

Lady Town. I shall be but ill Company to them.

Lord Town. No matter: not to see them, would on a sudden be too particular. *Lady Grace* will assist you to entertain them.

Lady Town. With her, my Lord, I shall be always easy——Sister, to your unerring Virtue, I now commit the Guidance of my future Days——

Never the Paths of Pleasure more to tread,
But where your guarded Innocence shall lead.
For in the Marriage-state the World must own,
Divided Happiness was never known.

To make it mutual, Nature points the Way:
Let Husbands govern: Gentle Wives obey. *[Exe.]*

Manly re-enters with Sir Francis Wronghead.

Sir Fran. Well, Cousin, you have made my very Hair stand on End! Waunds! if what you tell me be true, I'll stuff my whole Family into a Stage-Coach, and trundle them into the Country again on Monday Morning.

Man. Stick to that, Sir, and we may yet find a Way to redeem all: In the mean time, place yourself behind this Screen, and for the Truth of what I have told you, take the Evidence of your own Senses: But be sure you keep close till I give you the Signal.

Sir Fran. Sir! I'll warrant you——Ah! my Lady, my Lady *Wronghead*! What a bitter Business have you drawn me into!

Man. Hush! to your Post; here comes one Couple already.

Sir

Sir Francis retires behind the Screen. [Exit Manly.

Enter Myrtilla with Squire Richard.

Squ. Rich. What! is this the Doctor's Chamber?

Myr. Yes, yes, speak softly.

Squ. Rich. Well, but where is he?

Myr. He'll be ready for us presently, but he says he can't do us the good Turn, without Witnesses: So, when the Count and your Sister come, you know he and you may be Fathers for one another.

Squ. Rich. Well, well, Tit for Tat! ay, ay, that will be friendly.

Myr. And see! here they come.

Enter Count Basset, and Miss Jenny.

Count Bas. So, so, here's your Brother, and his Bride, before us, my Dear.

Jenny. Well, I vow my Heart's at my Mouth still! I thought I should never have got rid of Mama! but while she stood gaping upon the Dance, I gave her the slip! Lawd! do but feel how it beats here.

Count Bas. O the pretty Flutterer! I protest, my Dear, you have put mine into the same Palpitation!

Jenny. Ah! you say so—but let's see now——
O Lud! I vow it thumps purely—well, well, I see it will do, and so where's the Parson?

Count Bas. Mrs. *Myrtilla*, will you be so good as to see if the Doctor's ready for us?

Myr. He only staid for you, Sir: I'll fetch him immediately.

Jenny. Pray, Sir, am not I to take Place of Mama, when I'm a Countess?

Count Bas. No doubt on't, my Dear.

Jenny. O Lud! how her Back will be up then, when she meets me at an Assembly? or you and I in our Coach and Six, at *Hyde-Park* together?

Count Bas. Ay, or when she hears the Box-keepers, at an Opera, call out—*The Countess of Basset's Servants!*

Jenny. Well, I say it, that will be delicious! And then, mayhap, to have a fine Gentleman with a Star and what-d'ye-call um Ribbon, lead me to my Chair, with his Hat under his Arm all the Way! Hold up, says the Chairman, and so, says I, my Lord, your humble Servant. I suppose Madam, says he, we shall see

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see you at my Lady *Quadrille's*! Ay, ay, to be sure my Lord, says I——— So in swops me, with my Hoop stuff'd up to my Forehead! and away they trot, swing! swang! with my Tassels dangling, and my Flambeaux blazing, and——— Oh! it's a charming Thing to be a Woman of Quality!

Count *Bas*. Well! I see that plainly, my Dear, there's ne'er a Dutchess of 'em all will become an Equipage like you.

Jenny. Well, well, do you find Equipage, and I'll find Airs, I warrant you. [Sings.

Squ. Rich. Troth! I think this Masquerading's the merriest Game that ever I saw in my Life! Thof, in my Mind, and there were but a little Wrestling, or Cudgel-playing naw, it would help it hugely. But what a-rope makes the Parson stay so?

Count *Bas*. Oh! here he comes, I believe.

Enter Myrtilla, with a Constable.

Const. Well, Madam, pray which is the Party that wants a Spice of my Office here?

Myr. That's the Gentleman. [Pointing to the Count.

Count *Bas*. Hey-day! what in Masquerade, Doctor?

Const. Doctor! Sir, I believe you have mistaken your Man: But if you are called Count *Basset*, I have a *Billet-doux* in my Hand for you, that will set you right presently.

Count *Bas*. What the Devil's the Meaning of all this?

Const. Only my Lord Chief Justice's Warrant against you for Forgery, Sir.

Count *Bas*. Blood and Thunder!

Const. And so, Sir, if you please to pull off your Fool's Frock there, I'll wait upon you to the next Justice of Peace immediately.

Jenny. O dear me! what's the Matter? [Trembling.

Count *Bas*. O! nothing, only a Masquerading Frolic, my Dear.

Squ. Rich. Oh ho! is that all?

Sir Fran. No, Sirrah! that is not all.

[*Sir Francis coming softly behind the Squire, knocks him down with his Cane.*

Enter

Enter Manly.

Squ. Rich. O Lawd! O Lawd! he has beaten my Brains out!

Man. Hold, hold, Sir *Francis*, have a little Mercy upon my poor Godson, pray Sir.

Sir Fran. Waunds, Cozen, I han't Patience.

Count Bas. Manly! nay, then I'm blown to the Devil.
[*Aside.*]

Squ. Rich. O my Head! my Head!

Enter Lady Wronghead.

Lady Wrong. What's the Matter here, Gentlemen? for Heav'n's Sake! What are you murd'ring my Children?

Const. No, no, Madam! no Murder! only a little Suspicion of Felony, that's all.

Sir Fran. [*To Jenny.*] And for you, Mrs. *Hot-upon't*, I could find in my Heart to make you wear that Habit, as long as you live, you Jade you. Do you know, Hussy, that you were within two Minutes of marrying a Pickpocket?

Count Bas. So, so, all's out I find. [*Aside.*]

Jenny. O the Mercy! why, pray, Papa, is not the Count a Man of Quality then?

Sir Fran. O yes! one of the unhang'd ones, it seems.

Lady Wrong. [*Aside.*] Married! O the confident Thing! There was his urgent Business then——sighted for her! I han't Patience!—and for ought I know, I have been all this while making a Friendship with a Highwayman;

Man. Mr. *Constable*, secure there.

Sir Fran. Ah, my Lady! my Lady! this comes of your Journey to *London*! but now I'll have a Frolic of my own, Madam; therefore pack up your Trumpery this very Night, for the Moment my Horses are able to crawl, you and your Brats shall make a Journey into the Country again.

Lady Wrong. Indeed you are mistaken, Sir *Francis*—I shall not stir out of Town yet, I promise you.

Sir Fran. Not stir! Waunds! Madam——

Man. Hold, Sir!—if you'll give me leave a little——I fancy I shall prevail with my Lady to think better on't.

Sir Fran. Ah! Cousin, you are a Friend indeed!

Man. [*Apart to my Lady.*] Look you, Madam, as to the Favour you design'd me, in sending this spurious Letter

Letter inclosed to my Lady Grace, all the Revenge I have taken, is to have sav'd your Son and Daughter from Ruin——Now if you will take them fairly and quietly into the Country again, I will save your Ladyship from Ruin.

Lady Wrong. What do you mean, Sir?

Man. Why, Sir *Francis*——shall never know what is in this Letter; look upon it. How it came into my Hands you shall know at leisure.

Lady Wrong. Ha! my *Billet-doux* to the Count! and an Appointment in it! I shall sink with Confusion!

Man. What shall I say to Sir *Francis*, Madam?

Lady Wrong. Dear Sir, I am in such a Trembling! preserve my Honour and I am all Obedience!

[*Apart to Manly.*

Man. Sir *Francis*——my Lady is ready to receive your Commands for her Journey, whenever you please to appoint it.

Sir Fran. Ah Cousin! I doubt I am obliged to you for it.

Man. Come, come, Sir *Francis*! take it as you find it. Obedience in a Wife is a good Thing, though it were never so wonderful!——And now, Sir we have nothing to do but to dispose of this Gentleman.

Count Bas. Mr. *Manly*! Sir, I hope you won't ruin me.

Man. Did not you forge this Note for five hundred Pounds, Sir?

Count Bas. Sir——I see you know the World, and therefore I shall not pretend to prevaricate——But it has hurt nobody yet, Sir! I beg you will not stigmatize me! since you have spoil'd my Fortune in one Family, I hope you won't be so cruel to a young Fellow, as to put it out of my Power, Sir, to make it in nother, Sir!

Man. Look you, Sir, I have not much Time to waste with you: But if you expect Mercy yourself, you must shew it to one you have been cruel to.

Count Bas. Cruel, Sir!

Man. Have you not ruin'd this young Woman?

Count Bas. I, Sir!

Man. I know you have——therefore you can't blame her, if, in the Fact you are charg'd with, she is a principal Witness against you. However, you have
one

one, and one only Chance to get off with. Marry her this Instant——and you take off her Evidence.

Count *Baf.* Dear Sir!

Man. No Words, Sir; a Wife or a *Mittimus*.

Count *Baf.* Lord, Sir! this is the most unmerciful Mercy!

Man. A private Penance, or a public one——
Constable.

Count *Baf.* Hold, Sir, since you are pleas'd to give me my Choice; I will not make so ill a Compliment to the Lady, as not to give her the Preference.

Man. It must be done this Minute, Sir: the Chaplain you expected is still within Call.

Count *Baf.* Well, Sir,——since it must be so——Come, Spouse——I am not the first of the Fraternity, that has run his Head into one Noose, to keep it out of another.

Myr. Come, Sir, don't repine: Marriage is at worst, but playing upon the Square.

Count *Baf.* Ay, but the worst of the Match too, is the Devil.

Man. Well, Sir, to let you see it is not so bad as you think it; as a Reward for her Honesty, in detecting your Practices, instead of the forged Bill, you would have put upon her, there's a real One of five hundred Pounds, to begin a new Honey-Moon with. [*Gives it to Myrtilla.*]

Count *Baf.* Sir, this is so generous an Act——

Man. No Compliments, dear Sir——I am not at leisure now to receive them: Mr. *Constable*, will you be so good as to wait upon this Gentleman into the next Room, and give this Lady in Marriage to him?

Const. Sir, I'll do it faithfully.

Count *Baf.* Well! five hundred will serve to make a handsome Push with, however.

[*Exeunt Count, Myr. and Constable.*]

Sir *Fran.* And that I may be sure my Family's rid of him for ever——come, my Lady, let's even take our Children along with us, and be all Witnesses of the Ceremony. [*Exeunt Sir Fran. Lady Wrong, Miss and Squire.*]

Man. Now, my Lord, you may enter.

94 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND: or,*

Enter Lord and Lady Townly, and Lady Grace.

Lord Town. So, Sir, I give you Joy of your Negotiation.

Man. You overheard it all, I presume?

Lady Grace. From first to last, Sir.

Lord Town. Never were Knaves and Fools better dispos'd of.

Man. A Sort of Poetical Justice, my Lord, not much above the Judgment of a modern Comedy.

Lord Town. To heighten that Resemblance, I think Sister, there only wants your rewarding the Hero of the Fable, by naming the Day of his Happiness.

Lady Grace. This Day, to-morrow, every Hour I hope, of Life to come, will shew I want not Inclination to complete it.

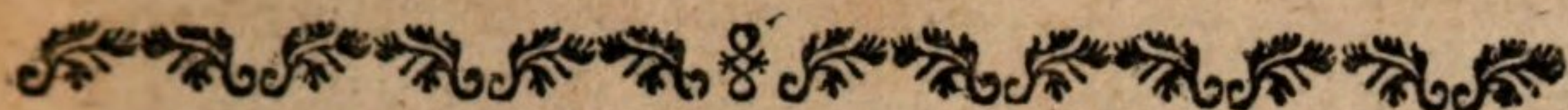
Man. Whatever I may want, Madam, you will always find Endeavours to deserve you.

Lord Town. Then all are happy.

Lady Town. Sister? I give you Joy! consummate as the happiest Pair can boast.

In you, methinks, as in a Glafs, I see
The Happiness, that once advanc'd to me.
So visible the Blifs, so plain the Way,
How was it possible my Sense could stray?
But now, a Convert, to this Truth, I come,
That Married Happiness is never found from Home!

Sung



Sung by Mrs. CIBBER, in the Fourth Act.

OH, I'll have a Husband! ay, marry;
For why should I longer tarry,
For why should I longer tarry
Than other brisk Girls have done?
For if I stay, 'till I grow gray,
They'll call me old Maid, and fusty old Jade;
So I'll no longer tarry;
But I'll have a Husband, ay, marry,
If Money can buy me one.

My Mother she says I'm too coming;
And still in my Ears she is drumming,
And still in my Ears she is drumming,
That I such vain Thoughts shou'd shun.
My Sisters they cry, Oh fy! and Oh fy!
But yet I can see, they're as coming as me;
So let me have Husbands in plenty:
I'd rather have twenty times twenty,
Than die an Old Maid undone.

Sung



Sung by Mrs. CIBBER, in the Fifth Act.

I.

WHAT tho' they call me Country Lass,
I read it plainly in my Glafs,
That for a Dutchess I might pass;
Oh, could I see the Day!
Would Fortune but attend my Call,
At Park, at Play, at Ring and Ball,
I'd brave the proudest of them all,
With a *Stand by*——*Clear the Way.*

II.

Surrounded by a Crowd of Beaux,
With smart Toupees, and powder'd Clothes,
At Rivals I'll turn up my Nose;
O, cou'd I see the Day!
I'll dart such Glances from these Eyes,
Shall make some Lord or Duke my Prize;
And then, Oh! how I'll tyrannise,
With a *Stand by*——*Clear the Way.*

III.

Oh! then for ev'ry new Delight,
For Equipage and Diamonds bright,
Quadrille, and Plays, and Balls at Night;
Oh, could I see the Day!
Of Love and Joy I'd take my Fill,
The tedious Hours of Life to kill,
In ev'ry Thing I'd have my Will,
With a *Stand by*——*Clear the Way.*

F I N I S.



THE

Recruiting Officer :

A

C O M E D Y.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRES-ROYAL

I N

Drury-Lane *and* Covent-Garden,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

— *Captique dolis, donisque coacti.*

Vir. Lib. II. *Æneid.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. CASLON, T. LOWNDS, G.
KEARSLEY. and W. NICOLL.

MDCCLXIV.

T H E
P R O L O G U E.

*I*N ancient Times when Helen's fatal Charms
 Rouz'd the contending Universe to Arms,
 The Græcian Council happily deputed
 The sly Ulysses forth—to raise Recruits.
 The artful Captain found, without Delay,
 Where great Achilles, a Deserter lay.
 Him Fate had warn'd to shun the Trojan Blows;
 Him Greece requir'd—against their Trojan Foes.
 All their recruiting Arts were needful here,
 To raise this great, this tim'rous Volunteer.
 Ulysses well could talk—he stirs, he warms
 The warlike Youth—He listens to the Charms
 Of Plunders, fine lac'd Coats, and glitt'ring Arms;
 Ulysses caught the young aspiring Boy,
 And listed him who wrought the Fate of Troy.
 Thus by Recruiting was bold Hector slain:
 Recruiting thus fair Helen did regain.
 If for one Helen such prodigious Things
 Were acted, that they even listed Kings;
 If for one Helen's artful, vicious Charms,
 Half the transported World was found in Arms;
 What for so many Helens may we dare,
 Whose Minds as well as Faces are so fair?
 If by one Helen's Eyes, Old Greece could find
 Its Homer fir'd to write, ev'n Homer blind;
 The Britons sure beyond compare may write,
 That view so many Helens ev'ry Night.

EPILOGUE.

ALL Ladies and Gentlemen, that are willing to see the Comedy, call'd the *Recruiting Officer*, let them repair To Morrow Night, by Six o'Clock, to the Sign of the *Theatre Royal* in *Drury-Lane*, and they shall be kindly entertain'd.

*We scorn the vulgar Ways to bid you come,
Whole Europe now obeys the Call of Drum.
The Soldier, not the Poet, here appears,
And beats up for a Corps of Volunteers:
He finds that Musick chiefly does delight ye,
And therefore chuses Musick to invite ye.*

Beat the Grenadier March—Row, row, tow,—Gentlemen, this Piece of Musick, call'd, *An Overture to a Batt'le*, was compos'd by a famous *Italian* Master, and was perform'd with wonderful Success, at the great *Opera's* of *Vigo*, *Schellenbergh*, and *Blenheim*; it came off with the Applause of all *Europe*, excepting *France*; the *French* found it a little too rough for their *Delicatesse*.

*Some that have acted on those glorious Stages,
Are here to witness to succeeding Ages,
That no Musick like the Grenadiers engages.*

Ladies, we must own, that this Musick of ours is not altogether so soft as *Bononcini's*; yet we dare affirm, that it has laid more People asleep than all the *Camilla's* in the World; and you'll condescend to own, that it keeps one awake, better than any *Opera* that ever was acted.

The Grenadier March seems to be a Composition excellently adapted to the *Genius* of the *English*, for no Musick was ever follow'd so far by us, nor with so much Alacrity; and with all Deference to the present Subscription, we must say, that the Grenadier March has been subscribed for by the whole Grand Alliance: And we presume to inform the Ladies, that it always has the Pre-eminence abroad, and is constantly heard by the tallest, handsomest Men in the whole Army. In

short, to gratify the present Taste, our Author is now adapting some Words to the Grenadier March, which he intends to have perform'd To-morrow, if the Lady, who is to sing it, should not happen to be sick.

*This he concludes to be the surest Way
To draw you hither; for you'll all obey
Soft Musick's Call, tho' you shou'd damn his Play.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

At COVENT GARDEN, 1764.

M E N.

Mr. Balance,	}	Three Justices.	Mr. Sparks.
Mr. Scale,			Mr. Redman.
Mr. Scruple,			Mr. Wignell.
Mr. Worthy,		a Gentleman of Shropshire.	Mr. Hull.
Capt. Plume,	}	Two Recruiting Officers.	Mr. Smith.
Capt. Brazen,			Mr. Woodward.
Kite,		Serjeant to Plume.	Mr. Anderson.
Bullock,		a Country Clown.	Mr. Dunstall.
Costar Pear-main,	}	Two Recruits.	Mr. Buck.
Tho. Apple-Tree,			Mr. Costello.

W O M E N.

Melinda,		a Lady of Fortune.	Mrs. Dyer.
Sylvia,	}	Daughter to Balance,	Miss Macklin.
		in Love with Plume.	
Lucy,		Melinda's Maid.	Mrs. Pitt.
Rose,		a Country Wench.	Miss Davies.

Constable, Recruits, Mob, Se vants, and Attendants.

SCENE, SHREWSBURY.

THE

THE
RECRUITING OFFICER.

A C T I.

SCENE, *The Market Place*—*Drum beats the Grenadier March.*

Enter Serjeant Kite, followed by Thomas Apple-Tree, Costar Pear-main, and the Mob.

Kite,
making a
Speech.



For any Gentlemen Soldiers, or others, have a Mind to serve his Majesty, and pull down the French King: If any 'Prentices have severe Masters, any Children have undutiful Parents: If any Servant have too little Wages, or any Husband too much Wife: Let them repair to the noble Serjeant Kite, at the Sign of the *Raven*, in this good Town of *Sbrewsbury*, and they shall receive present Relief and Entertainment—Gentlemen, I don't beat my Drum here to insnare or inveigle any Man, for you must know, Gentlemen, that I am a Man of Honour: Besides, I don't beat up for common Soldiers; no, I list only Grenadiers, Grenadiers, Gentlemen—Pray, Gentlemen, observe this Cap—This is the Cap of Honour, it dubs a Man a Gentleman in the drawing of a Tricker; and he that has the good Fortune to be born six Foot high, was born to be a great Man—Sir, will you give me leave to try this Cap upon your Head?

Cost. Is there no harm in't? Won't the Cap list me?

Kite. No, no, no more than I can—Come, let me see how it becomes you.

Cost. Are you sure there be no Conjuraton in it? No Gunpowder Plot upon me?

Kite. No, no, Friend; don't fear, Man.

Cost. My Mind misgives me plaguily—Let me see

it—(*Going to put it on*) It smells woundily of Sweat and Brimstone. Smell *Tummas*.

Tho. Ay, wauns does it.

Cost. Pray, Serjeant, what Writing is this upon the Face of it?

Kite. The Crown, or the Bed of Honour.

Cost. Pray now, what may be that same Bed of Honour?

Kite. O! a mighty large Bed! bigger by half than the great Bed at *Ware*—ten thousand People may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

Cost. My Wife and I wou'd do well to lie in't, for we don't care for feeling one another—But do Folk sleep sound in this same Bed of Honour.

Kite. Sound? Ay, so sound that they never wake.

Cost. Wauns! I wish again that my Wife lay there.

Kite. Say you so! Then, I find, Brother—

Cost. Brother! Hold there, Friend; I am no Kindred to you that I know of yet—Look'e, Serjeant, no Coaxing, no Wheedling, d'ye see—If I have a Mind to list, why so—If not, why 'tis not so—therefore take your Cap and your Brotherhood back again, for I am not disposed at this present Writing—No Coaxing, no Brothering me, Faith.

Kite. I coax? I wheedle? I'm above it, Sir? I have serv'd twenty Campaigns—But, Sir, you talk well, and I must own that you are a Man every Inch of you, a pretty young sprightly Fellow—I love a Fellow with a Spirit; but I scorn to coax, 'tis base: Tho' I must say, that never in my Life have I seen a Man better built! how firm and strong he treads! he steps like a Castle; but I scorn to wheedle any Man—Come, honest Lad, will you take Share of a Pot?

Cost. Nay, for that Matter, I'll spend my Penny with the best he that wears a Head, that is, begging your Pardon, Sir, and in a fair Way.

Kite. Give me your Hand then; and now, Gentlemen, I have no more to say, but this—Here's a Purse of Gold, and there is a Tub of humming Ale at my Quarters—'Tis the King's Money, and the King's Drink—He's a generous King, and loves his Subjects—I hope, Gentlemen, you won't refuse the King's Health?

All Mob. No, no, no.

Kite. Huzza then! huzza for the King, and the Honour of *Shropshire*.

All

All Mob. Huzza!

Kite. Beat Drum. [*Exeunt shouting, Drum beating a Grenadier's March.*]

Enter Plume in a Riding Habit.

Plume. By the Grenadier March that should be my Drum; and by that Shout, it should beat with Success—Let me see—Four o'Clock—[*Looking on his Watch.*] At Ten Yesterday Morning I left London—An hundred-and-twenty Miles in Thirty Hours is pretty smart Riding, but nothing to the Fatigue of Recruiting.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Welcome to *Shrewsbury*, noble Captain: From the Banks of the *Danube* to the *Severn* Side, noble Captain, you're welcome.

Plume. A very elegant Reception, indeed, Mr. *Kite*; I find you are fairly enter'd into your Recruiting Strain:—Pray, what Success?

Kite. I've been here a Week, and I've recruited Five!

Plume. Five! Pray what are they?

Kite. I have listed the strong Man of *Kent*, the King of the *Gypsies*, a *Scotch* Pedlar, a Scoundrel Attorney, and a *Welch* Parson.

Plume. An Attorney! Wert thou mad? List a Lawyer! Discharge him, discharge him this Minute.

Kite. Why, Sir?

Plume. Because I will have Nobody in my Company that can write; a Fellow that can write, can draw Petitions—I say this Minute discharge him.

Kite. And what shall I do with the Parson?

Plume. Can he write?

Kite. Hum! He plays rarely upon the Fiddle.

Plume. Keep him by all means—But how stands the Country affected? Were the People pleas'd with the News of my coming to Town?

Kite. Sir, the Mob are so pleased with your Honour, and the Justices and better Sort of People are so delighted with me, that we shall soon do your Business—But, Sir, you have got a Recruit here that you little think of.

Plume. Who?

Kite. One that you beat up for the last time you were in the Country: You remember your old Friend *Molly* at the *Castle*?

Plume. She's not with Child, I hope.

Kite.

Kite. She was brought to-bed Yesterday.

Plume. *Kite*, you must father the Child.

Kite. And so her Friends will oblige me to marry the Mother.

Plume. If they shou'd, we'll take her with us ; she can wash you know, and make a Bed upon occasion.

Kite. Ay, or unmake it upon occasion. But your Honour knows that I am marry'd already.

Plume. To how many ?

Kite. I can't tell readily—I have set them down here upon the Back of the Muster Roll. [*Draws it out.*] Let me see,—*Imprimis*, Mrs. *Shely Snikereyes*, she sells Potatoes upon *Ormond Key* in *Dublin*—*Peggy Guzzle*, the Brandy Woman at the Horse-Guard, at *White-Hall*—*Dolly Waggon*, the Carrier's Daughter at *Hull*—*Mademoiselle Van-bottom-flat* at the *Bus*—Then *Jenny Oakham*, the Ship-Carpenter's Widow at *Portsmouth* ; but I don't reckon upon her, for she was married at the same Time to Two Lieutenants of Marines and a Man of War's Boatswain.

Plume. A full Company—You have nam'd five—Come, make 'em half a dozen.—*Kite*, is the Child a Boy or a Girl ?

Kite. A chopping Boy.

Plume. Then set the Mother down in your List, and the Boy in mine : Enter him a Grenadier by the Name of *Francis Kite*, absent upon Furlow—I'll allow you a Man's Pay for his Subsistence, and now go comfort the Wench in the Straw.

Kite. I shall, Sir.

Plume. But hold, have you made any use of your German Doctor's Habit since you arriv'd ?

Kite. Yes, yes, Sir, and my Fame's all about the Country for the most faithful Fortune-teller that ever told a Lie—I was oblig'd to let my Landlord into the Secret, for the Convenience of keeping it so ; but he's an honest Fellow, and will be faithful to any Roguery that is trusted to him. This Device, Sir, will get you Men, and me Money, which I think is all we want at present—But yonder comes your Friend Mr. *Worthy*—Has your Honour any farther Commands ?

Plume. None at present. [*Exit Kite.*] 'Tis indeed the Picture of *Worthy*, but the Life's departed. Enter

The Recruiting Officer.

11

Enter Worthy.

What, Arms a-crofs, *Worthy*! Methinks you should hold them open when a Friend's so near—The Man has got the Vapours in his Ears, I believe: I must expel this melancholy Spirit.

*Spleen, thou worst of Fiends below,
Fly, I conjure thee, by this Magic Blow.*

[Slaps Worthy on the Shoulder.]

Wor. *Plume*! my dear Captain, welcome. Safe and sound return'd!

Plume. I 'scaped safe from *Germany*, and sound, I hope, from *London*; you see I have lost neither Leg, Arm, nor Nose: Then for my Inside, 'tis neither troubled with Sympathies nor Antipathies; and I have an excellent Stomach for Roast-Beef.

Wor. Thou art a happy Fellow, once I was so.

Plume. What ails thee, Man? No Inundations nor Earthquakes in *Wales*, I hope? Has your Father rose from the Dead, and re-assum'd his Estate?

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are marry'd surely?

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are mad, or turning Quaker?

Wor. Come, I must out with it——Your once gay, roving Friend is dwindled into an obsequious, thoughtful, romantick, constant Coxcomb.

Plume. And pray what is all this for?

Wor. For a Woman.

Plume. Give me thy Hand: If thou go to that, behold me as obsequious, as thoughtful, and as constant a Coxcomb as your Worship.

Wor. For whom?

Plume. For a Regiment—But for a Woman! 'Sdeath! I have been constant to fifteen at a time, but never melancholy for one, and can the Love of one bring you into this Condition? Pray, who is this wonderful *Helen*?

Wor. A *Helen* indeed! not to be won under ten Years Siege, as great a Beauty and as great a Jilt.

Plume. A Jilt! Pho! Is she as great a Whore?

Wor. No, no.

Plume. 'Tis ten thousand pities: But who is she? Do I know her?

Wor. Very well.

Plume. That's impossible—I know no Woman that will hold out a ten Year's Siege.

Wor. What think ye of *Melinda*?

Plume. *Melinda*! Why she began to capitulate this time Twelve-month, and offered to surrender upon honourable Terms; and I advis'd you to propose a Settlement of five hundred Pounds a Year to her, before I went last abroad.

Wor. I did, and she hearken'd to it, desiring only one Week to consider—When, beyond her Hopes, the Town was reliev'd, and I forc'd to turn my Siege into a Blockade.

Plume. Explain, explain.

Wor. My Lady *Richly*, her Aunt in *Flintshire* dies, and leaves her, at this critical Time, twenty thousand Pounds.

Plume. Oh the Devil! What a delicate Woman was there spoil'd! But by the Rules of War now—*Worthy*, Blockade was foolish—After such a Convoy of Provisions was enter'd the Place, you could have no thought of reducing it by Famine; you should have redoubled your Attacks, taken the Town by Storm, or have died upon the Breach.

Wor. I did make one general Assault, but was so vigorously repuls'd, that despairing of ever gaining her for a Mistress, I have alter'd my Conduct, given my Addressee the obsequious and distant Turn, and court her now for a Wife.

Plume. So as you grew obsequious, she grew haughty; and because you approach'd her as a Goddess, she us'd you like a Dog.

Wor. Exactly.

Plume. 'Tis the way of 'em all.—Come, *Worthy*, your obsequious and distant Airs will never bring you together; you must not think to surmount her Pride by your Humility: Wou'd you bring her to better Thoughts of you, she must be reduc'd to a meaner Opinion of herself. Let me see, the very first thing that I would do, should be to lie with her Chambermaid, and hire three or four Wenches in the Neighbourhood to report that I had got them with Child—Suppose we lampoon'd all the pretty Women in Town, and left her out; or, what if we made a Ball, and forgot to invite her with one or two of the ugliest.

Wor.

Wor. These wou'd be Mortifications, I must confess ; but we live in such a precise, dull Place, that we can have no Balls, no Lampoons, no—

Plume. What ! no Bastards ! and so many Recruiting Officers in Town ! I thought 'twas a Maxim among them, to leave as many Recruits in the Country as they carry'd out.

Wor. No body doubts your good Will, noble Captain, in serving your Country with your best Blood, witness our Friend *Molly* at the *Castle* ; there have been Tears in Town about that Business, Captain.

Plume. I hope *Sylvia* has not heard of it.

Wor. O, Sir, have you thought of her ? I began to fancy you had forgot poor *Sylvia*.

Plume. Your Affairs had quite put mine out of my Head. 'Tis true, *Sylvia* and I had once agreed to go to Bed together, cou'd we have adjusted Preliminaries ; but she wou'd have the Wedding before Consummation, as I was for Consummation before the Wedding ; we cou'd not agree. She was a pert, obstinate Fool, and wou'd lose her Maidenhead her own way, so she may keep it for *Plume*.

Wor. But do you intend to marry upon no other Conditions ?

Plume. Your Pardon, Sir, I'll marry upon no Condition at all.—If I shou'd, I am resolv'd never to bind myself to a Woman for my whole Life, till I know whether I shall like her Company for half an Hour. Suppose I marry'd a Woman that wanted a Leg.—Such a thing might be, unless I examined the Goods before-hand—If People would but try one another's Constitutions before they engag'd, it would prevent all these Elopements, Divorces, and the Devil knows what.

Wor. Nay, for that Matter, the Town did not stick to say, that—

Plume. I hate Country-towns for that Reason—if your Town has a dishonourable Thought of *Sylvia*, it deserves to be burnt to the Ground—I love *Sylvia*, I admire her frank, generous Disposition—There's something in that Girl more than Woman—In short, were I once a General, I wou'd marry her.

Wor. Faith, you have Reason—for were you but a
Corporal

Corporal she wou'd marry you—But my *Melinda* coquets it with every Fellow she sees—I'll lay Fifty Pound she makes Love to you.

Plume. I'll lay you a Hundred that I return it, if she does—Look'e, *Worthy*, I'll win her and give her to you afterwards.

Wor. If you win her you shall wear her, Faith; I wou'd not value the Conquest without the Credit of the Victory.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, Captain, a Word in your Ear.

Plume. You may speak out, here are none but Friends.

Kite. You know, Sir, that you sent me to comfort the good Woman in the Straw, Mrs. *Molly*—my Wife, Mr. *Worthy*.

Wor. O ho! very well, I wish you Joy, Mr. *Kite*.

Kite. Your Worship very well may—for I have got both a Wife and Child in half an Hour—But as I was saying—You sent me to comfort Mrs. *Molly*—my Wife I mean—But what d'ye think, Sir? She was better comforted before I came.

Plume. As how!

Kite. Why, Sir, a Footman in a blue Livery had brought her ten Guineas to buy her Baby Clothes.

Plume. Who in the Name of Wonder cou'd send them?

Kite. Nay, Sir, I must whisper that—Mrs. *Sylvia*.

Plume. *Sylvia!* Generous Creature! [*Whispers.*

Wor. *Sylvia!* Impossible!

Kite. Here are the Guineas, Sir.—I took the Gold as Part of my Wife's Portion. Nay, farther, Sir, she sent Word the Child should be taken all imaginable care of, and that she intended to stand Godmother. The same Footman, as I was coming to you with this News, call'd after me, and told me that his Lady wou'd speak with me—I went, and upon hearing that you were come to Town, she gave me half a Guinea for the News; and order'd me to tell you, that Justice *Balance*, her Father, who is just come out of the Country, wou'd be glad to see you.

Plume. There's a Girl for you, *Worthy*—Is there any thing of Woman in this? No, 'tis noble, generous, manly Friendship; shew me another Woman that wou'd
lose

lose an Inch of her Prerogative that way, without Tears, Fits, and Reproaches. The common Jealousy of her Sex, which is nothing but their Avarice of Pleasure, she despises; and can part with the Lover, tho' she dies for the Man—Come, *Worthy*—Where's the best Wine? for there I'll quarter.

Wor. *Horton* has a fresh Pipe of choice *Barcelona*, which I wou'd not let him pierce before, because I reserv'd the Maidenhead of it for your Welcome to Town.

Plume. Let's away then—Mr. *Kite*, go to the Lady with my humble Service, and tell her, I shall only refresh a little, and wait upon her.

Wor. Hold, *Kite*—have you seen the other Recruiting Captain?

Kite. No, Sir, I'd have you to know I don't keep such Company.

Plume. Another! Who is he?

Wor. My Rival, in the first Place, and the most unaccountable Fellow—but I'll tell you more as we go.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *An Apartment.*

Melinda and Sylvia meeting.

Mel. Welcome to Town, Cousin *Sylvia*. [*Salute.*] I envy'd you your Retreat in the Country; for *Shrewsbury*, methinks, and all your Heads of Shires, are the most irregular Places for living; here we have Smoak, Noise, Scandal, Affectation, and Pretension; in short, every thing to give the Spleen—and nothing to divert it—then the Air is intolerable.

Syl. O Madam! I have heard the Town commended for its Air.

Mel. But you don't consider, *Sylvia*, how long I have liv'd in't! for I can assure you, that to a Lady, the least nice in her Constitution—no Air can be good above half a Year. Change of Air I take to be the most agreeable of any Variety in Life.

Syl. As you say, Cousin *Melinda*, there are several Sorts of Airs.

Mel. Psha! I talk only of the Air we breathe, or more properly of that we taste—Have not you, *Sylvia*, found a vast Difference in the Taste of Airs?

Syl.

Syl. Pray, Cousin, are not Vapours a Sort of Air? Taste Air! you might as well tell me, I may feed upon Air: But prithee, my dear *Melinda*, don't put on such an Air to me. Your Education and mine were just the same; and I remember the Time when we never troubled our Heads about Air, but when the sharp Air from the *Welsh* Mountains made our Fingers ake in a cold Morning at the Boarding-School.

Mel. Our Education, Cousin, was the same, but our Temperaments had nothing alike; you have the Constitution of an Horse.

Syl. So far as to be troubled neither with Spleen, Cholick, nor Vapours; I need no Salts for my Stomach, no Harts-horn for my Head, nor Wash for my Complexion. I can gallop all the Morning after the Hunting-horn, and all the Evening after a Fiddle. In short, I can do every Thing with my Father, but drink, and shoot flying; and I am sure I can do every Thing my Mother cou'd were I put to the Trial.

Mel. You are in a fair Way of being put to't; for I am told your Captain is come to Town.

Syl. Ay, *Melinda*, he is come, and I'll take Care he sha'n't go without a Companion.

Mel. You are certainly mad, Cousin.

Syl.———*And there's a Pleasure sure*

In being mad, which none but Madmen know.

Mel. Thou poor romantick *Quixote*!—Hast thou the Vanity to imagine, that a young sprightly Officer, that rambles o'er half the Globe in half a Year, can confine his Thoughts to the little Daughter of a Country Justice in an obscure Part of the World?

Syl. Psha! what care I for his Thoughts; I shou'd not like a Man with confin'd Thoughts, it shews a Narrowness of Soul. In short, *Melinda*, I think a Petticoat a mighty simple Thing, and I am heartily tir'd of my Sex.

Mel. That is, you are tir'd of an Appendix to our Sex, that you can't so handsomely get rid of in Petticoats, as if you were in Breeches—O' my Conscience, *Sylvia*, hadst thou been a Man, thou hadst been the greatest Rake in Christendom.

Syl. I shou'd have endeavour'd to know the World,
which

which a Man can never do thoroughly, without half a hundred Friendships, and as many Amours; but now I think on't, how stands your Affair with Mr. *Worthy*?

Mel. He's my Aversion.

Syl. Vapours!

Mel. What do you say, Madam?

Syl. I say that you should not use that honest Fellow so inhumanly. He's a Gentleman of Parts and Fortune; and besides that, he's my *Plume's* Friend, and by all that's sacred, if you don't use him better I shall expect Satisfaction.

Mel. Satisfaction! you begin to fancy yourself in Breeches in good-earnest—But to be plain with you, I like *Worthy* the worse for being so intimate with your Captain, for I take him to be a loose, idle, unmannerly Coxcomb.

Syl. O, Madam! you never saw him, perhaps, since you were Mistress of twenty thousand Pound; you only knew him when you were capitulating with *Worthy* for a Settlement, which perhaps might encourage him to be a little loose and unmannerly with you.

Mel. What do you mean, Madam?

Syl. My Meaning needs no Interpretation, Madam.

Mel. Better it had, Madam; for methinks you are too plain.

Syl. If you mean the Plainness of my Person, I think your Ladyship's as plain as me to the full.

Mel. Were I sure of that, I wou'd be glad to take up with a Rakehelly Officer as you do.

Syl. Again! Look'e, Madam, you are in your own House.

Mel. And if you had kept in your's, I shou'd have excus'd you.

Syl. Don't be troubled, Madam, I shan't desire to have my Visit return'd.

Mel. The sooner therefore you make an End of this the better.

Syl. I am easily persuaded to follow my Inclinations, and so, Madam, your humble Servant. [Exit.

Mel. Saucy Thing!

Enter Lucy.

Luc. What's the Matter, Madam?

Mel.

Mel. Did you not see the proud Nothing, how she swell'd upon the Arrival of her Fellow?

Luc. Her Fellow has not been long enough arriv'd to occasion any great Swelling, Madam; I don't believe she has seen him yet.

Mel. Nor shan't if I can help it—Let me see—I have it—Bring me Pen and Ink—hold, I'll go write in my Closet.

Luc. An Answer to this Letter, I hope, Madam?

Mel. Who sent it? [Presents a Letter.

Luc. Your Captain, Madam.

Mel. He's a Fool, and I'm tir'd of him, send it back unopen'd.

Luc. The Messenger's gone, Madam.

Mel. Then how shou'd I send an Answer? Call him back immediately, while I go write. [Exeunt.

The End of the First ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *An Apartment.*

Enter Justice Balance and Plume.

Bal. **L**ook'e, Captain, give us but Blood for our Money, and you shan't want Men. Ad's my Life, Captain, get us but another Marshal of *France*, and I'll go myself for a Soldier—

Plume. Pray, Mr. *Balance*, how does your fair Daughter?

Bal. Ah, Captain? what is my Daughter to a Marshal of *France*! We're upon a nobler Subject, I want to have a particular Description of the Battle of *Minden*.

Plume. The Battle, Sir, was a very pretty Battle as any one shou'd desire to see, but we were all so intent upon Victory, that we never minded the Battle: All that I know of the Matter is, our General commanded us to beat the *French*, and we did so; and if he pleases but to say the Word, we'll do it again. But pray, Sir, how does Mrs. *Sylvia*?

Bal. Still upon *Sylvia*! For shame, Captain, you are engag'd already, wedded to the War; Victory is your Mistress, and 'tis below a Soldier to think of any other.

Plume. As a Mistress, I confess; but as a Friend, Mr. *Balance*—

Bal.

Bal. Come, come, Captain, never mince the Matter, wou'd not you debauch my Daughter, if you cou'd?

Plum. How, Sir! I hope she is not to be debauch'd.

Bal. Faith, but she is, Sir; and any Woman in *England* of her Age and Complexion, by a Man of your Youth and Vigour. Look'e, Captain, once I was young and once an Officer as you are; and I can guess at your Thoughts now, by what mine were then; and I remember very well, that I wou'd have given one of my Legs to have deluded the Daughter of an old Country Gentleman, as like me as I was then like you.

Plume. But, Sir, was that Country Gentleman your Friend and Benefactor?

Bal. Not much of that.

Plume. There the Comparifon breaks; the Favours, Sir, that—

Bal. Pho, pho, I hate fet Speeches: If I have done you any Service, Captain, it was to please myself; I love thee, and if I could part with my Girl, you shou'd have her as soon as any young Fellow I know: But I hope you have more Honour than to quit the Service, and she more Prudence than to follow the Camp; but she's at her own Disposal, she has fifteen hundred Pound in her Pocket, and so—*Sylvia, Sylvia.* [*Calls.*

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. There are some Letters, Sir, come by the Post from *London*, I left them upon the Table in your Clofet.

Bal. And here is a Gentleman from *Germany.* [*Presents Plume to her.*] Captain, you'll excuse me, I'll go and read my Letters and wait on you. [*Exit.*

Syl. Sir, you are welcome to *England.*

Plume. You are indebted to me a Welcome, Madam, since the Hopes of receiving it from this fair Hand was the principal Cause of my seeing *England.*

Syl. I have often heard that Soldiers were sincere, shall I venture to believe publick Report?

Plume. You may, when 'tis back'd by private Infurance; for I swear, Madam, by the Honour of my Profession, that whatever Dangers I went upon, it was with the Hope of making myself more worthy of your Esteem; and if ever I had Thoughts of preserving my Life, 'twas for the Pleasure of dying at your Feet.

Syl.

Syl. Well, well, you shall die at my Feet, or where you will; but you know, Sir, there is a certain Will and Testament to be made before-hand.

Plume. My Will, Madam, is made already, and there it is; and if you please to open the Parchment, which was drawn the Evening before the Battle of *Minden*, you will find whom I left my Heir.

Syl. Mrs. *Sylvia Balance*—[*Opens the Will and reads.*] Well, Captain, this is a handsome and a substantial Compliment; but I can assure you, I am much better pleased with the bare Knowledge of your Intention, than I shou'd have been in the Possession of your Legacy: But methinks, Sir, you shou'd have left something to your little Boy at the *Castle*.

Plume. That's home. [*Afide.*] My little Boy! Lack-a-day, Madam, that alone may convince you 'twas none of mine; why the Girl, Madam, is my Serjeant's Wife, and so the poor Creature gave out that I was Father, in hopes that my Friends might support her in case of Necessity.—That was all, Madam—My Boy! No, no, no.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, my Master has receiv'd some ill News from *London*, and desires to speak with you immediately, and he begs the Captain's Pardon, that he can't wait on him as he promis'd.

Plume. Ill News! Heavens avert it! nothing cou'd touch me nearer than to see that generous worthy Gentleman afflicted: I'll leave you to comfort him, and be assur'd, that if my Life and Fortune can be any way serviceable to the Father of my *Sylvia*, he shall freely command both.

Syl. The Necessity must be very pressing that wou'd engage me to endanger either. [*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E, *Another Apartment.*

Enter Balance and Sylvia.

Syl. Whilst there is Life, there is Hope, Sir; perhaps my Brother may recover.

Bal. We have but little Reason to expect it; the Doctor acquaints me here, that before this comes to my Hands, he fears I shall have no Son—Poor *Owen*!—But the Decree is just; I was pleas'd with the Death of my Father, because he left me an Estate, and now I am
punish'd

punish'd with the Loss of an Heir to inherit mine; I must now look upon you as the only Hopes of my Family, and I expect that the Augmentation of your Fortune will give you fresh Thoughts and new Prospects.

Syl. My Desire in being punctual in my Obedience requires that you would be plain in your Commands, Sir.

Bal. The Death of your Brother makes you sole Heiress to my Estate, which you know is about Twelve hundred Pounds a Year: This Fortune gives you a fair Claim to Quality and a Title; you must set a just Value upon yourself, and in plain Terms think no more of Captain *Plume*.

Syl. You have often recommended the Gentleman, Sir.

Bal. And I do so still, he's a very pretty Fellow; but tho' I lik'd him well enough for a bare Son-in-law, I don't approve of him for an Heir to my Estate and Family; Fifteen hundred Pounds indeed I might trust in his Hands, and it might do the young Fellow a Kindness but,—ods my Life, Twelve hundred Pound a Year, wou'd ruin him, quite turn his Brain: A Captain of Foot worth Twelve hundred Pounds a Year! 'Tis a Prodigy in Nature!

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's one with a Letter below for your Worship, but he will deliver it into no Hands but your own.

Bal. Come, shew me the Messenger.

[Exit with Servant.]

Syl. Make the Dispute between Love and Duty, and I am Prince *Prettyman* exactly.—If my Brother dies, ah poor Brother! If he lives, ah poor Sister! 'Tis bad both Ways; I'll try it again.—Follow my own Inclinations, and break my Father's Heart; or obey his Commands, and break my own; worse and worse. Suppose I take it thus? A moderate Fortune, a pretty Fellow and a Pad; or a fine Estate, a Coach-and-Six, and an Afs—That will never do neither.

Enter Justice Balance and a Servant.

Bal. Put Four Horses to the Coach. *[To a Servant, who goes out.]* Ho, *Sylvia*.

Syl. Sir.

Bal. How old were you when your Mother dy'd?

Syl.

The Recruiting Officer.

Syl. So young, that I don't remember I ever had one ; and you have been so careful, so indulgent to me since, that indeed I never wanted one.

Bal. Have I ever deny'd you any thing you ask'd of me ?

Syl. Never that I remember.

Bal. Then, *Sylvia*, I must beg that once in your Life you wou'd grant me a Favour.

Syl. Why shou'd you question it, Sir ?

Bal. I don't, but I wou'd rather counsel than command ; I don't propose this with the Authority of a Parent, but as the Advice of your Friend ; that you wou'd take the Coach this Moment and go into the Country.

Syl. Does this Advice, Sir, proceed from the Contents of the Letter you receiv'd just now ?

Bal. No matter, I will be with you in Three or Four Days, and then give you my Reasons—But be sure you go, I expect you will make me one solemn Promise.

Syl. Propose the Thing, Sir.

Bal. That you will never dispose of yourself to any Man without my Consent.

Syl. I promise.

Bal. Very well, and to be even with you, I promise I never will dispose of you without your own Consent ; and so, *Sylvia*, the Coach is ready ; farewell. [*Leads her to the Door, and returns.*] Now she's gone I'll examine the Contents of this Letter a little nearer.

[*Reads.*

S I R,

MY Intimacy with Mr. Worthy has drawn a Secret from him that he had from his Friend Captain Plume ; and my Friendship and Relation to your Family oblige me to give you timely Notice of it : The Captain has dishonourable Designs upon my Cousin *Sylvia*. Evils of this Nature are more easily prevented than amended ; and that you wou'd immediately send my Cousin into the Country, is the Advice of, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

M E L I N D A.

Why the Devil's in the young Fellows of this Age, they are ten times worse than they were in my Time ; had he made my Daughter a Whore, and forswore it like a Gentleman, I cou'd have almost pardon'd it ; but to tell

Tales before-hand is monstrous—Hang it, I can fetch down a Woodcock or a Snipe, and why not a Hat and Cockade? I have a Case of good Pistols, and have a good Mind to try.

Enter Worthy.

Worthy! your Servant.

Wor. I'm sorry, Sir, to be the Messenger of ill News.

Bal. I apprehend it, Sir; you have heard that my Son *Owen* is past Recovery.

Wor. My Letters say he's dead, Sir.

Bal. He's happy, and I'm satisfy'd: The Strokes of Heaven I can bear; but Injuries from Men, Mr. *Worthy*, are not so easily supported.

Wor. I hope, Sir, you're under no Apprehensions of Wrong from any Body.

Bal. You know I ought to be.

Wor. You wrong my Honour, in believing I cou'd know any Thing to your Prejudice, without resenting it as much as you shou'd.

Bal. This Letter, Sir, which I tear in Pieces to conceal the Person that sent it, informs me, that *Plume* has a Design upon *Sylvia*, and that you are privy to't.

Wor. Nay then, Sir, I must do myself Justice, and endeavour to find out the Author.

(Takes up a Bit.)

Sir, I know the Hand, and if you refuse to discover the Contents, *Melinda* shall tell me. *[Going.]*

Bal. Hold, Sir, the Contents I have told you already, only with this Circumstance, that her Intimacy with Mr. *Worthy* had drawn the Secret from him.

Wor. Her Intimacy with me! Dear Sir, let me pick up the Pieces of this Letter; 'twill give me such a hank upon her Pride, to have her own an Intimacy under her Hand: This was the luckiest Accident! *(Gathering up the Letter.)* The Aspersions, Sir, was nothing but Malice, the Effect of a little Quarrel between her and Mrs. *Sylvia*.

Bal. Are you sure of that, Sir?

Wor. Her Maid gave me the History of Part of the Battle just now as she overheard it. But I hope, Sir, your Daughter has suffer'd nothing upon the Account.

Bal. No, no, poor Girl, she's so afflicted with the News

News of her Brother's Death, that to avoid Company she begg'd Leave to be gone into the Country.

Wor. And is she gone?

Bal. I cou'd not refuse her, she was so pressing; the Coach went from the Door the Minute before you came.

Wor. So pressing to be gone, Sir!—I find her Fortune will give her the same Airs with *Melinda*, and then *Plume* and I may laugh at one another.

Bal. Like enough, Women are as subject to Pride as Men are; and why mayn't great Women, as well as great Men, forget their old Acquaintance?—But come, where's this young Fellow? I love him so well, it would break the Heart of me to think him a Rascal—I'm glad my Daughter's gone fairly off tho'. (*Aside.*) Where does the Captain quarter?

Wor. At *Horton's*; I am to meet him there Two Hours hence, and we shou'd be glad of your Company.

Bal. Your Pardon, dear *Worthy*, I must allow a Day or Two to the Death of my Son. Afterwards, I'm your's over a Bottle, or how you will.

Wor. Sir, I'm your humble Servant. [*Exeunt apart.*]

S C E N E, *the Street.*

Enter Kite, with Costar Pear-main in One Hand, and Thomas Apple-tree in the other, drunk.

Kite sings.

*Our Prentice Tom may now refuse
To wipe his Scoundrel Master's Shoes;
For now he's free to sing and play,
Over the Hills and far away—Over, &c.*

[*The Mob sings the Chorus.*]

*We shall lead more happy Lives,
By getting rid of Brats and Wives,
That scold and brawl both Night and Day,
Over the Hills and far away—Over, &c.*

Kite. Hey Boys! Thus we Soldiers live! drink, sing dance, play: We live, as one shou'd say—we live—'tis impossible to tell how we live—We are all Princes—Why—why, you are a King—You are an Emperor, and I'm a Prince—now—an't we

Tho. No, Serjeant, I'll be no Emperor.

Kite. No!

Tho. I'll be a Justice of Peace.

Kite. A Justice of Peace, Man?

Tho.

Tho. Ay, wauns will I ; for since this Pressing-Act, they are greater than any Emperor under the Sun.

Kite. Done: You are a Justice of Peace, and you are a King, and I am a Duke, and a rum Duke, an't I?

Cost. Ay, but I'll be no King.

Kite. What then?

Cost. I'll be a Queen.

Kite. A Queen!

Cost. Ay, of *England*, that's greater than any King of 'em all.

Kite. Bravely said, faith ; Huzza for the Queen [*Huzza!*] But heark'e, you, Mr. Justice, and you, Mr. Queen, did you never see the King's Picture?

Both. No, no, no.

Kite. I wonder at that ; I have two of 'em set in Gold, and as like his Majesty, God bless the Mark. See here, they are set in Gold. [*Takes two broad Pieces out of his Pocket, gives one to each.*]

Tho. The wonderful Works of Nature! [*Looking at it.*]

Cost. What's this written about? Here's a Posy, I believe ; *Ca-ro-lus*—What's that, Serjeant?

Kite. O! *Carolus*?—Why *Carolus* is *Latin* for King *George* ; that's all.

Cost. 'Tis a fine thing to be a Scollard—Serjeant, will you part with this? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the Compass of a Crown.

Kite. A Crown! never talk of buying ; 'tis the same thing among Friends, you know ; I'll present them to ye both : you shall give me as good a thing. Put 'em up and remember your old Friend, when I am over the Hills, and far away.

[*They sing, and put up the Money.*]

Enter Plume singing.

Plume. Over the Hills, and over the Main,
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain :
The King commands, and we'll obey,
Over the Hills, and far away.

Come on my Men of Mirth, away with it, I'll make one among ye : Who are these hearty Lads?

Kite. Off with your Hats ; Ounds off with your Hats : This is the Captain, the Captain.

Tho. We have seen Captains afore now, Mun.

Cost. Ay, and Lieutenant Captains too; s'flesh, I'll keep on my Nab.

Tho. And I'se scarcely d'off mine for any Captain in England: My Vether's a Freeholder.

Plume. Who are those jolly Lads, Serjeant?

Kite. A couple of honest brave Fellows that are willing to serve the King: I have entertain'd 'em just now, as Volunteers, under your Honour's Command.

Plume. And good Entertainment they shall have: Volunteers are the Men I want, those are the Men fit to make Soldiers, Captains, Generals.

Tho. Wounds, *Tummas*, what's this! are you listed?

Cost. Flesh! not I: Are you *Costar*?

Tho. Wounds, not I.

Kite. What! not listed! ha, ha, ha; a very good Jest, I'faith.

Cost. Come, *Tummas*, we'll go home.

Tho. Ay, ay, come.

Kite. Home! for shame, Gentlemen, behave yourselves better before your Captain: Dear *Tummas*, honest *Costar*.

Tho. No, no, we'll be gone.

Kite. Nay, then, I command you to stay: I place you both Centinels in this Place, for two Hours; to watch the Motion of St. *Mary's* Clock, you; and you the Motion of St *Chad's*: And he that dares stir from his Post, till he be reliev'd, shall have my Sword in his Guts the next Minute.

Plume. What's the matter, Serjeant? I'm afraid you are too rough with these Gentlemen.

Kite. I'm too mild, Sir! They disobey Command, Sir, and one of 'em shou'd be shot for an Example to the other.

Cost. Shot, *Tummas*?

Plume. Come, Gentlemen, what's the matter?

Tho. We don't know! the noble Serjeant is pleas'd to be in a Passion, Sir,—but—

Kite. They disobey Command, they deny their being listed.

Tho. Nay, Serjeant, we don't downright deny it ther; that we dare not do, for Fear of being shot: But we humbly conceive, in a civil Way, and begging your Worship's Pardon, that we may go home.

Plume.

The Recruiting Officer.

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Plume. That's easily known; have either of you receiv'd any of the King's Money?

Cost. Not a Brass Farthing, Sir.

Kite. They have each of them receiv'd One-and-twenty Shillings, and 'tis now in their Pockets.

Cost. Wounds, if I have a Penny in my Pocket but a bent Sixpence, I'll be content to be lifted, and shot into the Bargain.

Tho. And I: look ye here, Sir.

Cost. Nothing but the King's Picture, that the Serjeant gave me just now.

Kite. See there, a Guinea, One-and-twenty Shillings; t'other has the Fellow on't.

Plume. The Case is plain, Gentlemen, the Goods are found upon you: Those Pieces of Gold are worth One-and-twenty Shillings each.

Cost. So it seems, that *Carolus* is One-and-twenty Shillings in *Latin*.

Tho. 'Tis the same Thing in *Greek*, for we are lifted.

Cost. Flesh! but we an't *Tummas*: I desire to be carry'd before the Mayor, Captain.

[*Captain and Serjeant whisper the while.*]

Plume. 'Twill never do, *Kite*—your damn'd Tricks will ruin me at last—I won't lose the Fellows tho', if I can help it—Well, Gentlemen, there must be some Trick in this; my Serjeant offers to take his Oath that you are fairly lifted.

Tho. Why, Captain, we know that you Soldiers have more Liberty of Conscience than other Folks; but for me, or Neighbour *Costar* here, to take such an Oath, 'twou'd be downright Perjury.

Plume. Look'e, Rascal, you Villain, if I find that you have impos'd upon these Two honest Fellows, I'll trample you to Death, you Dog—Come, how was't?

Tho. Nay then, we'll speak; your Serjeant, as you say, is a Rogue, an't like your Worship, begging your Worship's Pardon—and——

Cost. Nay, *Tummas*, let me speak; you know I can read—And so, Sir, he gave us those Two Pieces of Money for Pictures of the King, by Way of a Present.

Plume. How! by Way of a Present! The Son of a
B 2 Whore!

Whore! I'll teach him to abuse honest Fellows, like you! Scoundrel! Rogue! Villain!

[*Beats off the Serjeant, and follows.*]

Both. O brave noble Captain! huzza! a brave Captain, 'faith!

Cost. Now *Tummas*, *Carolus* is Latin for a Beating: This is the bravest Captain I ever saw—Wounds, I've a Month's Mind to go with him.

Enter Plume.

Plume. A Dog, to abuse Two such honest Fellows as you—Look'e Gentlemen, I love a pretty Fellow, I come among you as an Officer to list Soldiers, not as a Kidnapper to steal Slaves.

Cost. Mind that, *Tummas*.

Plum. I desire no Man to go with me, but as I went myself: I went a Volunteer, as you, or you, may do; for a little Time carry'd a Musket, and now I command a Company.

Tho. Mind that, *Costar*: A sweet Gentleman.

Plume. 'Tis true, Gentlemen, I might take an Advantage of you; the King's Money was in your Pockets, my Serjeant was ready to take his Oath you were listed; but I scorn to do a base Thing, you are both of you at your Liberty.

Cost. Thank you, noble Captain—I cod, I can't find in my Heart to leave him, he talks so finely.

Tho. Ay, *Costar*, would he always hold in this Mind.

Plume. Come, my Lads, one thing more I'll tell you: You're both young tight Fellows, and the Army is the Place to make you Men for ever: Every Man has his Lot, and you have yours: What think you now of a Purse of *French* Gold out of a Monsieur's Pocket, after you have dash'd out his Brains with the But-End of your Firelock? eh!

Cost. Wauns! I'll have it. Captain—give me a Shilling, I'll follow you to the End of the World.

Tho. Nay, dear *Costar*, do'na; be advis'd.

Plume. Here, my Hero, here are two Guineas for thee, as Earnest of what I'll do farther for thee.

Tho. Do'na take it, do'na, dear *Costar*.

[*Cries, and pulls back his Arm.*]

Cost. I wull—I wull—Waunds, my Mind gives me that

that I shall be a Captain myself—I take your Money, Sir, and now I am a Gentleman.

Plume. Give me thy Hand, and now you and I will travel the World o'er, and command it wherever we tread—Bring your Friend with you if you can. [*Aside.*

Cost. Well, *Tummas*, must we part?

Tho. No, *Costar*, I cannot leave thee—Come, Captain, I'll e'en go along too; and if you have two honefter simpler Lads in your Company than we two have been, I'll say no more.

Plume. Here, my Lad. [*Gives him Money.*] Now your Name?

Tho. *Tummas Appletree.*

Plume. And yours?

Cost. *Costar Pearmain.*

Plume. Well said *Costar*! Born where?

Tho. Both in *Herefordshire.*

Plume. Very well; Courage, my Lads—Now we'll sing, *Over the Hills, and far away.*

Courage, Boys, 'tis one to Ten

But we return all Gentlemen;

While conquering Colours we display,

Over the Hills and far away.

Kite. Take care of 'em.

Enter Kite.

Kite. An't you a Couple of pretty Fellows now! Here you have complain'd to the Captain, I am to be turn'd out, and one of you will be Serjeant. Which of you is to have my Halberd?

Both Recru. I.

Kite. So you shall—in your Guts—march, you Sons of Whores. [*Beats 'em off.*

The End of the Second A C T.

A C T III.

SCENE, *The Market-Place.*

Enter Plume and Worthy.

Wor. I Cannot forbear admiring the Equality of our two Fortunes: We lov'd two Ladies, they met us half way, and just as we were upon the point of leaping into their Arms, Fortune drops into their Laps, Pride possesses their Hearts, a Maggot fills their Heads.

Madness takes 'em by the Tails ; they snort, kick up their Heels, and away they run.

Plume. And leave us here to mourn upon the Shore—A couple of poor melancholy Monsters—What shall we do ?

Wor. I have a trick for mine ; the Letter, you know, and the Fortune-teller.

Plume. And I have a trick for mine.

Wor. What is't ?

Plume. I'll never think of her again.

Wor. No !

Plume. No ; I think myself above administering to the Pride of any Woman, were she worth twelve thousand a Year ; and I ha'n't the Vanity to believe I shall ever gain a Lady worth Twelve hundred—The generous good-natur'd *Sylvia*, in her Smock, I admire ; but the haughty, scornful *Sylvia*, with her Fortune, I despise—What sneak out of 'Town, and not so much as a Word, a Line, a Compliment,—S'death ! how far off does she live ? I'll go and break her Windows.

Wor. Ha, ha, ha ! ay, and the Window-Bars too, to come at her—Come, come, Friend, no more of your rough military Airs.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, Captain, Sir ! look yonder, she's a coming this way : 'Tis the prettiest, cleanest, little Tit !

Plume. Now *Worthy*, to shew you how much I am in Love ;—here she comes : But *Kite*, what is that great Country-Fellow with her ?

Kite. I can't tell, Sir.

Enter Rose, follow'd by her Brother Bullock, with Chickens on her Arm in a Basket.

Rose. Buy Chickens, young and tender Chickens, young and tender Chickens.

Plume. Here, you Chickens.

Rose. Who calls ?

Plume. Come hither, pretty Maid.

Rose. Will you please to buy, Sir ?

Wor. Yes, Child, we'll both buy.

Plume. Nay, *Worthy*, that's not fair, market for yourself.—Come, Child, I'll buy all you have.

Rose. Then all I have is at your Service. [*Court'sies.*

Wor. Then must I shift for myself, I find. [*Exit.*

Plume.

Plume. Let me see ; young and tender, you say.

[Chucks her under the Chin.

Rose. As ever you tasted in your Life, Sir.

Plume. Come, I must examine your Basket to the bottom, my Dear.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, put in your hand ; feel, Sir ; I warrant my Ware as good as any in the Market.

Plume. And I'll buy it all, Child, were it ten times more.

Rose. Sir, I can furnish you.

Plume. Come then, we won't quarrel about the Price, they're fine Birds—Pray what's your Name, pretty Creature ?

Rose. Rose, Sir : My Father is a Farmer within three short Mile o' the Town ; we keep this Market ; I sell Chickens, Eggs, and Butter, and my Brother Bullock there sells Corn.

Bullock. Come, Sister, haste, we shall be late hoame.

[Whistles about the Stage.

Plume. Kite ! [Tips him the Wink, he returns it.] Pretty Mrs. Rose—you have—let me see—how many ?

Rose. A dozen, Sir, and they are richly worth a Crown.

Bull. Come, Ruose, I sold fifty Strake of Barley to-day in half this time ; but you will higgle and higgle for a Penny more than the Commodity is worth.

Rose. What's that to you, Oaf ! I can make as much out of a Groat, as you can out of Four-pence, I'm sure—The Gentleman bids fair, and when I meet with a Chapman, I know how to make the best of him—And so, Sir, I say, for a Crown Piece the Bargain's yours.

Plume. Here's a Guinea, my Dear.

Rose. I can't change your Money, Sir.

Plume. Indeed, indeed, but you can—my Lodging is hard by, Chicken, and we'll make change there.

[Goes off, she follows him.

Kite. So, Sir, as I was telling you, I have seen one of these *Hussars* eat up a Ravelin for his Breakfast, and afterwards pick'd his Teeth with a Palisado.

Bull. Ay, you Soldiers see very strange things ; but pray, Sir, what is a Rabelin ?

Kite. Why, 'tis like a modern minc'd Pye, but the Crust is confounded hard, and the Plumbs are somewhat hard of Digestion.

Bull. Then your Palifado, pray what may he be? Come, *Ruose*, pray ha' done.

Kite. Your Palifado is a pretty fort of Bodkin, about the Thickness of my Leg.

Bull. That's a Fib, I believe. [*Aside.*] Eh! where's *Ruose*! *Ruose*! *Ruose*! s'flesh where's *Ruose* gone?

Kite. She's gone with the Captain.

Bull. The Captain! Wauns, there's no pressing of Women, sure.

Kite. But there is, sure.

Bull. If the Captain shou'd press *Ruose*, I shou'd be ruin'd—Which way went she! O! the Devil take your Rablins and Palifadoes. [*Exit.*

Kite. You shall be better acquainted with them, honest *Bullock*, or I shall miss of my Aim.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. Why thou art the most useful Fellow in Nature to your Captain; admirable in your way, I find.

Kite. Yes, Sir, I understand my Business, I will say it.

Wor. How came you so qualify'd?

Kite. You must know, Sir, I was born a Gipsy, and bred among that Crew till I was ten Years old, there I learn'd Canting and Lying; I was bought from my Mother, *Cleopatra*, by a certain Nobleman for three Pistoles, there I learn'd Impudence and Pimping. I was turn'd off for wearing my Lord's Linen, and drinking my Lady's Ratafia, and turn'd Bailiff's Follower; there I learn'd Bullying and Swearing. I at last got into the Army, and there I learn'd Whoring and Drinking—So that if your Worship pleases to cast up the whole Sum, viz. Canting, Lying, Impudence, Pimping, Bullying, Swearing, Whoring, Drinking, and a Halbert, you will find the Sum Total amount to a Recruiting Serjeant.

Wor. And pray what induc'd you to turn Soldier?

Kite. Hunger and Ambition: The Fears of Starving, and Hopes of a Truncheon, led me along to a Gentleman, with a fair Tongue, and fair Periwig, who loaded me with Promises; but 'gad it was the lightest Load that ever I felt in my Life—He promis'd to advance me, and indeed he did so—to a Garret in the *Savoy*. I asked him why he put me in Prison; he call'd me lying Dog, and said I was in Garrison; and indeed, 'tis a Garrison; that

that may hold out till Doomsday before I shou'd desire to take it again. But here comes Justices *Balance*.

Enter Balance and Bullock.

Bal. Here, you Serjeant, where's your Captain? Here's a poor foolish Fellow comes clamouring to me with a Complaint, that your Captain has prefs'd his Sister; do you know any thing of this matter, *Worthy*?

Wor. Ha, ha, ha, I know his Sister is gone with *Plume* to his Lodging, to sell him some Chickens.

Bal. Is that all; the Fellow's a Fool.

Bul. I know that, an't like your Worship; but if your Worship pleases to grant me a Warrant to bring her before your Worship, for fear of the worst.

Bal. Thou'rt mad, Fellow, thy Sister's safe enough.

Kite. I hope so too.

[*Aside.*]

Wor. Hast thou no more Sense, Fellow, than to believe that the Captain can lift Women.

Bull. I know not whether they lift them, or what they do with them, but I'm sure they carry as many Women as Men with them out of the Country.

Bal. But how came you not to go along with your Sister?

Bull. Lord, Sir, I thought no more of her going than I do of the Day I shall die; but this Gentleman here, not suspecting any hurt neither, I believe—you thought no harm, Friend, did you?

Kite. Lackaday, Sir, not I—only that, I believe, I shall marry her to-morrow.

[*Aside.*]

Bal. I begin to smell Powder. Well, Friend, but what did that Gentleman with you?

Bul. Why, Sir, he entertain'd me with a fine Story of a great Sea-Fight between the *Hungarians*, I think it was, and the *Wild-Irish*.

Kite. And so, Sir, while we were in the Heat of Battle—the Captain carry'd off the Baggage.

Bal. Serjeant, go along with this Fellow to your Captain, give him my humble Service, and desire him to discharge the Wench, tho' he has lifted her.

Bul. Ay, and if she ben't free for that, he shall have another Man in her Place.

Kite. Come, honest Friend, you shall go to my Quarters instead of the Captain's. (*Aside.*)

[*Exeunt Kite and Bullock.*]

Bal. We must get this mad Captain his Complement of Men, and send him packing, else he'll overrun the Country.

Wor. You see, Sir, how little he values your Daughter's Disdain.

Bal. I like him the better; I was just such another Fellow at his Age. But how goes your Affair with *Melinda*?

Wor. Very slowly. *Cupid* had formerly Wings, but I think, in this Age, he goes upon Crutches; or I fancy *Venus* had been dallying with her Cripple *Vulcan* when my Amour commenc'd, which has made it go on so lamely; my Mistress has got a Captain too, but such a Captain! As I live, yonder he comes.

Bal. Who? that bluff Fellow in the Sash! I don't know him.

Wor. But I engage he knows you, and every Body at first Sight; his Impudence were a Prodigy, were not his Ignorance proportionable; he has the most universal Acquaintance of any Man living, for he won't be alone, and Nobody will keep him Company twice; then he's a *Cæsar* among the Women, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, that's all. If he has but talk'd with the Maid, he swears he has lain with the Mistress; but the most surprizing Part of his Character is his Memory, which is the most prodigious, and the most trifling in the World.

Bal. I have known another acquire so much by Travel, as to tell you the Names of most Places in *Europe*, with their Distances of Miles, Leagues, or Hours, as punctually as a Post-Boy; but for any Thing else, as ignorant as the Horse that carries the Mail.

Wor. This is your Man, Sir, add but the Traveller's Privilege of Lying, and even that he abuses; this is the Picture, behold the Life.

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Mr. *Worthy*, I'm your Servant, and so forth, —Hark'e, my Dear.

Wor. Whispering, Sir, before Company is not Manners, and when Nobody's by, 'tis foolish.

Braz. Company! *Mort de ma Vie!* I beg the Gentleman's Pardon; who is he?

Wor. Ask him.

Braz. So I will. My Dear, I am your Servant, and so forth; —your Name, my Dear?

Bal.

Bal. Very *Laconick*, Sir.

Braz. *Laconick*! A very good Name truly; I have known several of the *Laconick*'s abroad: Poor *Jack Laconick*! He was killed at the Battle of *Landen*. I remember that he had a Blue Ribbon in his Hat that very Day, and after he fell, we found a Piece of Neat's Tongue in his Pocket.

Bal. Pray, Sir, did the *French* attack us, or we them, at *Landen*?

Braz. The *French* attack us! Oons, Sir, are you a Jacobite?

Bal. Why that Question?

Braz. Because none but a Jacobite cou'd think that the *French* durst attack us—No, Sir, we attack'd them on the—I have reason to remember the Time, for I had Two-and-Twenty Horses kill'd under me that Day.

Wor. Then, Sir, you must have rid mighty hard.

Bal. Or perhaps, Sir, like my Countryman, you rid upon half a Dozen Horses at once.

Braz. What do ye mean, Gentlemen? I tell you they were kill'd, all torn to Pieces by Cannon-Shot, except Six I stak'd to Death upon the Enemies *Chevaux de Frise*.

Bal. Noble Captain, may I crave your Name?

Braz. *Brazen*, at your Service.

Bal. Oh, *Brazen*, a very good Name; I have known several of the *Brazens* abroad.

Wor. Do you know one Captain *Plume*, Sir?

Braz. Is he any thing related to *Frank Plume* in *Northamptonshire*?—Honest *Frank*! many, many a dry Bottle have we crack'd Hand to Fist; you must have known his Brother *Charles* that was concerned in the *India* Company, he marry'd the Daughter of old *Tongue-Pad*, the Master in *Chancery*, a very pretty Woman, only squinted a little; she dy'd in Childbed of her First Child; but the Child surviv'd, 'twas a Daughter, but whether 'twas called *Margaret* or *Margery*, upon my Soul, I can't remember, (*Looking on his Watch*). But, Gentlemen, I must meet a Lady, a Twenty thousand Pounder, presently, upon the Walk by the Water—
Worthy, your Servant, *Laconick*, yours. [Exit.]

Bal. If you can have so mean an Opinion of *Melinda*, as to be jealous of this Fellow, I think she ought to give you Cause to be so.

Wor,

Wor. I don't think she encourages him so much for gaining herself a Lover, as to set up a Rival ; were there any Credit to be given to his Words, I should believe *Melinda* had made him this Assignment ; I must go see ; Sir, you'll pardon me. [*Exit.*]

Bal. Ay, ay, Sir, you're a Man of Business—But what have we got here ?

Enter Rose singing.

Rose. And I shall be a Lady, a Captain's Lady, and ride single upon a white Horse with a Star, upon a Velvet Side-saddle ; and I shall go to *London*, and see the Tombs, and the Lions, and the Queen. Sir, an please your Worship, I have often seen your Worship ride through our Grounds a hunting, begging your Worship's Pardon—Pray what may this Lace be worth a Yard ? [*Shewing some Lace.*]

Bal. Right *Mechlin*, by this Light ! Where did you get this Lace, Child ?

Rose. No matter for that, Sir, I came honestly by it.

Bal. I question it much. [*Aside.*]

Rose. And see here, Sir, a fine Turkey-shell Snuff-box, and fine Mangere, see here, [*Takes Snuff affectedly.*] The Captain learn'd me how to take it with an Air.

Bal. O ho ! the Captain ! Now the Murder's out ; and so the Captain taught you to take it with an Air ?

Rose. Yes, and give it with an Air too—Will your Worship please to taste my Snuff ? [*Offers the Box affectedly.*]

Bal. You are a very apt Scholar, pretty Maid. And pray, what did you give the Captain for these fine things ?

Rose. He's to have my Brother for a Soldier, and two or three Sweet-hearts I have in the Country ; they shall all go with the Captain : O he's the finest Man, and the humblest withal ; wou'd you believe it, Sir, he carry'd me up with him to his own Chamber, with as much Fam-mam-mill-yararality as if I had been the best Lady in the Land.

Bal. Oh ! he's a mighty familiar Gentleman, as can be.

Enter Plume singing.

Plume. But it is no so
With those that go,
Thro' Frost and Snow,
Most apropos,

My Maid with the Milking-pail.

[*Takes hold of Rose.*

How, the Justice! then I'm arraign'd, condemn'd, and executed.

Bal. O, my noble Captain!

Rose. And my noble Captain too, Sir.

Plume. 'Sdeath, Child, are you mad?—Mr. *Bal-lance*, I am so full of Business about my Recruits, that I ha'n't a Moment's Time to—I have just now Three or Four People to—

Bal. Nay, Captain, I must speak to you—

Rose. And so must I too, Captain.

Plume. Any other Time, Sir,—I cannot for my Life, Sir—

Bal. Pray, Sir—

Plume. Twenty thousand Things—I wou'd—but—now, Sir, pray—Devil take me—I cannot—I must—

[*Breaks away.*

Bal. Nay, I'll follow you.

[*Exit.*

Rose. And I too.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E, *The Walks by the Severn Side.*

Enter Melinda and her Maid Lucy.

Mel. And, pray, was it a Ring, or Buckle, or Pendants, or Knots? or in what Shape was the Almighty Gold transform'd, that has brib'd you so much in his Favour?

Luc. Indeed, Madam, the last Bribe I had from the Captain, was only a small Piece of *Flanders* Lace for a Cap.

Mel. Ay, *Flanders* Lace is as constant a Present from Officers to their Women, as something else is from their Women to them. They every Year bring over a Cargo of Lace, to cheat the King of his Duty, and his Subjects of their Honesty.

Luc. They only barter one Sort of prohibited Goods for another, Madam.

Mel. Has any of 'em been bartering with you, Mrs. *Pert*, that you talk so like a Trader?

Luc. One would imagine, Madam, by your Concern for *Worthy's* Absence, that you should use him better when he's with you.

Mel. Who told you, pray, that I was concern'd for his Absence? I'm only vex'd that I've had nothing said to me these Two Days: One may like the Love, and de-
spise

spise the Lover, I hope; as one may love the Treason, and hate the Traitor. O! here comes another Captain, and a Rogue that has the Confidence to make Love to me; but, indeed, I don't wonder at that, when he has the Assurance to fancy himself a fine Gentleman.

Luc. If he shou'd speak o' th' Assignment, I shou'd be ruin'd. [*Aside.*

Enter Brazen.

Braz. True to the Touch, faith! [*Aside.*] Madam, I am your humble Servant, and all that, Madam? A fine River this same *Severn*—Do you love Fishing, Madam?

Mel. 'Tis a pretty melancholy Amusement for Lovers.

Braz. I'll go buy Hooks and Lines presently; for you must know, Madam, that I have serv'd in *Flanders* against the *French*, in *Hungary* against the *Turks*, and in *Tangier* against the *Moors*, and I was never so much in Love before; and split me, Madam, in all the Campaigns I ever made, I have not seen so fine a Woman as your Ladyship.

Mel. And from all the Men I ever saw I never had so fine a Compliment: But you Soldiers are the best bred Men, that we must allow.

Braz. Some of us, Madam—But there are Brutes among us too, very sad Brutes; for my own part, I have always had the good Luck to prove agreeable—I have had very considerable Offers, Madam—I might have marry'd a *German* Princess, worth fifty thousand Crowns a Year, but her Stove disgusted me. The Daughter of a *Turkish* *Bashaw* fell in Love with me too, when I was Prisoner among the Infidels; she offer'd to rob her Father of his Treasure, and make her Escape with me: But I don't know how, my Time was not come; Hanging and Marriage, you know, go by Destiny: Fate has reserv'd me for a *Shropshire* Lady worth twenty thousand Pound—Do you know any such Person, Madam?

Mel. Extravagant Coxcomb! [*Aside.*] To be sure, a great many Ladies of that Fortune wou'd be proud of the Name of Mrs. *Brazen*.

Braz. Nay, for that matter, Madam, there are Women of very good Quality of the Name of *Brazen*.

Enter Worthy.

Mel. O! are you there, Gentleman?—Come, Captain, we'll walk this Way, give me your Hand. *Braz.*

Braz. My Hand, Heart's Blood and Guts are at your Service—Mr. *Worthy*, your Servant, My Dear.

[*Exit. leading Melinda.*]

Wor. Death and Fire! this is not to be borne.

Enter Plume.

Plume. No more it is, faith.

Wor. What?

Plume. The *March Beer* at the *Raven*; I have been doubly serving the King—raising Men, and raising the Excise—Recruiting and Elections are rare Friends to the Excise.

Wor. You a'n't drunk.

Plume. No, no, whimsical only; I cou'd be mighty foolish, and fancy myself mighty witty. Reason still keeps its Throne, but it nods a little, that's all.

Wor. Then you're just fit for a Frolick.

Plume. As fit as close Pinner for a Punk in the Pit.

Wor. There's your Play then, recover me that Vessel from that *Tangerine*.

Plume. She's well rigg'd, but how is she mann'd?

Wor. By Captain *Brazen*, that I told you of to-day; she is call'd the *Melinda*, a First-Rate, I can assure you; she sheer'd off with him just now, on purpose to affront me; but according to your Advice I wou'd take no Notice, because I wou'd seem to be above a Concern for her Behaviour; but have a care of a Quarrel.

Plume. No, no, I never quarrel with any thing in my Cups but an Oyster Wench, or a Cook Maid; and if they ben't civil, I knock 'em down. But heark'e, my Friend, I'll make Love, and I must make Love. I tell you what, I'll make Love liké a Platoon.

Wor. Platoon, how's that?

Plume. I'll kneel, stoop, and stand, 'faith; most Ladies are gain'd by Platooning.

Wor. Here they come; I must leave you. [*Exit.*]

Plume. Soh! now must I look as sober, and as demure, as a Whore at a Christning.

Enter Brazen and Melinda.

Braz. Who's that, Madam?

Mel. A Brother-Officer of yours, I suppose, Sir.

Braz. Ay—My Dear.

[*To Plume.*]

Plume. My Dear.

[*Run and embrace.*]

Braz.

Braz. My dear Boy, how is't? Your Name, my Dear? If I be not mistaken I have seen your Face.

Plume. I never saw yours in my Life, My Dear—But there's a Face well known, as the Sun's, that shines on all, and is by all ador'd.

Braz. Have you any Pretensions, Sir?

Plume. Pretensions!

Braz. That is, Sir, have you ever served abroad?

Plume. I have serv'd at Home, Sir, for Ages serv'd this cruel Fair—And that will serve the Turn, Sir.

Mel. So, between the Fool and the Rake, I shall bring a fine Spot of Work upon my Hands—I see *Worthy* yonder—I could be content to be Friends with him, wou'd he come this Way. [Aside.

Braz. Will you fight for the Lady, Sir?

Plume. No, Sir, but I'll have her notwithstanding.

Thou Peerless Princess of Salopian's Plains.

Envy'd by Nymphs, and worshipp'd by the Swains,

Braz. Oons, Sir, not fight for her.

Plume. Prithee be quiet—I shall be out—

Behold, how humbly does the Severn glide,

To greet thee, Princess of the Severn Side.

Braz. Don't mind him, Madam—If he were not so well dress'd, I shou'd take him for a Poet—But I'll shew you the Difference presently—Come, Madam—We'll place you between us, and now the longest Sword carries her. [Draws.

Mel. [Shrieking.]

Enter Worthy.

Oh! Mr. *Worthy*, save me from these Madmen.

[Exit with *Worthy*.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha! Why don't you follow, Sir, and fight the bold Ravisher.

Braz. No, Sir, you are my Man.

Plume. I don't like the Wages, I won't be your Man.

Braz. Then you're not worth my Sword.

Plume. No! Pray what did it cost?

Braz. It cost me Twenty Pistoles in *France*, and my Enemies Thousands of Lives in *Flanders*.

Plume. Then they had a dear Bargain.

Enter Sylvia in Man's Apparel.

[*Syl.* Save ye, save ye, Gentlemen,

Braz.

Braz. My Dear, I'm yours.

Plume. Do you know the Gentleman?

Braz. No, but I will presently—Your Name, my Dear?

Syl. *Wilful*; *Jack Wilful*, at your Service.

Braz. What, the *Kentish Wilful's*, or those of *Staffordshire*?

Syl. Both, Sir, both; I'm related to all the *Wilfuls* in *Europe*, and I'm Head of the Family at present.

Plume. Do you live in this Country, Sir?

Syl. Yes, Sir, I live where I stand; I have neither Home, House, nor Habitations, beyond this Spot of Ground.

Braz. What are you, Sir?

Syl. A Rake.

Plume. In the Army, I presume.

Syl. No, but I intend to list immediately—Look'e, Gentlemen, he that bids the fairest, has me.

Braz. Sir, I'll prefer you, I'll make you a Corporal this Minute.

Plume. Corporal! I'll make you my Companion, you shall eat with me.

Braz. You shall drink with me.

Plume. You shall lie with me, you young Rogue.

[*Kisses.*

Braz. You shall receive your Pay, and do no Duty.

Syl. Then you must make me a Field-Officer.

Plume. Pho, pho, pho! I'll do more than all this, I'll make you a Corporal, and give you a Brevet for Serjeant.

Braz. Can you read and write, Sir?

Syl. Yes.

Braz. Then your Business is done—I'll make you Chaplain to the Regiment.

Syl. Your Promises are so equal, that I'm at a loss to chuse; there is one *Plume*, that I hear much commended, in Town; pray which of you is Captain *Plume*?

Plume. I am Captain *Plume*.

Braz. No, no, I am Captain *Plume*.

Syl. Hey day!

Plume. Captain *Plume*! I'm your Servant, my Dear.

Braz. Captain *Brazen*! I'm yours—the Fellow dares, not fight.

(*Aside.*

Enter

Enter Kite.

Kite. Sir, if you please— (*Goes to whisper Plume.*

Plume. No, no, there's your Captain. Capt. *Plume*, your Serjeant has got so drunk, he mistakes me for you.

Braz. He's an incorrigible Sot.—Here, my Hector of *Holborn*, here's forty Shillings for you.

Plume. I forbid the Banns.—Look'e, Friend, you shall list with Captain *Brazen*.

Syl. I will see Captain *Brazen* hang'd first; I will list with Captain *Plume*, I am a Free-born *Englishman*, and will be a Slave my own Way—Look'e, Sir, will you stand by me! (*To Brazen.*

Braz. I warrant you, my Lad.

Syl. Then I will tell you, Captain *Brazen*, (*To Plume*) that you are an ignorant, pretending, impudent Coxcomb.

Braz. Ay, ay, a sad Dog.

Syl. A very sad Dog; give me the Money, noble Captain *Plume*.

Plume. Then you won't list with Captain *Brazen*!

Syl. I won't.

Braz. Never mind him, Child, I'll end the Dispute presently—Heark'e, my Dear.

Takes Plume to one Side of the Stage, and entertains him in dumb Show.

Kite. Sir, he in the plain Coat is Captain *Plume*, I am his Serjeant and will take my Oath on't.

Syl. What! you are Serjant *Kite*.

Kite. At your Service.

Syl. Then I wou'd not take your Oath for a Farthing.

Kite. A very understanding Youth of his Age! Pray Sir, let me look you full in your Face?

Syl. Well, Sir, what have you to say to my Face?

Kite. The very Image of my Brother; two Bullets of the same Caliver were never so like: Sure it must be *Charles, Charles*—

Syl. What d'ye mean by *Charles*?

Kite. The Voice too, only a little Variation in *Effa ut flat*: My dear Brother, for I must call you so, if you should have the Fortune to enter into the most noble Society of the Sword, I bespeak you for a Comrade.

Syl. No, Sir, I'll be the Captain's Comrade, if any Body's.

Kite.

Kite. Ambition there again ! 'Tis a noble Passion for a Soldier ; by that I gain'd this glorious Halbert. Ambition ! I see a Commission in his Face already : Pray, noble Captain, give me Leave to salute you.

(Offers to kiss her.)

Syl. What, Men kiss one another.

Kite. We Officers do ; 'tis our way ; we live together like Man and Wife, always either kissing or fighting : —But I see a Storm coming.

Syl. Now, Serjeant, I shall see who is your Captain by your knocking down the other.

Kite. My Captain scorns Assistance, Sir.

Braz. How dare you contend for any thing, and not dare to draw your Sword ? But you are a young Fellow, and have not been much abroad ; I excuse that ; but prithee resign the Man, prithee do ; you are a very honest Fellow.

Plume. You lie ; and you are a Son of a Whore.

(Draws, and makes up to Brazen.)

Braz. Hold, hold, did not you refuse to fight for the Lady ?

(Retiring.)

Plume. I always do—But for a Man I'll fight Knee-deep ; so you lie again. [*Plume and Brazen fight a Traverse or Two about the Stage ; Sylvia draws, who is held by Kite, who sounds to Arms with his Mouth ; takes Sylvia in his Arms, and carries her off the Stage.*]

Braz. Hold, where's the Man ?

Plume. Gone.

Braz. Then what do we fight for ? *(Puts up.)* Now let's embrace, my Dear.

Plume. With all my Heart, my Dear. *(Putting up.)* I suppose *Kite* has lifted him by this Time. *(Embraces ;*

Kite looks in and sings.

Braz. You are a brave Fellow, I always fight with a Man before I make him my Friend ; and if once I find he will fight, I never quarrel with him afterwards.—And now I'll tell you a Secret, my dear Friend, that Lady we frighted out of the Walk just now, I found in Bed this Morning—So beautiful, so inviting—I presently lock'd the Door—But I'm a Man of Honour—But I believe I shall marry her, nevertheless—Her Twenty thousand Pound, you know, will be a pretty Conveniency—I

had

had an Affignation with her here, but your coming spoil'd my Sport. Curse you, my Dear, but don't do so agen.—

Plume. No, no, my Dear, Men are my Business at present. (*Exeunt.*)

The End of the Third ACT.

A C T I V.

S C E N E, *The Walk Continues.*

Enter Rose and Bullock, meeting.

Rose. **W** Here have you been, you great Booby? you are always out of the Way in the Time of Preferment.

Bull. Preferment! who shou'd prefer me?

Rose. I wou'd prefer you! who shou'd prefer a Man but a Woman? Come, throw away that great Club, hold up your Head, cock your Hat, and look big.

Bull. Ah *Ruose*, *Ruose*, I fear somebody will look big sooner than Folk think of:—Here has been *Cartwheel* your Sweetheart, what will become of him?

Rose. Look'e, I'm a great Woman, and will provide for my Relations:—I told the Captain how finely he play'd upon the Tabor and Pipe, so he has set him down for Drum-Major.

Bull. Nay, Sister, why did not you keep that Place for me? you know I have always lov'd to be a drumming, if it were but on a Table, or on a Quart Pot.

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. Had I but a Commission in my Pocket, I fancy my Breeches wou'd become me as well as any ranting Fellow of 'em all; for I take a bold Step, a rakish Toss, a smart Cock, and an impudent Air, to be the principal Ingredients in the Composition of a Captain—What's here, *Rose*? my Nurse's Daughter! I'll go and practise—Come, Child, kiss me at once, (*Kisses Rose*) and her Brother too!—Well, honest *Dungfork*, do you know the Difference between a Horse anda Cart, and a Cart Horse, eh!

Bull. I presume that your Worship is a Captain, by your Cloaths and your Courage.

Syl. Suppose I were, wou'd you be contented to list, Friend?

Rose. No, no, tho' your Worship be a handsome Man, there

there be others as fine as you; my Brother is engag'd to Captain *Plume*.

Syl. Plume! Do you know Captain *Plume*?

Rose. Yes, I do, and he knows me—He took the Ribbands out of his Shirt Sleeves, and put 'em into my Shoes—See there—I can assure you that I can do any Thing with the Captain.

Bull. That is, in a modest Way, Sir.—Have a care what you say, *Ruofe*, don't shame your Parentage.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, I am not so simple as to say that I can do any thing with the Captain, but what I may do with any Body else.

Syl. So!—And pray what do you expect from this Captain, Child?

Rose. I expect, Sir!—I expect—But he order'd me to tell Nobody.—But suppose that he should propose to marry me?

Syl. You shou'd have a Care, my Dear, Men will promise any Thing before-hand.

Rose. I know that, but he promis'd to marry me afterwards.

Bull. Wouns, *Ruofe*, what have you said?

Syl. Afterwards? after what?

Rose. After I had sold my Chickens—I hope there's no Harm in that.

Enter Plume.

Plume. What, Mr. *Wilful*, so close with my Market Woman!

Syl. I'll try if he loves her. (*Aside.*) Close, Sir, ay, and closer yet, Sir.—Come, my pretty Maid, you and I will withdraw a little.

Plume. No, no, Friend, I ha'n't done with her yet.

Syl. Nor have I begun with her, so I have as good Right as you have.

Plume. Thou'rt a bloody impudent Fellow.

Syl. Sir, I wou'd qualify myself for the Service.

Plume. Hast thou really a Mind to the Service.

Syl. Yes, Sir: So let her go.

Rose. Pray, Gentlemen, don't be so violent.

Plume. Come, leave it to the Girl's own Choice—Will you belong to me, or to that Gentleman?

Rose. Let me consider, you're both very handsome.

Plume.

Plume. Now the natural Inconstancy of her Sex begins to work.

Rose. Pray, Sir, what will you give me?

Bull. Dunna be angry, Sir, that my Sister should be mercenary, for she's but young.

Syl. Give thee, Child!—I'll set thee above Scandal; you shall have a Coach, with Six before and Six behind; an Equipage to make Vice fashionable, and put Virtue out of Countenance.

Plume. Pho, that's easily done; I'll do more for thee, Child, I'll buy you a Furbelow-Scarf, and give you a Ticket to see a Play.

Bull. A Play! Wauns, *Ruose*, take the Ticket, and let's see the Show.

Syl. Look'e, Captain, if you won't resign, I'll go list with Captain *Brazen* this Miente.

Plume. Will you list with me if I give up my Title?

Syl. I will.

Plume. Take her, I'll change a Woman for a Man at any Time.

Rose. I have heard before, indeed, that you Captains us'd to sell your Men.

Bull. Pray, Captain, do not send *Ruose* to the *Western Indies*.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha, *West-Indies*! No, no, my honest Lad, give me thy Hand; nor you, nor she, shall move a Step farther than I do—This Gentleman is one of us, and will be kind to you, Mrs. *Rose*.

Rose. But will you be so kind to me, Sir, as the Captain wou'd?

Syl. I can't be altogether so kind to you, my Circumstances are not so good as the Captain's; but I'll take Care of you, upon my Word.

Plume. Ay, ay, we'll all take Care of her; she shall live like a Princess, and her Brother here shall be—What wou'd you be?

Bull. O! Sir! If you had not promis'd the Place of Drum-Major—

Plume. Ay, that is promis'd—But what think you of Barrack-Master? You are a Person of Understanding, and Barrack-Master you shall be.—But what's become of this same *Cartwheel* you told me of, my Dear!

Rose. We'll go fetch him.—Come, Brother Barrack Master—We shall find you at Home, noble Captain?
(*Exeunt Rose and Bullock.*)

Plume. Yes, yes; and now, Sir, here are your Forty Shillings.

Syl. Captain *Plume*, I despise your listing Money; if I do serve, 'tis purely for Love—of that Wench I mean—For you must know, that among my other Sallies, I've spent the best Part of my Fortune in Search of a Maid, and could never find one hitherto; so you may be assur'd I'd not sell my Freedom under a less Purchase than I did my Estate—So before I list, I must be certify'd that this Girl is a Virgin.

Plume. Mr. *Wilful*, I can't tell you how you can be certify'd in that Point till you try; but upon my Honour she may be a Vestal for ought that I know to the contrary.—I gain'd her Heart indeed by some trifling Presents and Promises, and knowing that the best Security for a Woman's Heart is her Person, I wou'd have made myself Master of that too, had not the Jealousy of my impertinent Landlady interposed.

Syl. So you only want an Opportunity for accomplishing your Designs upon her.

Plume. Not at all; I have already gain'd my Ends, which were only the drawing in One or Two of her Followers. Kiss the prettiest Country Wenches, and you are sure of listing the lustiest Fellows.

Syl. Well, Sir, I am satisfy'd as to the Point in Debate; but now let me beg you to lay aside your Recruiting Airs; put on the Man of Honour, and tell me plainly what Usage I must expect when I am under your Command?

Plume. Your Usage will chiefly depend upon your Behaviour; only this you must expect, that if you commit a small Fault, I will excuse it; if a great one, I'll discharge you; for something tells me I shall not be able to punish you.

Syl. And something tells me, that if you do discharge me, 'twill be the greatest Punishment you can inflict; for were we this Moment to go upon the greatest Dangers in your Profession, they wou'd be less terrible to me, than to stay behind you—And now your Hand, this lists me—And now you are my Captain.

Plume.

Plume. Your Friend. (*Kisses her.*) 'Sdeath! There's something in this Fellow that charms me.

Syl. One Favour I must beg—This Affair will make some Noise, and I have some Friends that wou'd censure my Conduct, if I threw myself into the Circumstance of a private Centinel of my own Head—I must therefore take Care to be imprest by the Act of Parliament, you shall leave that to me.

Plume. What you please as to that—Will you lodge at my Quarters in the mean time? You shall have Part of my Bed.

Syl. O fye! Lie with a common Soldier! Wou'd not you rather lie with a common Woman?

Plume. No, faith, I'm not that Rake that the World imagines: I've got an Air of Freedom, which People mistake for Lewdness in me, as they mistake Formality in others for Religion.—Will you lie with me?

Syl. No, no, Captain, you forget *Rose*; she's to be my Bedfellow, you know.

Plume. I had forgot; pray be kind to her.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Melinda and Lucy.

Mel. 'Tis the greatest Misfortune in Nature for a Woman to want a Confident: We are so weak, that we can do nothing without Assistance, and then a Secret racks us worse than the Cholic—I am at this Minute so sick of a Secret, that I'm ready to faint away—Help me, *Lucy*.

Lucy. Bless me, Madam! what's the Matter?

Mel. Vapours only, I begin to recover—If *Sylvia* were in Town, I could heartily forgive her Faults for the Ease of discovering my own.

Luc. You are thoughtful, Madam! am not I worthy to know the Cause?

Mel. O *Lucy*! I can hold my Secret no longer: You must know, that hearing of the famous Fortune-teller in Town, I went disguis'd to satisfy a Curiosity which has cost me dear: That Fellow is certainly the Devil, or one of his Bosom-Favourites, he has told me the most surprizing Things of my past Life.

Luc. Things past, Madam, can hardly be reckon'd surprizing, because we know them already. Did he tell you any Thing surprizing that was to come? *Mel.*

Mel. One Thing very surprizing; he said I shou'd die a Maid!

Luc. Die a Maid! Come into the World for nothing—Dear Madam, if you shou'd believe him, it might come to pass; for the bare Thought on't might kill one in Four-and-twenty Hours—And did you ask him any Questions about me?

Mel. You! Why, I pass'd for you.

Luc. So 'tis I that am to die a Maid—But the Devil was a Lyar from the Beginning, he can't make me die a Maid—I've put it out of his Power already. [*Aside.*

Mel. I do but jest, I wou'd have pass'd for you, and call'd myself *Lucy*; but he presently told me my Name, my Quality, my Fortune; and gave me the whole History of my Life—He told me of a Lover I had in this Country, and described *Worthy* exactly, but in nothing so well as in his present Indifference.—I fled to him for Refuge here, To-day, he never so much as encourag'd me in my Fright, but coldly told me, that he was sorry for the Accident, because it might give the Town Cause to censure my Conduct, excus'd his not waiting on me Home, made me a careless Bow, and walk'd off: 'Sdeath! I cou'd have stab'd him, or myself, 'twas the same Thing—Yonder he comes—I will so use him!

Luc. Don't exasperate him, consider what the Fortune-teller told you: Men are scarce, and as Times go, it is not impossible for a Woman to die a Maid.

Enter Worthy.

Mel. No matter.

Wor. I find she's warm'd, I must strike while the Iron is hot—You've a great deal of Courage, Madam, to venture into the Walks where you were so lately frighten'd.

Mel. And you have a Quantity of Impudence to appear before me, that you have so lately affronted.

Wor. I had no Design to affront you, nor appear before you either, Madam: I left you here, because I had Business in another Place, and came hither thinking to meet another Person.

Mel. Since you find yourself disappointed, I hope you'll withdraw to another Part of the Walk.

Wor. The Walk is broad enough for us both. [*They walk by one another, he with his Hat cock'd, she fretting*

and tearing her Fan.] Will you please to take Snuff, Madam? [*He offers her his Box, she strikes it out of his Hand; while he is gathering it up, Brazen takes her round the Waist, she cuffs him.*]

Enter Brazen.

Braz. What, here before me, my Dear!

Mel. What means this Insolence?

Luc. Are you mad! Don't you see Mr. *Worthy*?

[*To Brazen.*]

Braz. No, no, I'm struck blind—*Worthy*! odso! well turn'd—My Mistress has Wit at her Fingers Ends—Madam, I ask your Pardon, 'tis our Way abroad—Mr. *Worthy*, you're the happy Man.

Wor. I don't envy your Happiness very much, if the Lady can afford no other Sort of Favours but what she has bestow'd upon you.

Mel. I'm sorry the Favour miscarry'd, for it was design'd for you, Mr. *Worthy*; and be assur'd 'tis the last and only Favour you must expect at my Hands.—Captain, I ask your Pardon—

[*Exit with Lucy.*]

Braz. I grant it—You see, Mr. *Worthy*, 'twas only a Random Shot, it might have taken off your Head as well as mine; Courage, my Dear, 'tis the Fortune of War; but the Enemy has thought fit to withdraw, I think.

Wor. Withdraw! Oons, Sir! what d'ye mean by withdraw?

Braz. I'll shew you.

Wor. She's lost, irrecoverably lost, and *Plume's* Advice has ruin'd me: 'Sdeath! why should I, that knew her haughty Spirit, be rul'd by a Man that's a Stranger to her Pride?

Enter Plume.

P'lume. Ha, ha, ha, a Battle Royal! Don't frown so, Man, she's your own, I'll tell you: I saw the Fury of her Love in the Extremity of her Passion: The Wildness of her Anger is a certain Sign that she loves you to Madness. That Rogue *Kite* began the Battle with Abundance of Conduct, and will bring you off victorious, my Life on't; he plays his Part admirably, she's to be with him again presently.

Wor. But what cou'd be the Meaning of *Brazen's* Familiarity with her?

Plume. You are no Logician, if you pretend to draw Consequences from the Actions of Fools :—Whim, unaccountable Whim, hurries 'em on like a Man drunk with Brandy before Ten o'Clock in the Morning—But we lose our Sport—*Kite* has open'd above an Hour ago, let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *A Chamber ; a Table with Books and Globes.*

Kite *disguis'd in a strange Habit, sitting at a Table.*

Kite. [*Rising.*] By the Position of the Heavens, gain'd from my Observation upon these Celestial Globes, I find that *Luna* was a Tide-Waiter, *Sol* a Surveyor, *Mercury* a Thief, *Venus* a Whore, *Saturn* an Alderman, *Jupiter* a Rake, and *Mars* a Serjeant of Grenadiers ; and this is the System of *Kite* the Conjuror.

Enter Plume and Worthy.

Plume. Well, what Success ?

Kite. I have sent away a *Shoemaker* and a *Taylor* already ; one's to be a Captain of Marines, and the other a Major of Dragoons—I am to manage them at Night—Have you seen the Lady, Mr. *Worthy* ?

Wor. Ay, but it won't do—Have you shew'd her her Name, that I tore off from the Bottom of the Letter ?

Kite. No, Sir, I reserve that for the last Stroke.

Plume. What Letter ?

Wor. One that I wou'd not let you see, for Fear that you shou'd break Windows in good earnest. Here, Captain, put it into your Pocket-Book, and have it ready upon Occasion. [*Knocking at the Door.*]

Kite. Officers to your Posts. *Tycho* mind the Door. [*Exeunt Plume and Worthy. Servant opens the Door.*]

Enter Melinda and Lucy.

Kite. *Tycho*, Chairs for the Ladies.

Mel. Don't trouble yourself, we sha'n't stay, Doctor.

Kite. Your Ladyship is to stay much longer than you imagine.

Mel. For what ?

Kite. For a Husband—For your Part, Madam, you won't stay for a Husband. [*To Lucy.*]

Luc. Pray, Doctor, do you converse with the Stars, or the Devil ?

Kite. With both ; when I have the Destinies of Men in Search, I consult the Stars ; when the Affairs of Wo-

men come under my Hands, I advise with my t'other Friend.

Mel. And have you rais'd the Devil upon my Account?

Kite. Yes, Madam, and he's now under the Table.

Luc. Oh Heavens protect us! Dear Madam, let's be gone.

Kite. If you be afraid of him, why do you come to consult him?

Mel. Don't fear, Fool; do you think, Sir, that because I'm a Woman, I'm to be fool'd out of my Reason, or frighted out of my Senses! Come, shew me this Devil.

Kite. He's a little busy at present; but when he has done, he shall wait on you.

Mel. What is he doing?

Kite. Writing your Name in his Pocket-Book.

Mel. Ha, ha! my Name! Pray, what have you or he to do with my Name?

Kite. Look'e, fair Lady—the Devil is a very modest Person, he seeks Nobody unless they seek him first; he's chain'd up like a Mastiff, and can't stir unless he be let loose—You came to me to have your Fortune told—Do you think, Madam, that I can answer you of my own Head? No, Madam, the Affairs of Women are so irregular, that nothing less than the Devil can give any Account of 'em. Now to convince you of your Incredulity, I'll shew you a Trial of my Skill—Here, you *Cacadero del Plumo*—Exert your Power, draw me this Lady's Name, the Word *Melinda*, in proper Letters and Characters of her own Hand-writing—do it at Three Motions—One—Two—Three—'tis done—Now, Madam, will you please to send your Maid to fetch it?

Luc. I fetch it! the Devil fetch me if I do.

Mel. My Name in my own Hand-writing! that wou'd be convincing indeed.

Kite. Seeing's believing. [*Goes to the Table, lifts up the Carpet.*] Here, *Tre, Tre*, poor *Tre*, give me the Bone, Sirrah. There's your Name upon that square Piece of Paper, behold—

Mel. 'Tis wonderful, my very Letters to a Tittle.

Luc. 'Tis like your Hand, Madam, but not so like your Hand neither; and now I look nearer, 'tis not like your Hand at all.

Kite.

Kite. Here's a Chamber-maid now will out-lye the Devil!

Luc. Look'e, Madam, they shan't impose upon us; People can't remember their Hands no more than they can their Faces—Come, Madam, let us be certain, write your Name upon this Paper, then we'll compare 'em.

[Takes out a Paper, and folds it]

Kite. Any Thing for your Satisfaction, Madam—Here's Pen and Ink.

[Melinda writes, Lucy holds the Paper.]

Luc. Let me see it, Madam: 'tis the same—the very same—But I'll secure One Copy for my own Affairs.

Mel. This is Demonstration. *[Aside.]*

Kite. 'Tis so, Madam—The Word Demonstration comes from *Dæmon* the Father of Lies.

Mel. Well, Doctor, I'm convinc'd; and now, pray, what Account can you give of my future Fortune?

Kite. Before the Sun has made One Course round this earthly Globe, your Fortune will be fix'd for Happiness or Misery.

Mel. What! so near the Crisis of my Fate!

Kite. Let me see—About the Hour of Ten To-morrow Morning, you will be saluted by a Gentleman, who will come to take his Leave of you, being designed for Travel; his Intention of going abroad is sudden, and the Occasion a Woman. Your Fortune and his are like the Bullet and the Barrel, one runs plump into the other—In short, if the Gentleman travels, he will die abroad; and if he does, you will die before he comes Home.

Mel. What Sort of a Man is he?

Kite. Madam, he's a fine Gentleman, and a Lover; that is, a Man of very good Sense, and a very great Fool.

Mel. How is that possible, Doctor?

Kite. Because, Madam—because it is so—A Woman's Reason is the best for a Man's being a Fool.

Mel. Ten o'Clock, you say?

Kite. Ten———about the Hour of Tea-drinking throughout the Kingdom.

Mel. Here Doctor. *[Gives Money.]* Lucy, have you any Questions to ask?

Luc. Oh, Madam! a Thousand.

Kite. I must beg your Patience till another Time ; for I expect more Company this Minute ; besides, I must discharge the Gentleman under the Table.

Luc. O pray, Sir, discharge us first ?

Kite. *Tycho*, wait on the Ladies down Stairs.

[*Exeunt Melinda and Lucy.*]

Enter Worthy and Plume.

Kite. Mr. *Worthy*, you were pleas'd to wish me Joy To-day, I hope to be able to return the Compliment To-morrow.

Wor. I'll make it the best Compliment to you that ever I made in my Life, if you do ; but I must be a Traveller, you say ?

Kite. No farther than the Chops of the Channel, I presume, Sir.

Plume. That we have concerted already. [*Knocking hard.*] Hey day ! you don't profess Midwifry, Doctor ?

Kite. Away to your Ambuscade. [*Exeunt Worthy and Plume.*]

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Your Servant, my Dear.

Kite. Stand off, I have my Familiar already.

Braz. Are you bewitch'd, my Dear ?

Kite. Yes, my Dear : but mine is a peaceable Spirit, and hates Gunpowder. Thus I fortify myself ; [*Draws a circle round him.*] and now, Captain, have a care how you force my Lines.

Braz. Lines ! What dost talk of Lines ! You have something like a Fishing-rod there, indeed ; but I come to be acquainted with you, Man.—What's your Name, my Dear ?

Kite. *Conundrum.*

Braz. *Conundrum* ! Rat me, I knew a famous Doctor in London of your Name—Where were you born ?

Kite. I was born in *Algebra.*

Braz. *Algebra* ! 'Tis no Country in *Christendom*, I'm sure, unless it be some Place in the Highlands in *Scotland.*

Kite. Right—I told you I was bewitch'd.

Braz. So am I, my Dear ; I am going to be marry'd—I have had two Letters from a Lady of Fortune that loves me to Madness, Fits, Cholick, Spleen, and Vapours—shall I marry her in four-and-twenty Hours, ay, or no ?

Kite.

Kite. Certainly.

Braz. Gadso, ay—

Kite. —Or no,— But I must have the Year and the Day of the Month when these Letters were dated.

Braz. Why, you old Bitch, did you ever hear of Love-Letters dated with the Year and Day of the Month? Do you think Billet-Doux are like Bank-Bills?

Kite. They are not so good, my Dear—but if they bear no Date, I must examine the Contents.

Braz. Contents! That you shall, old Boy, here they be both.

Kite. Only the last you receiv'd, if you please [*Takes the Letter.*] Now, Sir, if you please to let me consult my Books for a Minute, I'll send this Letter inclos'd to you with the Determination of the Stars upon it to your Lodgings.

Braz. With all my Heart—I must give him—[*Puts his Hands in his Pockets.*] *Algebra!* I fancy, Doctor, 'tis hard to calculate the Place of your Nativity—Here:—[*Gives him Money.*] And if I succeed, I'll build a Watch-Tower on the Top of the highest Mountain in *Wales* for the Study of Astrology, and the Benefit of the *Conundrums.*

Enter Plume and Worthy. [*Exit.*

Wor. O Doctor! That Letter's worth a Million, let me see it; and now I have it, I'm afraid to open it.

Plume. Pho! let me see it; [*Opening the Letter.*] If she be a Jilt.—Damn her, she is one—There's her Name at the Bottom on't.

Wor. How! Then I'll travel in good Earnest—By all my Hopes, 'tis *Lucy's* Hand.

Plume. *Lucy's!*

Wor. Certainly—'Tis no more like *Melinda's* Character than Black is to White.

Plume. Then 'tis certainly *Lucy's* Contrivance to draw in *Brazen* for a Husband—But are you sure 'tis not *Melinda's* Hand?

Wor. You shall see; where's the Bit of Paper I gave you just now that the Devil writ *Melinda* upon?

Kite. Here, Sir.

Plume. 'Tis plain they're not the same; and is this the malicious Name that was subscribed to the Letter, which

which made Mr. *Balance* send his Daughter into the Country?

Wor. The very same, the other Fragments I shew'd you just now. I once intended it for another Use, but I think I have turn'd it now to a better Advantage.

Plume. But 'twas barbarous to conceal this so long, and to continue me so many Hours in the pernicious Heresy of believing that Angelick Creature cou'd change: Poor *Sylvia*!

Wor. Rich *Sylvia* you mean, and poor Captain, ha, ha, ha!—Come, come, Friend, *Melinda* is true, and shall be mine; *Sylvia* is constant, and may be yours.

Plume. No, she's above my Hopes—But for her Sake I'll recant my Opinion of her Sex.

*By some the Sex is blam'd without Design,
Light harmless Censure, such as your's and mine,
Sallies of Wit, and Vapours of our Wine.*

*Others the Justice of the Sex condemn,
And wanting Merit to create Esteem,
Wou'd hide their own Defects by censuring them.*

*But they secure in their all conqu'ring Charms,
Laugh at the vain Efforts of false Alarms;*

He magnifies their Conquests who complains,

For none wou'd struggle were they not in Chains. [Exeunt.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *Justice Balance's House.*

Enter Balance and Scale.

Scale. I Say, 'tis not to be borne, Mr. *Balance*.

Bal. Look'e, Mr. *Scale*, for my own Part, I shall be very tender in what regards the Officers of the Army; I only speak in Reference to Captain *Plume*—for the other Spark I know nothing of.

Scale. Nor can I hear of any Body that does—Oh, here they come.

Enter Sylvia, Bullock, Rose, Prisoners, Constable and Mob.

Const. May it please your Worships, we took them in the very Act, *re infecta*, Sir—The Gentlemen, indeed, behav'd himself like a Gentleman; for he drew his Sword and swore, and afterwards laid it down and said nothing.

Bal.

Bal. Give the Gentleman his Sword again—Wait you without. (*Exeunt Constable and Watch.*) I'm sorry, Sir, (*To Sylvia.*) to know a Gentleman upon such Terms, that the Occasion of our Meeting should prevent the Satisfaction of an Acquaintance.

Syl. Sir, you need make no Apology for your Warrant, no more than I shall do for my Behaviour—My Innocence is upon an equal Foot with your Authority.

Scale. Innocence! have you not seduc'd that young Maid?

Syl. No, Mr. Goosecap, she seduc'd me.

Bul. So she did, I'll swear—for she propos'd Marriage first.

Bal. What, then you are marry'd, Child! (*To Rose.*)

Rose. Yes, Sir, to my Sorrow.

Bal. Who was Witness?

Bull. That was I—I danc'd, threw the Stocking, and spoke Jokes by their Bedside, I'm sure.

Bal. Who was the Minister?

Bull. Minister! We are Soldiers, and want no Minister—They were marry'd by the Articles of War.

Bal. Hold thy prating, Fool—Your Appearance, Sir, promises some Understanding; pray, what does this Fellow mean?

Syl. He means Marriage, I think—but that you know is so odd a Thing, that hardly any Two People under the Sun agree in the Ceremony; some make it a Sacrament, others a Convenience, and others make it a Jest; but among Soldiers 'tis most sacred—Our Sword, you know, is our Honour, that we lay down—The Hero jumps over it first, and the Amazon after—Leap Rogue, follow Whore—The Drum beats a Ruff, and so to Bed; that's all; the Ceremony is concise.

Bull. And the prettiest Ceremony, so full of Pastime and Prodigality.—

Bal. What! Are you a Soldier?

Bull. Ay, that I am—Will your Worship lend me your Cane, and I'll shew you how I can exercise.

Bal. Take it. (*Strikes him over the Head.*) Pray, Sir, what Commission may you bear? (*To Sylvia.*)

Syl. I'm call'd Captain, Sir, by all the Coffee-men, Drawers, Whores, and Groom-porters in London; for

I wear a red Coat, a Sword, a Hat *bien troussée*, a Piquet in my Head, and Dice in my Pocket.

Scale. Your Name, pray Sir?

Syl. Captain *Pinch*: I cock my Hat with a Pinch, I take Snuff with a Pinch, pay Whores with a Pinch; in short, I can do any Thing at a Pinch, but fight and fill my Belly.

Bal. And pray, Sir, what brought you into *Shropshire*?

Syl. A Pinch, Sir: I knew you Country Gentlemen want Wit, and you know that we Town Gentlemen want Money, and so—

Bal. I understand you, Sir—Here, Constable—

Enter Constable.

Take this Gentleman into Custody till farther Orders.

Rose. Pray, your Worship, don't be uncivil to him, for he did me no Hurt; he's the most harmless Man in the World, for all he talks so.

Scale. Come, come, Child, I'll take Care of you.

Syl. What, Gentlemen, rob me of my Freedom and my Wife at once! 'Tis the first Time they ever went together.

Bal. Hark'e, Constable. *[Whispers him.]*

Const. It shall be done, Sir—Come along, Sir.

[Exeunt Constable, Bullock, and Sylvia.]

Bal. Come, Mr. *Scale*, we'll manage the Spark presently. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E, *Melinda's Apartment.*

Enter Melinda and Worthy.

Mel. So far the Prediction is right, 'tis Ten exactly. *[Aside.]* And pray, Sir, how long have you been in this traveling Humour?

Wor. 'Tis natural, Madam, for us to avoid what disturbs our Quiet.

Mel. Rather the Love of Change, which is more natural, may be the Occasion of it.

Wor. To be sure, Madam, there must be Charms in Variety, else neither you nor I shou'd be so fond of it.

Mel. You mistake, Mr. *Worthy*, I am not so fond of Variety as to travel for't, nor do I think it Prudence in you to run yourself into a certain Expence and Danger, in Hopes of precarious Pleasure.

Mel.

Wor. What Pleasures I may receive abroad are indeed uncertain ; but this I am sure of, I shall meet with less Cruelty among the most barbarous of Nations than I have found at Home.

Mel. Come, Sir, you and I have been jangling a great while ; I fancy if we made our Accounts, we shou'd the sooner come to an Agreement.

Wor. Sure, Madam, you won't dispute your being in my Debt—My Fears, Sighs, Vows, Promises, Affiduities, Anxieties, Jealousies, have run on for a whole Year without any Payment.

Mel. A Year ! Oh Mr. *Worthy* ! What you owe to me is not to be paid under a seven Years Servitude : How did you use me the Year before ! when taking the Advantage of my Innocence and Necessity, you wou'd have made me your Mistress, that is, your Slave—Remember the wicked Insinuations, artful Baits, deceitful Arguments, cunning Pretences ; then your impudent Behaviour, loose Expressions, familiar Letters, rude Visits ; remember those, those, Mr. *Worthy*.

Wor. I do remember, and am sorry I made no better use of 'em. [*Aside.*] But you may remember, Madam, that—

Mel. Sir, I'll remember nothing—'Tis your Interest that I should forget : You have been barbarous to me, I have been cruel to you ; put that and that together, and let one balance the other—Now if you will begin upon a new Score, lay aside your adventuring Airs, and behave yourself handsomely till *Lent* be over ; here's my Hand, I'll use you as a Gentleman shou'd be.

Wor. And if I don't use you as a Gentlewoman shou'd be, may this be my Poison. [*Kissing her Hand.*]

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the Coach is at the Door.

Mel. I am going to Mr. *Balance's* Country-House to see my Cousin *Sylvia* ; I have done her an Injury, and can't be easy 'till I've ask'd her Pardon.

Wor. I dare not hope for the Honour of waiting on you.

Mel. My Coach is full ; but if you'll be so gallant as to mount your own Horse and follow us, we shall be glad to be overtaken ; and if you bring Captain *Plume* with you, we shan't have the worse Reception.

Wor. I'll endeavour it. [Exit, leading Melinda.]

S C E N E, *The Market-place.*

Enter Plume and Kite.

Plume. A Baker, a Taylor, a Smith, Butcher, Carpenters, and Journeymen Shoemakers, in all Thirty-nine—I believe the first Co'ony planted in *Virginia* had not more Trades in their Company than I have in mine.

Kite. The Butcher, Sir, will have his Hands full; for we have Two Sheep Stealers among us—I hear of a Fellow too committed just now for stealing of Horses.

Plume. We'll dispose of him among the Dragoons—Have we never a Poulterer among us?

Kite. Yes, Sir, the King of the Gipsies is a very good one, he has an excellent Hand at a Goose or a Turkey—Here's Captain *Brazen*, Sir; I must go look after the Men.

Enter Brazen, reading a Letter.

Braz. Um, um, um, the Canonical Hour—Um, um, very well—My dear *Plume* Give me a Bus.

Plume. Half a Score, if you will, my Dear: What hast got in thy Hand, Child?

Braz. 'Tis a Project for laying out a thousand Pound.

Plume. Were it not requisite to project first how to get it in?

Braz. You can't imagine, my Dear, that I want twenty thousand Pound; I have spent twenty times as much in the Service—But if this twenty thousand Pound should not be in Specie—

Plume. What twenty thousand?

Braz. Heark'c— [Whispers.]

Plume. Marry'd!

Braz. Presently, we're to meet about half a Mile out of Town at the Water-side—and so forth—[Reads.] *For fear I shou'd be known by any of Worthy's Friends, you must give me leave to wear my Mask till after the Ceremony, which will make me for ever yours—*Look'e there, my dear Dog.

[Shows the Bottom of the Letter to Plume.]

Plume. *Melinda!* And by this Light, her own Hand! Once more, if you please, my Dear—Her Hand exactly?—Just now, you say?

Braz. This Minute, I must be gone.

Plume.

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Plume. Have a little Patience, and I'll go with you.

Braz. No, no, I see a Gentleman coming this way, that may be inquisitive; 'tis *Worthy*, do you know him?

Plume. By sight only.

Braz. Have a Care, the very Eyes discover Secrets.

[*Exit.*

Enter Worthy.

Wor. To boot and saddle, Captain; you must mount.

Plume. Whip and Spur, *Worthy*, or you won't mount.

Wor. But I shall: *Melinda* and I are agreed; she's gone to visit *Sylvia*, we are to mount and follow; and cou'd we carry a Parson with us, who knows what might be done for us both?

Plume. Don't trouble your Head, *Melinda* has secur'd a Parson already.

Wor. Already! Do you know more than I?

Plume. Yes, I saw it under her Hand—*Brazen* and she are to meet half a Mile hence at the Water-side, there to take Boat, I suppose to be ferry'd over to the *Elysian* Fields, if there be any such Thing in Matrimony.

Wor. I parted with *Melinda* just now, she assur'd me she hated *Brazen*, and that she resolved to discard *Lucy* for daring to write Letters to him in her Name.

Plume. Nay, nay, there's nothing of *Lucy* in this—I tell ye, I saw *Melinda*'s Hand, as surely as this is mine.

Wor. But I tell you she's gone this Minute to Justice *Balance*'s Country-House.

Plume. But I tell you, she's gone this Minute to the Water-side.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, *Melinda* has sent Word, that you need not trouble yourself to follow her, because her Journey to Justice *Balance*'s is put off, and she's gone to take the Air another Way.

[*To Worthy.*

Wor. How! her Journey put off?

Plume. That is, her Journey was a Put-off to you.

Wor. 'Tis plain, plain—But how, where, when is she to meet *Brazen*?

Plume. Just now, I tell you, half a Mile hence, at the Water-side.

Wor. Up or down the Water

Plume. That I don't know.

Wor.

Wor. I'm glad my Horses are ready—*Jack*, get 'em out.

Plume. Shall I go with you.?

Wor. Not an Inch—I shall return presently. [*Exit.*

Plume. You'll find me at the Hall; the Justices are sitting by this Time, and I must attend them.

SCENE, *A Court of Justice*: Balance, Scale, and Scruple upon the Bench: Constable, Kite, Mob.

Kite and Constable advance forward.

Kite. Pray, who are those honourable Gentlemen upon the Bench?

Const. He in the Middle is Justice *Balance*, he on the Right is Justice *Scale*, and he on the Left is Justice *Scruple*, and I'm Mr. *Constable*; four very honest Gentlemen.

Kite. O dear Sir! I am your most obedient Servant: [*Saluting the Constable*] I fancy, Sir, that your Employment and mine are much the same; for my Business is to keep People in order, and if they disobey, to knock 'em down; and then we are both Staff-Officers.

Const. Nay, I'm a Serjeant myself—of the Militia—Come, Brother, you shall see me exercise: Suppose this a Musket: Now I am shoulder'd.

[*Puts his Staff on his right Shoulder.*

Kite. Ay, you are shoulder'd pretty well for a Constable's Staff; but for a Musket, you must put it on the other Shoulder, my Dear.

Const. Adso! that's true—Come, now give the Word of Command.

Kite. Silence.

Const. Ay, ay, so we will—We will be silent.

Kite. Silence you Dog, Silence!

[*Strikes him over his Head with his Halberd.*

Const. That's the way to silence a man with a witness—What do you mean, Friend?

Kite. Only to exercise you, Sir.

Const. Your Exercise differs so much from ours, that we shall ne'er agree about it; if my own Captain had given me such a Rap, I had taken the Law of him.

Enter Plume.

Bal. Captain, you're welcome.

Plume. Gentlemen, I thank you.

Scru. Come, honest Captain, sit by me. [*Plume. ascends,*

ascends, and sits upon the Bench.] Now produce your Prisoners—Here, that Fellow there--set him up.

—*Mr. Constable*, what have you to say against this Man?

Const. I have nothing to say against him, an please you.

Bal. No! what made you bring him hither?

Const. I don't know, an please your Worship.

Scale. Did not the Contents of your Warrant direct you what sort of Men to take up?

Const. I can't tell, an please ye; I can't read.

Scru. A very pretty Constable truly—I find we have no Business here.

Kite. May it please the Worshipful Bench, I desire to be heard in this Case, as being Counsel for the King.

Bal. Come, Serjeant, you shall be heard, since no Body else will speak; we won't come here for nothing.

Kite. This Man is but one Man, the Country may spare him, and the Army wants him; besides, he's cut out by Nature for a Grenadier; he's Five Foot Ten Inches high: he shall box, wrestle, or dance the *Cheshire* Round with any Man in the Country; he gets drunk every Sabbath-Day, and he beats his Wife.

Wife. You lie, Sirrah, you lie; an please your Worship, he's the best natur'd, Pains-taking'st Man in the Parish, witness my Five poor Children.

Scru. A Wife! and Five Children! You Constable, you Rogue, how durst you impress a Man that has a Wife and Five Children?

Scale. Discharge him, discharge him.

Bal. Hold, Gentlemen—Heark'e, Friend, how do you maintain your Wife and Five Children?

Plume. They live upon Wildfowl and Venison, Sir; the Husband keeps a Gun, and kills all the Hares and Partridges within Five Miles round.

Bal. A Gun! nay, if he be so good at Gunning, he shall have enough on't.—He may be of Use against the *French*, for he shoots flying to be sure.

Scru. But his Wife and Children, Mr. *Balance*!

Wife. Ay, ay, that's the Reason you wou'd send him away, you know I have a Child ev'ry Year, and you are afraid that they should come upon the Parish at last.

Plume. Look'e there, Gentlemen, the honest Woman has spoke it at once, the Parish had better maintain Five Children

Children this Year, than Six or Seven the next. That Fellow, upon this high Feeding, may get you Two or Three Beggars at a Birth.

Wife. Look'e, Mr. Captain, the Parish shall get nothing by sending him away, for I won't lose my Teeming-Time, if there be a Man left in the Parish.

Bal. Send that Woman to the House of Correction, —and the Man—

Kite. I'll take Care of him, if you please.

(Takes him down.)

Scale. Here you Constable, the next—Set up that black-fac'd Fellow, he has a Gun-powder Look; what can you say against this Man, Constable?

Const. Nothing, but that he is a very honest Man.

Plume. Pray, Gentlemen, let me have one honest Man in my Company for the Novelty's sake.

Bal. What are you, Friend?

Mob. A Collier, I work in the Coal-pits.

Scru. Look'e, Gentlemen, this Fellow has a Trade, and the Act of Parliament here expresses, that we are to impress no Man that has any visible Means of a Livelihood.

Kite. May it please your Worship this Man has no visible Means of a Livelihood, for he works under Ground.

Plume. Well said, *Kite*; besides the Army wants Miners.

Bal. Right, and had we an Order of Government for't, we cou'd raise you in this and the neighbouring County of *Stafford*, five hundred Colliers that wou'd run you under-ground like Moles, and do more Service in a Siege than all the Miners in the Army.

Scru. Well, Friend, what have you to say for yourself?

Mob. I'm marry'd.

Kite. Lack-a-day, so am I.

Mob. Here's my Wife, poor Woman.

Bal. Are you marry'd, good Woman?

Wom. I'm marry'd in Conscience.

Kite. May it please your Worship, she's with Child in Conscience.

Scale. Who marry'd you, Mistress?

Wom. My Husband—we agreed that I should call him Husband, to avoid passing for a Whore; and that
he

he should call me Wife, to shun going for a Soldier.

Scru. A very pretty Couple! pray, Captain, will you take 'em both?

Plume. What say you, Mr. Kite, will you take care of the Woman?

Kite. Yes, Sir, she shall go with us to the Sea-side, and there, if she has a Mind to drown herself, we'll take care that nobody shall hinder her.

Bal. Here, Constable, bring in my Man. [*Exit Const.*] Now Captain, I'll fit you with a Man, such as you ne'er list'd in your Life. [*Enter Constable and Sylvia.*] O! my Friend *Pinch*; I'm very glad to see you.

Syl. Well, Sir, and what then?

Scale. What then! Is that your Respect to the Bench?

Syl. Sir, I don't care a Farthing for you nor your Bench neither.

Scru. Look'e, Gentlemen, that's enough, he's a very impudent Fellow, and fit for a Soldier.

Scale. A notorious Rogue, I say, and very fit for a Soldier.

Const. A Whore-master, I say, and therefore fit to go.

Bal. What think you, Captain?

Plume. I think he's a very pretty Fellow, and therefore fit to serve.

Syl. Me for a Soldier! send your own lazy, lubberly Sons at home; Fellows that hazard their Necks every Day in the Pursuit of a Fox, yet dare not peep abroad to look an Enemy in the Face.

Const. May it please your Worships, I have a Woman at the Door to swear a Rape against this Rogue.

Syl. Is it your Wife or Daughter, Booby? I ravish'd 'em both yesterday.

Bal. Pray, Captain, read the Articles of War, we'll see him list'd immediately.

Plume. [*Reads.*] Articles of War against Mutiny and Desertion—&c.

Syl. Hold, Sir—Once more, Gentlemen, have a care what you do, for you shall severely smart for any Violence you offer to me; and you Mr. *Balance*, I speak to you particularly, you shall heartily repent it.

Plume. Look'e, young Spark, say but one Word more, and I'll build a Horse for you as high as the Cieling,

Cieling, and make you ride the most tiresome Journey that ever you made in your Life.

Syl. You have made a fine Speech, good Captain *Huffcap*; but you had better be quiet, I shall find a Way to cool your Courage.

Plume. Pray, Gentlemen, don't mind him, he's distracted.

Syl. 'Tis false—I am descended of as good a Family as any in your County; my Father is as good a Man as any upon your Bench, and I am Heir to Twelve hundred Pound a Year.

Bal. He's certainly mad—Pray, Captain, read the Articles of War.

Syl. Hold once more—Pray, Mr. *Balance*, to you I speak, suppose I were your Child, wou'd you use me at this rate?

Bal. No, faith, were you mine, I wou'd send you to *Bedlam* first, and into the Army afterwards.

Syl. But consider my Father, Sir, he's as good, as generous, as brave, as just a Man as ever serv'd his Country; I'm his only Child, perhaps the loss of me may break his Heart.

Bal. He's a very great Fool if it does; Captain, if you don't list him this Minute, I'll leave the Court.

Plume. *Kite*, do you distribute the Levy-Money to the Men while I read.

Kite. Ay, Sir—Silence, Gentlemen.

[*Plume reads the Articles of War.*]

Bal. Very well; now, Captain, let me beg the Favour of you, not to discharge this Fellow upon any account whatsoever. Bring in the rest.

Const. There are no more, an't please your Worship.

Bal. No more! there were five two Hours ago.

Syl. 'Tis true, Sir, but this Rogue of a Constable let the rest escape for a Bribe of eleven Shillings a Man, because, he said, the Act allow'd him but ten, so the odd Shilling was clear Gains.

All Just. How!

Syl. Gentlemen, he offer'd to let me go away for two Guineas, but I had not so much about me; this is Truth, and I'm ready to swear it.

Kite. And I'll swear it; give me the Book, 'tis for the Good of the Service.

Mob.

Mob. May it please your Worship, I gave him half a Crown to say that I was an honest Man; but now, since that your Worships have made me a Rogue, I hope I shall have my Money again.

Bal. 'Tis my Opinion that this Constable be put into the Captain's Hands, and if his Friends don't bring four good Men for his Ransom by To-morrow Night—Captain, you shall carry him to *Flanders*.

Scale. Scruple. Agreed, agreed!

Plume. Mr. Kite, take the Constable into Custody.

Kite. Ay, ay,—Sir, [*To the Constable.*] will you please to have your Office taken from you? Or will you handsomely lay down your Staff, as your Betters have done before you? [*Constable drops his Staff.*]

Bal. Come, Gentlemen, there needs no great Ceremony in adjourning this Court—Captain, you shall dine with me.

Kite. Come Mr. Militia Serjeant, I shall silence you now, I believe, without your taking the Law of me.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE, *The Fields.*

Enter Brazen, leading in Lucy mask'd.

Braz. The Boat is just below here.

Enter Worthy with a Case of Pistols under his Arm.

Wor. Here, Sir, take your Choice.

[*Going between 'em, and offering them.*]

Braz. What! Pistols? are they charg'd, my Dear?

Wor. With a Brace of Bullets each.

Braz. But I'm a Foot Officer, my Dear, and never use Pistols, the Sword is my Way—and I won't be put out of my Road to please any Man,

Wor. Nor I neither; so have at you. [*Cocks one Pistol.*]

Braz. Look'e, my Dear, I don't care for Pistols—Pray, oblige me, and let us have a Bout at Sharps; damn it, there's no parrying these Bullets.

Wor. Sir, if you han't your Belly full of these, the Sword shall come in for second Course.

Braz. Why then, Fire and Fury! I have eaten Smoak from the Mouth of a Cannon, Sir; don't think I fear Powder, for I live upon't. Let me see: [*Takes one.*] And now, Sir, how many Paces distant shall we fire?

Wor. Fire you when you please, I'll reserve my Shot till I am sure of you,

Braz.

Braz. Come, where's your Cloak?

Wor. Cloak; what d'ye mean?

Braz. To fight upon? I always fight upon a Cloak, 'tis our Way abroad.

Luc. Come, Gentlemen, I'll end the Strife. [*Unmasks.*

Wor. *Lucy!* take her.

Braz. The Devil take me if I do——

Wor. And was *Melinda* privy to this?

Luc. No, Sir, she wrote her Name upon a Piece of Paper at the Fortune-teller's last Night, which I put in my Pocket, and so writ above it to the Captain.

Wor. And how came *Melinda's* Journey put off?

Luc. At the Town's-end she met *Mr. Balance's* Steward, who told her, that *Mrs. Sylvia* was gone from her Father's, and no body could tell whither.

Wor. *Sylvia* gone from her Father's! This will be News to *Plume*. Go home, and tell your Lady how near I was being shot for her. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Balance and Steward.

Stew. We did not miss her till the Evening, Sir; and then searching for her in the Chamber that was my young Master's, we found her Cloaths there; but the Suit that your Son left in the Press when he went to *London* was gone.

Bal. The White trim'd with Silver?

Stew. The same.

Bal. You ha'nt told that Circumstance to any body.

Stew. To none but your Worship.

Bal. And be sure you don't; go into the Dining-Room, and tell Captain *Plume* that I beg to speak with him.

Stew. I shall.

[*Exit.*

Bal. Was ever Man so impos'd upon? I had her Promise, indeed, that she wou'd never dispose of herself without my Consent. I have consented with a Witness, given her away as my Act and Deed—And this, I warrant, the Captain thinks will pass; no, I shall never pardon him the Villainy, first of robbing me of my Daughter, and then the mean Opinion he must have of me, to think that I cou'd be so wretchedly impos'd upon; her extravagant Passion might encourage her in the Attempt, but the Contrivance must be his—I'll know the Truth presently.

Enter

Enter Plume.

Pray, Captain, what have you done with your young Gentleman Soldier?

Plume. He's at my Quarters, I suppose, with the Rest of my Men.

Bal. Does he keep Company with the common Soldiers?

Plume. No, he's generally with me.

Bal. He lies with you, I presume.

Plume. No, faith, I offer'd him Part of my Bed,—but the young Rogue fell in Love with *Rose*, and has lain with her, I think, since she came to Town.

Bal. So that between you both, *Rose* has been finely manag'd.

Plume. Upon my Honour, Sir, she had no harm from me.

Bal. All's safe, I find—Now, Captain, you must know, that the young Fellow's Impudence in Court was well grounded; he said, I should heartily repent his being lifted, and so I do from my Soul.

Plume. Ay! for what Reason?

Bal. Because he is no less than what he said he was, born of as good a Family as any in this County, and he is Heir to Twelve hundred Pound a Year.

Plume. I'm very glad to hear it—For I wanted but a Man of that Quality to make my Company a perfect Representative of the whole Commons of *England*.

Bal. Won't you discharge him?

Plume. Not under a hundred Pound Sterling.

Bal. You shall have it, for his Father is my intimate Friend.

Plume. Then you shall have him for nothing.

Bal. Nay, Sir, you shall have your Price.

Plume. Not a Penny, Sir; I value an Obligation to you much above an hundred Pound.

Bal. Perhaps, Sir, you shan't repent your Generosity—Will you please to write his Discharge in my Pocket-book? [*Gives his Book.*] In the mean time we'll send for the Gentleman. Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Go to the Captain's Lodging, and enquire for Mr. *Wilful*, tell him his Captain wants him here immediately.

Ser. Sir, the Gentleman's below at the Door, enquiring for the Captain.

Plume. Bid him come up—Here's the Discharge, Sir.

Bal. Sir, I thank you—'Tis plain he had no hand in't.

Enter Sylvia.

[*Aside.*

Syl. I think, Captain, you might have us'd me better than to leave me yonder among your swearing, drunken Crew; and you, Mr Justice, might have been so civil as to have invited me to Dinner, for I have eaten with as good a Man as your Worship.

Plume. Sir, you must charge our want of Respect upon our ignorance of your Quality—but now you are at Liberty—I have discharg'd you.

Syl. Discharg'd me!

Bal. Yes, Sir, and you must once more go home to your Father.

Syl. My Father! Then I am discover'd—Oh, Sir, [*Kneeling.*] I expect no Pardon.

Bal. Pardon! No, no, Child, your Crime shall be your Punishment; here Captain, I deliver her over to the Conjugal Power for her Chastisement. Since she will be a Wife, be you a Husband, a very Husband—when she tells you of her Love, upbraid her with her Folly; be modishly ungrateful, because she has been unfashionably kind, and use her worse than you wou'd any body else, because you can't use her so well as she deserves.

Plume. And are you *Sylvia* in good Earnest?

Syl. Earnest! I have gone too far to make it a Jest, Sir?

Plume. And do you give her to me in good Earnest.

Bal. If you please to take her, Sir.

Plume. Why then I have sav'd my Legs and Arms, and lost my Liberty; secure from Wounds, I am prepar'd for the Gout; farewell Subsistence, and welcome Taxes—Sir, my Liberty, and Hopes of being a General, are much dearer to me than your twelve hundred Pound a Year—But to your Love, Madam, I resign my Freedom, and to your Beauty my Ambition—greater in obeying at your Feet, than commanding at the Head of an Army.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. I am sorry to hear, Mr. *Balance*, that your Daughter is lost.

Bal. So am not I, Sir, since an honest Gentleman has found her.

Enter

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Enter Melinda.

Mel. Pray, Mr. *Balance*, what's become of my Cousin *Sylvia*?

Bal. Your Cousin *Sylvia* is talking yonder with your Cousin *Plume*.

Mel. And *Worthy*. How!

Syl. Do you think it strange, Cousin, that a Woman should change; but, I hope, you'll excuse a Change that has proceeded from Constancy; I alter'd my outside, because I was the same within; and only laid by the Woman to make sure of my Man; that's my History.

Mel. Your History is a little romantick, Cousin; but since Success has crown'd your Adventures, you will have the World on your Side, and I shall be willing to go with the Tide, provided you'll pardon an Injury I offer'd you in the Letter to your Father.

Plume. That Injury, Madam, was done to me, and the Reparation I expect shall be made to my Friend; make Mr. *Worthy* happy, and I shall be satisfy'd.

Mel. A good Example, Sir, will go a great way—when my Cousin is pleas'd to surrender, 'tis probable I sha'n't hold out much longer.

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Gentlemen, I am yours—Madam, I am not yours

Mel. I'm glad on't, Sir.

Braz. So am I—You have got a pretty House here, Mr. *Lacornick*.

Bal. 'Tis time to right all Mistakes.—My Name, Sir, is *Balance*.

Braz. *Balance*! Sir, I am your most obedient—I know your whole Generation—had not you an Uncle that was Governor of the *Leeward* Islands some Years ago?

Bal. Did you know him?

Braz. Intimately, Sir—He play'd at *Billiards* to a Miracle—You had a Brother too that was a Captain of a Fireship—poor *Dick*—he had the most engaging way with him of making Punch—and then his Cabin was so neat—but his poor Boy *Jack* was the most comical Bastard—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, a pickled Dog, I shall never forget him.

Plume. Have you got your Recruits, my Dear?

Braz.

The Recruiting Officer.

Braz. Not a Stick, my Dear.

Plume. Probably, I shall furnish you.

Enter Rose and Bullock.

Rose. Captain, Captain, I have got loose once more, and have persuaded my Sweet-heart *Cartwheel* to go with us ; but you must promise not to part with me again.

Syl. I find, Mrs. *Rose* has not been pleas'd with her Bedfellow.

Rose. Bedfellow ! I don't know whether I had a Bedfellow or not.

Syl. Don't be in a Passion, Child, I was as little pleas'd with your Company as you could be with mine.

Bull. Pray, Sir, donna be offended at my Sister, she's something under bred ; but if you please I'll lie with you in her stead.

Plume. I have promised, Madam, to provide for this Girl ; now will you be pleased to let her wait upon you ? or shall I take care of her ?

Syl. She shall be my Charge, Sir ; you may find it Business enough to take care of me.

Bull. Ay, and of me, Captain ; for wauns ! if ever you lift your Hand against me, I'll desert.—

Plume. Captain *Brazen* shall take care o'that : My Dear, instead of the Twenty thousand Pound you talk'd of, you shall have the Twenty brave Recruits that I have raised at the Rate they cost me—My Commission I lay down, to be taken up by some braver Fellow, that has more Merit and less good Fortune——whilst I endeavour, by the Example of this worthy Gentleman, to serve my King and Country at home.

*With some Regret I quit the active Field,
Where Glory full Reward for Life does yield ;
But the Recruiting Trade, with all its Train
Of endless Plague, Fatigue, and endless Pain,
I gladly quit, with my fair Spouse to stay,
And raise Recruits the matrimonial Way.*

[Exeunt.]

F I N I S.



T H E

Suspicious Husband.

A

C O M E D Y.

By Dr. H O A D L Y.

As it is Perform'd at the

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. T O N S O N in the Strand.

M D C C L X I.

THE

Suspicious Husband.

COMEDY

By Dr. H. O. A. D. L. Y.

As it is performed at the

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.



Printed by J. D. N. O. R.

LONDON

Printed by J. D. N. O. R.

W. B. C. L. M.

T O
THE KING.

S I R,

OUR Majesty's Goodness in
permitting your Royal Name
to stand before the following
Piece, is an Instance of the greatest
Condescension of a Great Mind. And
this Permission, after having honour-
ed the Performance of it with your

DEDICATION.

Royal Presence, the more sensibly touches Me, as it will naturally lead every one to this Reflexion, That so great an Honour would not have been allowed it, had it not appeared free from all Offence against the Rules of Good-Manners and Decency.

Thus while your Majesty sits as a watchful Arbiter of the greatest Affairs that ever perplexed *Europe*, You can descend to the innocent Amusements of Life; and take a Pleasure in favouring an Attempt to add to their Number.

We see with Joy, in your Majesty, an undeniable Proof, That the true
Great-

DEDICATION.

Greatness and Lustre of a Prince is founded, not upon the Magnificence of Pomp and Shew, and Power, but upon the whole Tenor of a Conduct formed for securing and confirming the Rights and Happiness of his Subjects. This, being built upon publick Facts, will always remain plainly legible in the Annals of History, when the Traces of the most delicate Flattery shall be all lost and gone.

When the Records of our Country shall barely tell the World the glorious Appearance in this Nation, upon a late trying Occasion ; and say----That, upon a violent Attack made upon your Crown, all Orders and Degrees, all
Sects

DEDICATION.

Sects and Parties amongst us, rose up, as One Man; not contenting Themselves to offer their Lives and Fortunes in the Sounds of formal Addresses; but actually pouring out their Treasures, and hazarding their Persons — That your whole People did not think Themselves safe without Your Safety; nor their Religion, Laws, and Properties, secure, but in the Security of Your Royal Person and Government — When this shall be told — This alone, This Voice of the Publick, expressed in Deeds, will be the highest Panegyrick; greater, and truer Praise, than all the Words which Invention and Art can put together — But I forgot myself, and my Duty.

I ought

DEDICATION.

I ought not, upon the present Occasion, to interrupt your Cares for the Public, any further, than to express my deep Sense of your Royal Favour and Condescension ; and to send up my warmest Vows — That your Majesty may long enjoy the Fruits of a Conduct in Government, which is the Security to your Subjects of all that is valuable upon Earth ! — That you may live through a Course of many Years, the Delight of your happy People ; the Example to all the Princes around you, of political Truth and Justice, superior to all the little Arts of Fraud and Perfidy — And that the Succession to the Crown of these Realms, in your Royal Line, may

DEDICATION.

may never fail to establish, and continue
the Blessings we enjoy, to our latest
Posterity. I am,

May it please your Majesty,

Your Majesty's most devoted and

obedient Subject and Servant,

BENJAMIN HOADLY.



P R O L O G U E.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr. RYAN.

WHILE other Culprits brave it to the last,
Nor beg for Mercy till the Judgment's past:

Poets alone, as conscious of their Crimes,
Open their Trials with imploring Rhymes.

Thus cram'd with Flattery and low Submission,
Each trite dull Prologue is the Bard's Petition.

A stale Device to calm the Critick's Fury,
And bribe at once the Judges and the Jury.

But what avail such poor repeated Arts?

The whimp'ring Scribbler ne'er can touch your Hearts:

Nor ought an ill-tim'd Pity to take Place——

Fast as they rise destroy the increasing Race:

The Vermin else will run the Nation o'er——

By saving One, you breed a Million more.

Tho' disappointed Authors rail and rage

At fancied Parties, and a senseless Age,

Yet still has Justice triumph'd on the Stage.

Thus speaks, and thinks the Author of To-day,

And saying this, has little more to say.

He asks no Friend his partial Zeal to shew,

Nor fears the groundless Censures of a Foe;

He knows no Friendship can protect the Fool,

Nor will an Audience be a Party's Tool.

'Tis inconsistent with a free-born Spirit,

To side with Folly, or to injure Merit.

By your Decision he may fall or stand,

Nor, tho' he feels the Lash, will blame the Hand.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

MR. Strickland,
Frankly,
Bellamy,
Ranger,
Jack Meggot,
Buckle,
Tester,
Servant to Ranger,
Simon,
Chairmen, Footmen, &c.

Mr. Berry.
Mr. Havard.
Mr. Blakes.
Mr. Garrick.
Mr. Woodward.
Mr. Usher.
Mr. Vaughan.
Mr. James.
Mr. Bransby.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Strickland,
Clarinda,
Jacintha,
Lucetta,
Landlady,
Milliner,
Maid,

Mrs. Emly.
Mrs. Pritchard.
Mrs. Willoughby.
Mrs. Green.
Mrs. Yates.
Miss Cole.
Mrs. Simpson.

S C E N E, . L O N D O N.

T H E

T H E

Suspicious Husband.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Ranger's Chambers in the Temple.

A Knocking is heard at the Door for some time; when Ranger enters, having let himself in.

N C E more I am got safe to the Temple—
 O let me reflect a little—I have sat up all
 Night. I have my Head full of bad Wine,
 and the Noise of Oaths, Dice, and the
 damn'd tingling of Tavern Bells; my Spi-
 rits jaded, and my Eyes sunk into my Head: and all
 this for the Conversation of a Company of Fellows I
 despise. Their Wit lies only in Obscenity, their Mirth
 in Noise, and their Delight in a Box and Dice. Honest
Ranger, take my Word for it, thou art a mighty silly
 Fellow.

Enter Servant, with a Wig dress'd.

Where have you been, Rascal? If I had not had the
 Key in my Pocket, I must have waited at the Door in
 this dainty Dress.

Serv. I was only below combing out your Honour's
 Wig.

Rang. Well, give me my Cap.—*(Pulling off his Wig)*
 B Why,

2 *The Suspicious Husband.*

Why, how like a raking Dog do you look, compar'd to that spruce, sober Gentleman?—Go, you batter'd Devil, and be made fit to be seen.

[Throwing his Wig to the Servant.]

Serv. Cod, my Master's very merry this morning. *[Exit.]*

Rang. And now for the Law. *[Sits down and reads.]*

*Tell me no more, I am deceiv'd,
That Cloe's false and common.
By Heav'n, I all along believ'd
She was a very Woman.
As such I lik'd, as such carest'd;
She still was constant, when possess'd:
She could do more for no Man.*

Honest Congreve was a Man after my own Heart.

Servants pass over the Stage.

Have you been for the Money this Morning, as I order'd you?

Serv. No, Sir. You bad me go before you was up—I did not know your Honour meant before you went to Bed.

Rang. None of your Jokes, I pray; but to Business—Go to the Coffee-house, and enquire if there has been any Letter or Message left for me.

Serv. I shall, Sir. *[Exit.]*

Rang. *[repeat.]* You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind,
I take her Body, you her Mind,
Which has the better Bargain?

Oh, that I had such a soft, deceitful fair, to lull my Senses to their desir'd Sleep—*[Knocking at the Door.]*
Come in.

Enter Simon.

Oh, Master Simon, is it you? How long have you been in Town?

Simon. Just come, Sir, and but for a little time neither; and yet I have as many Messages as if we were to stay the whole Year round. Here they are, all of them. *[Pulls*

The Suspicious Husband.

3

[Pulls out a Number of Cards.] And among them one for your Honour.

Rang. [Reads.] Clarinda's Compliments to her Cousin Ranger, and should be glad to see him for ever so little a time that he can be spar'd from the more weighty Business of the Law——Ha! ha! ha! the same merry Girl I ever knew her.

Sim. My Lady is never fad, Sir. [Knocking at the Door,
Rang. Pr'ythee, *Simon*, open the Door.

Enter Milliner.

Well, Child——and who are you?

Milli. Sir, my Mistress gives her Service to you, and has sent you home the Linen you bespoke.

Rang. Well, *Simon*, my Service to your Lady, and let her know I will most certainly wait upon her——I am a little busy, *Simon*——and so——

Simon. Ah, you're a Wag, Master *Ranger*, you're a Wag——but Mum for that. [Exit.

Rang. I swear, my Dear, you have the prettiest pair of Eyes——the loveliest pouting Lips——I never saw you before.

Milli. No, Sir! I was always in the Shop.

Rang. Were you so? Well, and what does your Mistress say?—The Devil fetch me, Child, you look'd so prettily, that I could not mind one Word you said.

Milli. Lard, Sir, you are such another Gentleman! Why, she says, she is sorry she could not send them sooner. Shall I lay them down?

Rang. No, Child. Give 'em to me.——Dear little smiling Angel—— [Catches and kisses her.

Milli. I beg, Sir, you would be civil.

Rang. Civil? Egad, I think I am very civil.

[Kisses her again.

Enter Servant, and Bellamy.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Bellamy.

Rang. Damn your Impertinence——Oh, Mr. Bellamy, your Servant.

Milli. What shall I say to my Mistress?

The Suspicious Husband.

Rang. Bid her make half a dozen more ; but be sure you bring them home yourself. [*Exit Milliner*] Pshah ! Pox ! Mr. *Bellamy*, how should you like to be serv'd so yourself ?

Bella. How can you, *Ranger*, for a Minute's Pleasure, give an innocent Girl the pain of Heart I am confident she felt ?—There was a modest Blush upon her Cheek convinces me she is honest.

Rang. May be so. I was resolved to try, however.

Bella. Fy, *Ranger*.—will you never think ?

Rang. Yes, but I can't be always thinking. The Law is a damnable dry Study, Mr. *Bellamy*, and without something now and then to amuse and relax, it would be too much for my Brain, I promise ye.—But I am a mighty sober Fellow grown—Here have I been at it these three Hours—but the Wenches will never let me alone——

Bella. Three Hours !—Why do you usually study in such Shoes and Stockings ?

Rang. Rat your inquisitive Eyes. *Ex pede Herculem.* Egad, you have me. The Truth is, I am but this Moment return'd from the Tavern. What, *Frankly*, here too !

Enter Frankly.

Frank. My Boy *Ranger*, I am heartily glad to see you, *Bellamy*, let me embrace you : you are the Person I want. I have been at your Lodgings, and was directed hither.

Rang. It is to him then I am oblig'd for this Visit : But with all my Heart—He is the only Man, to whom I don't care how much I am oblig'd.

Bella. Your very humble Servant, Sir.

Frank. You know, *Ranger*, I want no Inducement. to be with you. But——You look sadly—What—No merciless Jade has——Has she ?

Rang. No, no. Sound as a Roach, my Lad. I only got a little too much Liquor last Night, which I have not slept off yet.

Bella. Thus, *Frankly*, it is every Day. All the Morning his Head akes, at Noon he begins to clear up, towards

wards Evening he is good Company, and all Night he is carefully providing for the same Course the next Day.

Rang. Why, I must own, my ghostly Father, I did relapse a little last Night, just to furnish out a decent Confession for the Day.

Frank. And he is now doing Penance for it. Were you his Confessor indeed, you could not well desire more.

Rang. *Charles*, he sets up for a Confessor with the worst Grace in the World. Here he has been reproving me for being but decently civil to my Milliner. Plague! because the Coldness of his Constitution makes him insensible of a fine Woman's Charms, every body else must be so too.

Bella. I am no less sensible of their Charms than you are; tho' I cannot kiss every Woman I meet, or fall in Love, as you call it, with every Face which has the Bloom of Youth upon it. I would only have you a little more frugal of your Pleasure.

Frank. My dear Friend, this is very pretty talking! But let me tell you, it is in the Power of the very first Glance from a fine Woman utterly to disconcert all your Philosophy.

Bella. It must be from a fine Woman then: and not such as are generally reputed so — And it must be a thorough Acquaintance with her too, that will ever make an Impression on my Heart.

Rang. Would I could see it once! For when a Man has been all his Life hoarding up a Stock, without allowing himself common Necessaries; it tickles me to the Soul to see him lay it all upon a wrong Bottom, and become Bankrupt at last.

Bella. Well, I don't care how soon you see it. For the Minute I find a Woman capable of Friendship, Love, and Tendernefs, with Good-sense enough to be always easy, and Good-nature enough to like me; I will immediately put it to the Trial, which of us shall have the greatest Share of Happiness from the Sex, You or I.

Rang. By marrying her, I suppose! Capable of Friendship, Love, and Tendernefs, ha, ha, ha! That a Man of your Sense should talk so. If she be capable of Love.

'tis all I require of my Mistress; and as every Woman, who is young, is capable of Love, I am very reasonably in Love with every young Woman I meet.—My Lord Coke, in a Case I read this Morning, speaks my Sense.

Both. My Lord Coke!

Rang. Yes, my Lord Coke. What he says of one Woman, I say of the whole Sex, *I take their Bodies, you their Minds; which has the better Bargain?*

Frank. There is no arguing with so great a Lawyer. Suppose therefore we adjourn the Debate to some other time. I have some serious Business with Mr. Bellamy, and you want Sleep, I am sure.

Rang. Sleep! mere loss of time, and Hindrance of Business——We Men of Spirit, Sir, are above it.

Bella. Whither shall we go?

Frank. Into the *Park*. My Chariot is at the Door.

Bella. Then if my Servant calls, you'll send him after us. [*Exeunt.*]

Rang. I will [*Looking on the Card.*] *Clarinda's* Compliments——A Pox of this Head of mine! Never once to ask where she was to be found. It's plain she is not one of us, or I should not have been so remiss in my Inquiries.——No matter——I shall meet her in my walks.

Servant enters.

Serv. There is no Letter nor Message, Sir.

Rang. Then my Things to dress. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A C H A M B E R.

Enter Mrs. Strickland, and Jacintha, meeting.

Mrs. Strick. Good-morrow, my dear *Jacintha*.

Jac. Good-morrow to you Madam. I have brought my Work, and intend to sit with you this Morning. I hope you have got the better of your Fatigue. Where is *Clarinda*? I should be glad if she wou'd come, and work with us.

Mrs.

Mrs. Strict. She work! She is too fine a Lady to do any thing. She is not stirring yet—we must let her have her Rest. People of her waste of Spirits require more time to recruit again.

Jacin. It is pity she should be ever tir'd with what is so agreeable to every body else. I am prodigiously pleas'd with her Company.

Mrs. Strict. And when you are better acquainted, you will be still more pleas'd with her. You must rally her upon her Partner at *Bath*; for, I fancy, Part of her Rest has been disturb'd on his Account.

Jacin. Was he really a pretty Fellow?

Mrs. Strict. That I can't tell. I did not dance myself, and so did not much mind him. You must have the whole Story from herself.

Jacin. Oh, I warrant ye, I get it all out. None are so proper to make discoveries in Love, as those who are in the secret themselves.

Enter Lucetta.

Lucet. Madam, Mr. *Strickland* is inquiring for you. Here has been Mr. *Buckle* with a Letter from his Master, which has made him very angry.

Jacin. Mr. *Bellamy* said indeed he would try him once more, but I fear it will prove in vain. Tell your Master, I am here. [*Exit Lucetta*] What signifies Fortune when it only makes us Slaves to other People?

Mrs. Strict. Do not be uneasy, my *Jacintha*. You shall always find a friend in me: But as for Mr. *Strickland*, I know not what ill Temper hangs about him lately. Nothing satisfies him. You saw how he received us when we came off our Journey. Tho' *Clarrinda* was so good Company, he was barely civil to her, and downright rude to me.

Jacin. I cannot help saying, I did observe it.

Mrs. Strict. I saw you did. Hush! he's here.

Enter Mr. Strickland.

Mr. Strict. Oh, Your Servant, Madam! Here, I have received a Letter from Mr. *Bellamy*, wherein he

desires I would once more hear what he has to say---
You know my Sentiments — Nay, so does he.

Jacin. For Heaven's sake consider, Sir, this is no new Affair, no sudden Start of Passion — We have known each other long. My Father valued and lov'd him, and I am sure, were he alive, I should have his Consent.

Mr. Strict. Don't tell me. Your Father would not have you marry against his Will; neither will I against mine: I am your Father now.

Jacin. And you take a fatherly Care of me.

Mr. Strict. I wish I had never had any thing to do with you.

Jacin. You may easily get rid of the Trouble.

Mr. Strict. By listening, I suppose, to the young Gentleman's Proposals.

Jacin. Which are very reasonable in my Opinion.

Mr. Strict. Oh, very modest ones truly; and a very modest Gentleman he is that proposes them! A Fool, to expect a Lady of Thirty Thousand Pounds Fortune, should, by the Care and Prudence of her Guardian, be thrown away upon a young Fellow not worth three Hundred a Year. He thinks being in Love is an Excuse for this; but I am not in Love. What does he think will excuse me?

Mrs. Strict. Well, but Mr. *Strickland*, I think the Gentleman should be heard.

Mr. Strict. Well, well. Seven o'Clock's the Time, and if the Man has the good Fortune, since I saw him last, to persuade some body or other to give him a better Estate, I give him my Consent—not else. His Servant waits below. You may tell him, I shall be at home. [*Exit. Jacin.*] But where is your Friend, your other Half all this while? I thought you could not have breath'd a Minute without your *Clarinda*.

Mrs. Strict. Why the Truth is, I was going to see what makes her keep her Chamber so long.

Mr. Strict. Look ye, Mrs. *Strickland*, you have been asking me for Money this Morning. In plain Terms, not one Shilling shall pass through these Fingers, till you have clear'd my House of this *Clarinda*.

The Suspicious Husband.

9

Mrs. Striſt. How can her innocent Gaiety have offended you? She is a Woman of Honour, and has as many good Qualities——

Mr. Striſt. As Women of Honour generally have. I know it, and therefore am uneasy.

Mrs. Striſt. But, Sir,——

Mr. Striſt. But, Madam,——*Clarinda*, nor e'er a Rake of Fashion in *England*, ſhall live in my Family to debauch it.

Mrs. Striſt. Sir, ſhe treated me with ſo much Civility in the Country, that I thought I could not do leſs than invite her to ſpend as much Time with me in Town, as her Engagements would permit. I little imagin'd you could have been diſpleas'd at my having ſo agreeable a Companion.

Mr. Striſt. There was a Time when I was Company enough for leiſure Hours.

Mrs. Striſt. There was a Time when every Word of mine was ſure of meeting with a Smile: But thoſe happy Days, I know not why, have long been over.

Mr. Striſt. I cannot bear a Rival even of your own Sex. I hate the very Name of female Friends. No two of you can ever be an Hour by yourſelves, but one or both are the worſe for it.

Mrs. Striſt. Dear *Mr. Striſtland*.

Mr. Striſt. This I know——and will not ſuffer.

Mrs. Striſt. It grieves me, Sir, to ſee you ſo much in earneſt: But to convince you how willing I am to make you eaſy in every thing, it ſhall be my Requeſt to her to remove immediately.

Mr. Striſt. Do it——hark ye——Your Requeſt? ——Why yours? It's mine——My Command——Tell her ſo——I will be Maſter of my own Family, and I care not who knows it.

Mrs. Striſt. You fright me, Sir——But it ſhall be as you pleaſe. [*In Tears.*]

[*Goes out.*]

Mr. Striſt. Ha! have I not gone too far? I am not Maſter of myſelf--*Mrs. Striſtland*--- [*ſhe returns.*] Underſtand me right. I do not mean, by what I have ſaid, that I ſuſpect your Innocence, but by crushing this

this growing Friendship all at once, I may prevent a Train of Mischief which you do not foresee. I was perhaps too harsh, therefore do it in your own way—But let me see the House fairly rid of her.

[Exit Mr. Strickland.]

Mrs. Strick. His Earnestness in this Affair amazes me. I am sorry I made this Visit to *Clarinda*—and yet I'll answer for her Honour.—What can I say to her? Necessity must plead in my Excuse—For at all Events, Mr. *Strickland* must be obey'd.

[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

St. JAMES'S PARK.

Enter Bellamy and Frankly.

Frank. Now, *Bellamy*, I may unfold the Secret of my Heart to you with greater Freedom; for tho' *Ranger* has Honour, I am not in a Humour to be laugh'd at. I must have one, that will bear with my Impertinence, soothe me into Hope, and, like a Friend indeed, with Tenderness advise me.

Bella. I thought you appeared more grave than usual.

Frank. Oh! *Bellamy*, my soul is so full of Joy, of Pain, Hope, Despair, and Extacy, that no Word but Love is capable of expressing what I feel.

Bella. Is Love the Secret *Ranger* is not fit to hear? In my mind, he wou'd prove the more able Counsellor. And is all the gay Indifference of my Friend at last reduced to Love?

Frank. Even so——Never was Prude more resolute in Chastity and Ill-nature, than I was fix'd in Indifference: But Love has rais'd me from that inactive State above the Being of a Man.

Bella. Faith, *Charles*, I begin to think it has——But pray, bring this Rapture into order a little, and tell me regularly, how, where, and when.

Frank. If I was not most unreasonably in Love, those horrid Questions would stop my Mouth at once. But as I am arm'd against Reason—I answer—at *Bath*—on *Tuesday*, she danced and caught me.

Bella.

Bella. Danced? ——— and was that all? But who is she? What is her Name? her Fortune? where does she live?

Frank. Hold! hold! not so many hard Questions, Have a little Mercy. I know but little of her, that's certain. But all I do know, you shall have. That Evening was the first of her appearing at *Bath*. The moment I saw her, I resolved to ask the Favour of her Hand. But the easy Freedom, with which she gave it, and her unaffected Good-humour during the whole Night, gain'd such a Power over my Heart, as none of her Sex could ever boast before. I waited on her home, and the next Morning, when I went to pay the usual Compliments, the Bird was flown. She had set out for *London* two Hours before; and in a Chariot and Six——you Rogue.

Bella. But was it her own, *Charles*?

Frank. That I don't know; but it looks better than being drag'd to Town in the Stage. That Day and the next I spent in Inquiries. I waited on the Ladies who came with her. They knew nothing of her. So without learning either her Name or Fortune, I e'en call'd for my Boots, and rode Post after her.

Bella. And how do you find yourself after your Journey.

Frank. Why, as yet, I own, I am but upon a cold Scent. But a Woman of her Sprightliness and Gentility cannot but frequent all public places; and when once she is found, the pleasure of the Chace will ever pay the pains of rousing her.——Oh! *Bellamy*, there was something peculiarly charming in her, that seem'd to claim my further Acquaintance: and if in the other more familiar Parts of Life she shine with that superior Lustre; and at last I win her to my Arms, how shall I bless my Resolution in pursuing her!

Bella. But if at last she should prove unworthy——

Frank. I would endeavour to forget her.

Bella. Promise me that, *Charles*. [*Takes his Hand.*] and I allow——But we are interrupted.

Enter

Enter Jack Meggot.

Jack Meg. Whom have we here? my old Friend *Frankly*? Thou art grown a meer Antique since I saw thee? How hast thou done these five hundred Years?

Frank. Even as you see me; well, and at your Service, ever.

Jack Meg. Ha! who's that?

Frank. A Friend of mine. Mr. *Bellamy*, this is *Jacky Meggot*, Sir, as honest a Fellow as any in Life.

Jack Meg. Pho! prithee! Pox! *Charles*, --- Don't be silly——Sir, I am your humble---Any one, who is a Friend of Mr. *Frankly*'s, I am proud of embracing.

Bella. Sir, I shall endeavour to deserve your Civility.

Jack Meg. Oh! Sir,---Well! *Charles*, what? Dumb? Come, come; you may talk, tho' you have nothing to say, as I do----Let us hear, where have you been?

Frank. Why, for this last Week, *Jack*, I have been at *Bath*.

Jack Meg. *Bath*! the most ridiculous Place in Life! ---amongst Tradesmen's Wives that hate their Husbands, and People of Quality that had rather go to the Devil than stay at home. People of no Taste——no *Goust*——and for *Divertimenti*, if it were not for the Puppet-show, *La Virtu* would be dead amongst them.——But the News, *Charles*——the Ladies,——I fear, your Time hung heavy on your Hands, by the small Stay you made there.

Frank. Faith, and so it did, *Jack*. The Ladies are grown such Idiots in Love——The Cards have so debauch'd their five Senses, that Love, almighty Love himself is utterly neglected.

Jack Meg. It is the strangest thing in Life, but it is just so with us abroad. Faith! *Charles*! To tell you a Secret, which I don't care if all the World knows, I am almost surfeited with the Services of the Ladies; the modest ones I mean. The vast Variety of Duties they expect---as dressing up to the Fashion, losing fashionably, keeping fashionable Hours, drinking fashionable Liquors, and fifty other such irregular Niceties, for ruin a
Man's

Man's Pocket and Constitution, that foregad ! he must have the Estate of a Duke, and the Strength of a Gondolier, who would list himself into their Service !

Frank. A free Confession truly, *Jack*, for one of your Coat.

Bella. The Ladies are oblig'd to you.

Enter Buckle, with a Letter to Bellamay.

Jack Meg. Oh ! Lard ! *Charles* ! I have had the greatest Misfortune in Life, since I saw you——Poor *Otho*, that I brought from *Rome* with me, is dead.

Frank. Well ! well ! get you another, and all will be well again.

Jack Mer. No ! the Rogue broke me so much *China*, and gnaw'd my *Spanish* Leather Shoes so filthily, that when he was dead, I began not to endure him.

Bella. Exactly at Seven ! Run back, and assure him I will not fail. [*Exit Buckle.*] Dead ? Pray, who was the Gentleman ?

Jack Meg. This Gentleman was my Monkey, Sir,——an odd sort of a Fellow that used to divert me.——and pleased every body so at *Rome*, that he always made one in our *Conversationi*——But Mr. *Bellamy*, I saw a Servant, I hope no Engagement. For you two positively shall dine with me. I have the finest *Macaroni* in Life. Oblige me so far.

Bella. Sir——you Servant ! what say you, *Frankly* ?

Jack Meg. Pho ! Pox ! *Charles* ! you shall go. My Aunts think you begin to neglect them ; and old Maids, you know, are the most jealous Creatures in Life.

Frank. *Ranger* swears they can't be Maids, they are so good-natur'd ! Well ! I agree, on Conditin I may eat what I please, and go away just when I will.

Jack Meg. Ay ! ay ! you shall do just what you will. But how shall we do ? My Post-Chaise won't carry us all.

Frank. My Chariot is here ; and I will conduct Mr. *Bellamy*.

Bella. Mr. *Meggot*——I beg pardon, I can't possibly dine out of Town ! I have an Engagement early in the Evening——

Jack

Jac. Meg. Out of Town! No, my Dear, I live just by. I see one of the *Dilettanti*, I would not miss speaking to for the Universe. And so I expect you at Three. [Exit.

Frank. Ha! ha! ha! and so you thought you had at least fifty Miles to go Post for a Spoonful of *Macaroni*.

Bella. I suppose then, he is just come out of the Country.

Frank. Nor that neither. I would venture a Wager, from his own House hither, or to an Auction or two of old dirty Pictures, is the utmost of his Travels To-day: Or he may have been in Pursuit, perhaps, of a new Cargo of *Venetian Tooth-picks*.

Bella. A special Acquaintance I have made To-day!

Frank. For all this, *Bellamy*, he has a Heart worthy your Friendship. He spends his Estate freely, and you cannot oblige him more, than by shewing him how he can be of Service to you.

Bella. Now you say something. It is the Heart, *Frankly*, I value in a Man.

Frankly, Right!——and there is a Heart even in a Woman's Breast that is worth the Purchase, or my Judgment has deceiv'd me. Dear *Bellamy*, I know your Concern for me. See her first, and then blame me, if you can.

Bella. So far from blaming you, *Charles*, that if my Endeavours can be serviceable, I will beat the Bushes with you.

Frank. That I am afraid will not do. For you know less of her than I. But if in your Walks you meet a finer Woman than ordinary, let her not escape till I have seen her.——Wherefoe'er she is, she cannot long lie hid.

[Exit.



ACT



A C T II. S C E N E I.

St. JAMES'S PARK.

Enter Clarinda. Jacintha, and Mrs. Strickland.

Jacin. **A**Y! ay! we both stand condemn'd out of our own Months.

Clar. Why—I cannot but own—I never had Thought of any Man that troubled me, but of him.

Mrs. Strick. Then I dare swear, by this time, you heartily repent your leaving *Bath* so soon.

Clar. Indeed you are mistaken. I have not had one Scruple since.

Jacin. Why, what one Inducement can he have ever to think of you again?

Clar. Oh! the greatest of all Inducements, Curiosity. Let me assure you, a Woman's surest Hold over a Man is to keep him in Incertainty. As soon as ever you put him out of Doubt, you put him out of your Power: But when once a Woman has awak'd his Curiosity, she may lead him a Dance of many a troublesome Mile without the least Fear of losing him at last.

Jacin. Now do I heartily wish he may have Spirit enough to follow, and use you as you deserve. Such a Spirit, with but a little Knowledge of our Sex, might put that Heart of yours into a strange Flutter.

Clar. I care not how soon. I long to meet with such a Fellow. Our modern Beaus are such jointed Babies in Love, they have no Feeling. They are intirely insensible either of Pain or Pleasure, but from their own dear Persons: And according as we flatter, or affront their Beauty they admire or forsake ours. They are not worthy even of our Displeasure; and, in short, abusing them is but so much Ill-nature merely thrown away. But the Man of Sense, who values himself upon his high Abilities:

Or

Or the Man of Wit, who thinks a Woman beneath his Conversation—To see such the Subjects of our Power, the Slaves of our Frowns and Smiles, is glorious indeed!

Mrs. Strick. No Man of Sense, or Wit either, if he be truly so, ever did, or ever can think a Woman of Merit beneath his Wisdom to converse with.

Jacin. Nor will such a Woman value herself upon making such a Lover uneasy.

Clar. Amazing! Why, every Woman can give Ease? You cannot be in earnest.

Mrs. Strick. I can assure you she is, and has put in practice the Doctrine she has been teaching.

Clar. Impossible! Who ever heard the Name of Love mention'd without an Idea of Torment? But pray let us hear.

Jacin. Nay, there is nothing to hear that I know of.

Clar. So I suspected, indeed! The Novel is not likely to be long, when the Lady is so well prepar'd for the *Denoûement*.

Jacin. The Novel, as you call it, is not so short as you may imagine. I and my Spark have been long acquainted. As he was continually with my Father, I soon perceiv'd he lov'd me, and the Manner of his expressing that Love was what pleas'd and won me most.

Clar. Well! and how was it? The old Bait? Flattery? Dear Flattery, I warrant ye.

Jacin. No, indeed,—I had not the Pleasure of hearing my Person, Wit, and Beauty painted out with forced Praises; but I had a more sensible Delight in perceiving the Drift of his whole Behaviour was to make every Hour of my Time pass away agreeably.

Clar. The Rustick! What, did he never say a handsome thing of your Person?

Mrs. Strick. He did, it seems, what pleas'd her better. He flatter'd her good Sense, as much as a less cunning Lover would have done her Beauty.

Clar. On my Conscience, you are well match'd.

Jacin. So well, that if my Guardian denies me Happiness, (and this Evening he is to pass his final Sentence) nothing is left but to break my Prison, and fly into my Lover's Arms for Safety.

Clar.

Clar. Hey Day ! O' my Conscience thou art a brave Girl. Thou art the very first Prude, that ever had Honesty enough to avow her Passion for a Man.

Jacin. And thou art the first finish'd Coquet who ever had any Honesty at all.

Mrs. Strict. Come, come ! You are both too good for either of those Characters.

Clar. And my dear Mrs. *Strickland* here is the first young married Woman of Spirit, who has an ill-natur'd Fellow for a Husband, and never once thinks of using him as he deserves.—Good Heaven ! If I had such a Husband—

Mrs. Strict. You would be just as unhappy as I am.

Clar. But come now—Confess—Do not you long to be a Widow ?

Mrs. Strict. Would I were any thing but what I am !

Clar. Then go the nearest Way about it, I'd break that stout Heart of his in less than a Fortnight. I'd make him know—

Mrs. Strict. Pray be silent. You know my Resolution.

Clar. I know you have no Resolution.

Mrs. Strict. You are a mad Creature, but I forgive you.

Clar. It is all meant kindly, I assure you. But since you won't be persuaded to your Good ; I will think of making you easy in your Submission as soon as ever I can. I dare say, I may have the same Lodging I had last Year. I can know immediately—I see my Chair : And so Ladies both, adieu ! [Exit Clarinda.

Jacin. Come, Mrs. *Strickland*, we shall but just have time to get home before Mr. *Bellamy* comes.

Mrs. Strict. Let us return then to our common Prison, You must forgive my Ill-nature, *Jacintha*, if I almost wish Mr. *Strickland* may refuse to join your Hand where your Heart is given.

Jacin. Lord ! Madam, what do you mean ?

Mrs. Strict. Self-interest only, Child ! Methinks your Company in the Country would soften all my Sorrows, and I could bear them patiently.

Re-enter

Re-enter Clarinda.

Clar. Dear Mrs. Strickland——I am so confus'd,
and so out of Breath——

Mrs. Strick. Why, what is the Matter?

Jacin. I protest you fright me.

Clar. Oh! I have no time to recover myself, I am
so frighten'd, and so pleas'd. In short then, the dear
Man is here.

Mrs. Strick. Here——Lord——Where?

Clar. I met him this Instant. I saw him at a distance,
turn'd short; and ran hither directly. Let us go home.
I tell you, he follows me.

Mrs. Strick. Why, had you not better stay, and let
him speak to you?

Clar. Ay!——But then—He won't know where I
live, without my telling him.

Mrs. Strick. Come, then. Ha! ha! ha!

Jacin. Ay! Poor Clarinda!—*Allons donc*, [Exit.

Enter Frankly.

Frank. Sure that must be she! Her Shape and easy
Air cannot be so exactly copied by another.——Now,
you young Rogue, *Cupid*, guide me directly to her, as
you would the surest Arrow in your Quiver. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Changes to the Street before Mr. Strickland's Door.

Re-enter Clarinda, Jacintha, and Mrs. Strickland.

Clar. Lord!——Dear *Jacintha*——for Heaven's
Sake make haste. He'll overtake us before we get in.

Jacin. Overtake us? Why, he is not in Sight.

Clar. Is not he? Ha! sure I have not dropt my
Twee——

[I would not have him lose sight of me neither. [Aside.

Mrs. Strick. Here he is——

Clar. In——In——In then.

Jacin. [Laughing.] What, without your Twee?

Clar.

Clar. Pshaw ! I have lost nothing.—In—I'll follow you. [*Exeunt into the House, Clarinda last.*]

Enter Frankly.

Frank. It is impossible I should be deceiv'd: My Eyes, and the quick Pulses at my Heart assure me it is she. Ha ! 'tis she. by Heav'n ! and the Door left open too—A fair Invitation, by all the Rules of Love— *Exit.*

S C E N E III.

Changes to an Apartment in Mr. Strickland's House.

Enter Clarinda, Frankly following her.

Frank. I hope, Madam, you will excuse the Boldness of this Intrusion, since it is owing to your own Behaviour that I am forc'd to it.

Clar. To my Behaviour, Sir?

Frank. You cannot but remember me at *Bath*, Madam, where I so lately had the Favour of your Hand—

Clar. I do remember, Sir ; but I little expected any wrong Interpretation of my Behaviour from one, who had so much the Appearance of a Gentleman.

Frank. What I saw of your Behaviour was so just, it would admit of no Misrepresentation. I only fear'd, whatever Reason you had to conceal your Name from me at *Bath*, you might have the same to do it now ; and tho' my Happiness was so nearly concern'd, I rather chose to venture thus abruptly after you, than be impertinently inquisitive.

Clar. Sir, there seems to be so much Civility in your Rudeness, that I can easily forgive it ; tho' I don't see how your Happiness is at all concern'd.

Frank. No, Madam ! I believe you are the only Lady, who could, with the Qualifications you are Mistress of, be insensible of the Power they give you over the Happiness of our Sex.

Clar. How vain should we Women be, if you Gentlemen were but wise ! If you did not all of you say the same

same things to every Woman, we should certainly be foolish enough to believe some of you were in earnest.

Frank. Could you have the least Sense of what I feel whilst I am speaking, you would know me to be in Earnest, and what I say to be the Dictates of a Heart that admires you; may I not say that——

Clar. Sir, this is carrying the——

Frank. When I danced with you at *Bath*, I was charm'd with your whole Behaviour, and felt the same tender Admiration: But my Hope of seeing you afterwards kept in my Passion 'till a more proper Time should offer. You cannot therefore blame me now, if, after having lost you once, I do not suffer an inexcusable Modesty to prevent my making use of this second Opportunity.

Clar. This Behaviour, Sir, is so different from the Gaiety of your Conversation then, that I am at a Loss how to answer you.

Frank. There is nothing, Madam, which could take off from the Gaiety with which your Presence inspires every Heart, but the Fear of losing you. How can I be otherwise than as I am, when I know not, but you may leave *London* as abruptly as you did *Bath*?

Enter Lucetta.

Lucet. Madam, the Tea is ready, and my Mistress waits for you.

Clar. Very well, I come—[*Exit Lucetta.*] You see, Sir, I am call'd away; but I hope you will excuse it, when I leave you with an Assurance, that the Business which brings me to Town will keep me here some time.

Frank. How generous it is in you thus to ease the Heart, that knew not how to ask for such a Favour—I fear to offend—But this House, I suppose, is yours.

Clar. You will hear of me, if not find me here.

Frank. I then take my Leave.

[*Exit.*]

Clar. I'm undone!——He has me!

Enter Mrs. Strickland.

Mrs. Strick. Well! How do you find yourself?

Clar.

Clar. I do find——that if he goes on, as he has begun ; I shall certainly have him without giving him the least Uneasiness.

Mrs. Strict. A very terrible Prospect, indeed !

Clar. But I must teize him a little, ——Where is *Jacinta* ? How will she laugh at me, if I become a Pupil of hers, and learn to give Ease ? No ! positively I shall never do it.

Mrs. Strict. Poor *Jacinta* has met with what I fear'd, from Mr. *Strickland's* Temper——An utter Denial. I know not why, but he really grows more and more ill-natur'd.

Clar. Well ! now do I heartily wish my Affairs were in his Power a little, that I might have a few Difficulties to surmount.—I love Difficulties——and yet, I don't know——it is as well as it is.

Mrs. Strict. Ha, ha, ha ! Come, the Tea waits.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mr. Strickland.

Mr. Strict. These Doings in my House distract me ; I met a fine Gentleman——when I inquir'd who he was ; why, he came to *Clarinda*. I met a Footman too, and he came to *Clarinda*. I shall not be easy till she is decamp'd. My Wife had the Character of a virtuous Woman——and they have not been long acquainted. But then they were by themselves at *Bath* ! That hurts——that hurts,——They must be watch'd——they must——I know them, I know all their Wiles, and the best of them are but Hypocrites, Ha !—[*Lucetta passes over the Stage.*] Suppose I bribe the Maid——She is of their Council——The Manager of their Secrets——It shall be so——Money will do it, and I shall know all that passes.
Lucetta !

Lucet. Sir

Mr. Strict. *Lucetta !*

Re-enter Lucetta.

Lucet. Sir. If he should suspect, and search me now, I'm undone.

[*Aside.*
Mr.

Mr. Strict. She is a fly Girl, and may be serviceable.

(*Aside.*)

Lucetta, you are a good Girl, and have an honest Face. I like it. It looks as if it carried no Deceit in it—[Yet if she should be false, she can do me most harm. (*Aside.*]

Lucet. Pray, Sir, speak out.

Mr. Strict. (*Aside.*) No! she is a Woman, and it is the highest Imprudence to trust her.

Lucet. I am not able to understand you.

Mr. Strict. I am glad of it. I would not have you understand me.

Lucet. Then what did you call me for? [If he should be in Love with my Face, it would be rare Sport. (*Aside.*]

Mr. Strict. (*Aside.*) *Tester*, ay, *Tester* is the proper Person—*Lucetta*, tell *Tester* I want him.

Lucet. Yes, Sir,—(*Aside.*) Mighty odd, this! It gives me Time however to send *Buckle* with this Letter to his Master. (*Exit Lucetta.*)

Mr. Strict. Could I but be once well satisfied that my Wife had really finish'd me, I believe I should be as quiet, as if I were sure of the contrary.—But whilst I am in doubt, I am miserable.

Enter Tester.

Tester. Does your Honour please to want me?

Mr. Strict. Ay, *Tester*.——I need not fear. The Honesty of his Service, and the Goodness of his Look make me secure. I will trust him. (*Aside.*)—*Tester*, I think I have been a tolerable good Master to you.

Tester. Yes, Sir,—very tolerable.

Mr. Strict. (*Aside.*) I like his Simplicity well. It promises Honesty—I have a Secret, *Tester*, to impart to you—A thing of the greatest Importance. Look upon me, and don't stand picking your Fingers.

Tester. Yes, Sir.—No, Sir.

Mr. Strict. But will not his Simplicity expose him the more to *Lucetta*'s Cunning? Yes, yes! she will worm the Secret out of him. I had better trust her with it at once.—So——I will. (*Aside.*) *Tester*, go, send *Lucetta* hither.

Tester.

The Suspicious Husband. 23

Tester. Yes, Sir,——Here she is.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Lucetta, my Master wants you.

Mr. Strict. Get you down, *Tester.*

Tester. Yes, Sir. *(Exit Tester.)*

Lucet. If you want me, Sir, I beg you would make haste, for I have a thousand things to do.

Mr. Strict. Well! well! What I have to say will not take up much Time, could I but persuade you to be honest.

Lucet. Why, Sir, I hope you don't suspect my Honesty?

Mr. Strict. Well! well! I believe you honest.

[Shuts the Door.]

Lucet. What can be at the Bottom of all this? *(Aside.)*

Mr. Strict. So! We cannot be too private. Come hither, Hussy! nearer yet.

Lucet. Laud! Sir! You are not going to be rude. I vow, I will call out.

Mr. Strict. Hold your Tongue. Does the Baggage laugh at me? *[Aside.]* She does—She mocks me, and will reveal it to my Wife! and her Insolence upon it will be more insupportable to me than Cuckoldom itself. I have not Leisure now, *Lucetta*——Some other time—Hush! Did not the Bell ring; Yes, yes: my Wife wants you. Go, go, go to her. *[Pushes her out.]* There is no Hell on Earth like being a Slave to Suspicion. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E IV.

The P I A Z Z A, Covent-Garden.

Enter Bellamy and Jack Meggot.

Bella. Nay, nay, I would not put your Family into any Confusion.

Jack Meg. None in Life, my Dear, I assure you. I will go and order every thing this Instant for her Reception.

Bella. You are too obliging, Sir; but you need not be in this Hurry, for I am in no Certainty when I shall

shall trouble you. I only know that my *Jacinta* has taken such a Resolution.

Jack Meg. Therefore we should be prepar'd ; for when once a Lady has had such a Resolution in her Head, she is upon the Rack till she executes it. Foregad ! Mr. *Bellamy*, this must be a Girl of Fire.

Enter Frankly.

Frank. Buxom and lively as the bounding Does.—
Fair as Painting can express, or youthful Poets fancy when they love. Tol de rol, lol! [*Singing and Dancing.*

Bella. Who is this you talk thus rapturously of?

Frank. Who should it be, but—I shall know her Name to Morrow. [*Sings and Dances*

Jack Meg. What is the matter, ho ! Is the Man mad ?

Frank. Even so, Gentlemen, as mad as Love and Joy can make me.

Bella. But inform us whence this Joy proceeds.

Frank. Joy ! Joy ! my Lads ! She's found ! My *Perdita* ! My Charmer!

Jack Meg. Egad ! her Charms have bewitch'd the Man I think——But who is she ?

Bella. Come, come, tell us, who is this Wonder ?

Frank. But will you say nothing?

Bella. Nothing, as I live.

Frank. Nor you ?

Jack Meg. I'll be as silent as the Grave——

Frank. With a Tombstone upon it, to tell every one whose Dust it carries.

Jack Meg. I'll be as secret as a debauch'd Prude——

Frank. Whose Sanctity every one suspects. *Jack*, *Jack*, 'tis not in thy Nature. Keeping a Secret is worse to thee, than keeping thy Accounts. But to leave fooling, listen to me both, that I may whisper it into your Ears, that Echo may not catch the sinking Sound—I cannot tell who she is, 'faith—Tol de rol, lol——

Jack Meg. Mad ! mad ! very mad !

Frank. All I know of her is, that she is a charming Woman, and has given me liberty to visit her again——*Bellamy*, 'tis she, the lovely she. [*Aside,*

Bella.

Bella. So I did suppose. [To Frankly,

Jack Meg. Poor *Charles*! For Heaven's sake, Mr. *Bellamy*, persuade him home to his Chamber—[Whilst I prepare every thing for you at home. Adieu—[Aside, to *Bellamy*.] B'ye *Charles*! ha, ha, ha!

Frank. Oh, Love! thou art a Gift worthy of a God indeed! Dear *Bellamy*, nothing now could add to my Pleasure but to see my Friend as deep in Love as I am.

Bella. I shew my Heart is capable of Love, by the Friendship it bears to you.

Frank. The Light of Friendship looks but dim before the brighter Flame of Love. Love is the Spring of Chearfulness and Joy. Why, how dull and phlegmatick do you shew to me now? Whilst I am all Life; light as feather'd *Mercury*.—You dull, and cold as Earth and Water; I light and warm as Air and Fire.—These are the only Elements in Love's World! Why, *Bellamy*, for Shame! get thee a Mistress, and be sociable.

Bella. Frankly, I am now going to——

Frank. Why that Face now? Your humble Servant, Sir. My Blood of Joy shall not be stopt by your melancholy Fits, I assure you. [Going.]

Bella. Stay, Frankly, I beg you stay. What would you say now, if I really were in Love?

Frank. Why Faith, thou hast such romantic Notions of Sense and Honour, that I know not what to say.

Bella. To confess the Truth then, I am in Love.

Frank. And do you confess it as if it were a Sin? Proclaim it aloud. Glory in it. Boast of it as your greatest Virtue. Swear it with a Lover's Oath, and I will believe you.

Bella. Why then, by the bright Eyes of her I love——

Frank. Well said!

Bella. By all that's tender, amiable, and soft in Woman——

Frank. Bravo!

Bella. I swear, I am as true an *Enamorato* as ever tagg'd Rhyme.

Frank. And art thou then thoroughly in Love? Come to my Arms, thou dear Companion of my Joys——

(They embrace.

Enter

Enter Ranger.

Rang. Why——Hey!——is there never a Wench to be got for Love or Money?

Bella. Pshaw! *Ranger* here!

Rang. Yes, *Ranger* is here. and perhaps does not come so impertinently as you may imagine. Faith! I think I have the Knack of finding out Secrets. Nay, never look so queer——Here is a Letter, Mr. *Bellamy*, that seems to promise you better Diversion than your hugging one another.

Bella. What do you mean?

Rang. Do you deal much in these Paper Tokens?

Bella. Oh! the dear kind Creature! it is from herself. (To Frankly.)

Rang. What, is it a Pair of lac'd Shoes she wants? Or have the Boys broke her Windows?

Bella. Hold your prophane Tongue!

Frank. Nay, prithee, *Bellamy*, don't keep it to yourself, as if her whole Affections were contain'd in those few Lines.

Rang. Prithee, let him alone to his silent Raptures. But it is, as I always said——Your grave Men ever are the greatest Whoremasters.

Bell. I cannot be disoblig'd now, say what you will. But how came this into your Hands?

Rang. Your Servant *Buckle* and I chang'd Commisions. He went on my Errand, and I came on his.

Bella. 'Sdeath! I want him this very Instant.

Rang. He will be here presently! but I demand to know what I have brought you?

Frank. Ay! ay! Out with it! You know we never blab, and may be of Service.

Bella. Twelve o'Clock! oh! the dear Hour.

Rang. Why, it is a pretty convenient Time, indeed.

Bella. By all that's happy, she promises in this Letter here——to leave her Guardian this very Night——and run away with me.

Rang. How is this?

Bella. Nay, I know not how myself——she says at the Bottom——Your Servant has full Instructions from *Lucetta*,
how

how to equip me for my Expedition.---I will not trust myself home with you to Night, because I know it is inconvenient; therefore I beg you wou'd procure me a Lodging; it is no matter how far off my Guardian's --- Yours, Jacintha.

Rang. Carry her to a Bagnio, and there you may lodge with her.

Frank. Why, this must be a Girl of Spirit, Faith!

Bella. And Beauty equal to her Sprightliness. I love her, and she loves me-----She has Thirty Thousand to her Fortune.

Rang. The Devil she has!

Bella. And never plays at Cards.

Rang. Nor does any one Thing like any other Woman, I suppose.

Frank. Not so I hope, neither.

Bella. Oh! Frankly, Ranger, I never felt such Ease before. The Secret's out, and you don't laugh at me.

Frank. Laugh at thee? ----- for loving a Woman of thirty thousand Pound? Thou art a most unaccountable Fellow.

Rang. How the Devil could he work her up to this? I never could have had the Face to have done it. But-----I know not how-----There is a Degree of Assurance in you modest Gentlemen, which we impudent Fellows never can come up to.

Bella. Oh! your Servant, good Sir. You should not abuse me now, Ranger, but do all you can to assist me.

Rang. Why, look ye, Bellamy, I am a damnable unlucky Fellow-----and so will have nothing to do in this Affair. I'll take care to be out of the Way, so as to do you no Harm. That is all I can answer for: and so-----Success attend you. [*Going.*] I cannot leave you quite to yourself neither, for if this should prove a Round-house Affair, as I make no doubt it will, I believe I may have more Interest there than you; and so Sir, you may hear of me at-----[*Whispers.*]

Bella. For shame, Ranger! The most noted Gaming-house in Town.

Rang. Forgive me this once, my Boy. I must go, Faith, to pay a Debt of Honour to some of the greatest Rascals in Town.

[*Exit.*]

Frank.

Frank. But where do you design to lodge her?

Bella. At Mr. Meggot's——He is already gone to prepare for her Reception.

Frank. The properest Place in the World. His Aunts will entertain her with Honour.

Bella. And the Newness of her Acquaintance will prevent its being suspected. —— *Frankly*, give me your Hand. This is a very critical Time. ——

Frank. Pho! none of your musty Reflexions now. When a Man is in Love to the very Brink of Matrimony, what the Devil has he to do with *Plutarch* and *Seneca*? Here is your Servant with a Face full of Business——I'll leave you together——I shall be at the *King's Arms*, where, if you want my Assistance, you may find me. (Exit.

Enter Buckle.

Bella. So——*Buckle*——you seem to have your Hands full.

Buck. Not fuller than my Head, Sir, I promise you. You have had your Letter, I hope.

Bella. Yes, and in it she refers me to you for my Instruction.

Buck. Why, the Affair stands thus. ----- As Mr. *Strickland* sees the Door lock'd and barred every Night himself, and takes the Key up with him; it is impossible for us to escape any way but thro' the Window: for which Purpose I have a Ladder of Ropes.

Bella. Good——

Buck. And because a Hoop, as the Ladies wear them now, is not the most decent Dress to come down a Ladder in——I have in this other Bundle a Suit of Boys Clothes, which I believe will fit her. At least, it will serve the Time she will want it. —— You will soon be for pulling it off, I suppose.

Bella. Why, you are in Spirits, you Rogue.

Buck. These I am now to convey to *Lucetta*—— Have you any thing to say, Sir?

Bella. Nothing, but that I will not fail at the Hour appointed---Bring me word to Mr. *Meggot's* how you go on. Succeed in this, and it shall make your Fortune.

(Exeunt.

A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street before Mr. Strickland's House.

Enter Bellamy in a Chairman's Coat.

Bella. **H**OW tediously have the Minutes past these last few Hours! and the envious Rogues will fly, no Lightning quicker, when we would have them stay. ——— Hold, let me not mistake. ——— This is the House. [*Pulls out his Watch.*] By Heaven! it is not yet the Hour! ——— I hear somebody coming. The Moon's so bright ——— I had better not be here, 'till the happy Instant comes [*Exit.*

Enter Frankly.

Frank. Wine is no Antidote to Love, but rather feeds the Flame. Now am I such an amorous Puppy, that I cannot walk straight home, but must come out of my Way to take a View of my Queen's Palace by Moon-light ——— Ay, here stands the Temple where my Goddess is adored! the Door opens! [*Retires.*

Enter Lucetta.

Lucet. [*Under the Window.*] Madam, Madam, hift! Madam ——— How shall I make her hear? ———

Jacintha in Boys Clothes at the Window.

Jacin. Who is there? What's the Matter? ———

Lucet. It is I, Madam, you must not pretend to stir 'till I give the Word --- You'll be discover'd if you do --

Frank. [*Aside*] What do I see! a Man. My Heart misgives me!

Lucet. My Master is below fitting up for Mrs. Clarinda. He raves as if he was mad about her being out so late.

Frank. [*Aside,*] Here is some Intrigue, or other. I must see more of this, before I give further way to Love.

Lucet. One Minute he is in the Street --- the next he is in the Kitchen: Now he will lock her out, and then he'll wait himself, and see what Figure she makes when she vouchsafes to venture home.

Jacin. I long to have it over. Get me but once out of this House !

Frank. (*Aside.*) Cowardly Rascal ! Would I were in his Place.

Lucet. If I can but fix him any where, I can let you out myself—You have the Ladder ready in Case of Necessity.

Jacin. Yes ; yes ! (*Exit Lucetta.*)

Frank. (*Aside.*) The Ladder ! This must lead to some Discovery. I shall watch you, my young Gentleman. I shall.

Enter Clarinda, and Servant.

Clar. This Whisk is a most enticing Devil. I am afraid I am too late for Mr. *Strickland's* sober Hours.

Jacin. Ha ! I hear a Noise !

Clar. No ! I see a Light in *Jacintha's* Window. You may go home, (*Giving the Servant Money*) I am safe.

Jacin. Sure it must be he ! Mr. *Bellamy*.—Sir.

Frank. (*Aside*) Does not he call to me ?

Clar. (*Aside*) Ha ! who's that ? I am frightened out of my Wits.—A Man !——

Jacin. Is it you ?

Frank. Yes ! yes ! 'tis I !

Jacin. Listen at the Door.

Frank. I will, 'tis open——There is no Noise—All's quiet.

Clar. Sure it is my Spark—and talking to *Jacintha*. (*Aside.*)

Frank. You may come down the Ladder—quick.

Jacin. Catch it then, and hold it,

Frank. I have it. Now I shall see what sort of Mettle my young Spark is made of. (*Aside.*)

Clar. With a Ladder too ! I'll assure you. But I must see the End of it. (*Aside.*)

Jacin. Hark ! did not somebody speak !

Frank. No ! no ! Be not fearful—'Sdeath ! we are discover'd. (*Frankly and Clarinda retire.*)

Enter Lucetta.

Lucet. Hift ! hift, are you ready ?

Jacin. Yes, may I venture ?

Lucet

Lucet. Now is your Time. He is in high Conference with his Privy Counsellor Mr. *Tester*. You may come down the back Stairs, and I'll let you out. [*Exit Lucetta.*

Jacin. I will, I will, and am heartily glad of it.

[*Exit Jacintha.*

Frank. [*Advancing.*] May be so—But you and I shall have a few Words before you get off so cleanly.

Clar. [*Advancing.*] How lucky it was I came home at this Instant. I shall spoil his Sport, I believe. Do you know me, Sir?

Frank. I am amaz'd! You here! This was unexpected indeed!

Clar. Why, I believe I do come a little unexpectedly; but I shall amaze you more—I know the whole Course of your Amour; all the Process of your mighty Passion from its first Rise——

Frank. What is all this!——

Clar. To the very Conclusion, which you vainly hope to effect this Night.

Frank. By Heaven, Madam, I know not what you mean. I came hither purely to contemplate on your Beauties.

Clar. Any Beauties, Sir, I find will serve your Turn. Did I not hear you talk to her at the Window?

Frank. Her!

Clar. Blush, blush for Shame; but be assur'd you have seen the last both of *Jacintha*, and me. [*Exit.*

Frank. *Jacintha*! Hear me, Madam—She is gone. This must certainly be *Bellamy's* Mistress, and I have fairly ruin'd all his Scheme. This it is to be in Luck.

Enter Bellamy, behind.

Bella. Ha! A Man under the Window!

Frank. No, here she comes, and I may convey her to him.

Enter Jacintha, and runs to Frankly.

Jacin. I have at last got to you: Let's haste away—Oh!

Frank. Be not frighten'd, Lady,

Jacin. Oh! I am abus'd, betray'd!

Bella. Betray'd Frankly!

Frank. *Bellamy*!

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Bella. I can scarce believe it, tho' I see it Draw—

Frank. Hear me, *Bellamy*——Lady.

Jacin. Stay——do not fight.

Frank. I am innocent ; it is all a Mistake.

Jacin. For my Sake, be quiet—We shall be discover'd. The Family is alarm'd.

Bella. You are obey'd—Mr. *Frankly*, there is but one Way——

Frank. I understand you. Any time but now. You will certainly be discover'd. Tomorrow——at your Chambers——

Bella. 'Till then, farewell. (*Exeunt Bella. and Jacin.*)

Frank. Then, when he is cool, I may be heard ; and the real, tho' suspicious Account of this Matter may be believ'd. Yet amidst all this Perplexity, it pleases me to find my fair *Incognita* is jealous of my Love.

Mr. Strict. (*Within*) Where's *Lucetta* ? Search every Place.

Frank. Hark ! the Cry is up——I must be gone.

(*Exit Frankly.*)

Enter Mr. Strictland, Tester, and Servants.

Mr. Strict. She's gone ! She's lost ! I am cheated ! Pursue her ! Seek her !

Tester. Sir, all her Clothes are in her Chamber.

Serv. Sir, Mrs. *Clarinda* said she was in Boys Clothes.

Mr. Strict. Ay, ay ! I know it—*Bellamy* has her—Come along——Pursue her. (*Exeunt*)

Enter Ranger.

Rang. Hark !——Was not the Noise this Way—No—There is no Game stirring. This same Goddess, *Diana*, shines so bright with her Chastity, that egad ! I believe the Wenches are asham'd to look her in the Face. Now I am in an admirable Mood for a Frolick ! have Wine in my Head, and Money in my Pocket, and so am furnish'd out for the cannonading any Countess in Christendom ! Ha ! What have we hear ! a Ladder ! This cannot be placed here for nothing—and a Window open—Is it Love, or Mischief now that is going on within ?——I care not which—

I am in a right Cue for either ——— Up I go
 ——— Stay ——— Do I not run a greater Chance of
 spoiling Sport than I do of making any? That I hate as
 much as I love the other — There can be no harm in
 seeing how the Land lies — I'll up. (*Goes up softly*) —
 All is hush — Ha, a Light, and a Woman, by all
 that's lucky, neither old, nor crooked — I'll in — Ha!
 she is gone again! I will after her, (*Gets in at the*
Window.) And for fear of the Squawls of Virtue, and
 the Pursuit of the Family, I will make sure of the
 Ladder. Now, Fortune, be my Guide.

(*Exit with the Ladder.*)

S C E N E II.

Mrs. Strickland's Dressing-Room.

Enter Mrs. Strickland followed by Lucetta.

Mrs. Strick. Well! I am in great Hopes she will es-
 cape.

Lucet. Never fear Madam. The Lovers have the
 start if him and I warrant they keep it.

Mrs. Strick. Were Mr. Strickland ever to suspect my
 being privy to her Flight, I know not what might be
 the Consequence.

Lucet. Then you had better be underfing — He may
 return immediately.

(*As she is sitting down to the Toilet, Ranger enters behind.*)

Rang. Young and beautiful ——— (*Aside.*)

Lucet. I have watch'd him pretty narrowly of late,
 and never once suspected till this Morning ———

Mrs. Strick. And who gave you Authority to watch
 his Action, or pry into his Secrets?

Lucet. I hope, Madam, you are not angry. I
 thought it might have been of Service to you to know
 my Master was jealous.

Rang. And her Husband jealous! If she does but send
 away the Maid, I am happy.

Mrs. Strick. [*Angrily.*] Leave me

Lucet. This it is to meddle with other People's Affairs
 [*Exit in Anger.*]

Rang. What a lucky Dog I am! I never made a
 Gentleman a Cuckold before. Now, Impudence.

Mrs.

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Mrs. *Strict* (*Rising.*) Provoking! I am sure I never have deserv'd it of him.

Rang. Oh! Cuckold him by all means, Madam, I am your Man! (*She shrieks.*) Oh, fy Madam! If you squawl so cursedly, you will be discover'd.

Mrs. *Strict*. Discover'd! What mean you, Sir? Do you come to abuse me?

Rang. I'll do my Endeavour, Madam: You can have no more.

Mrs. *Strict*. Whence came you? How got you here?

Rang. Dear Madam, so long as I am here, what signifies how I got here, or whence I came? But that I may satisfy your Curiosity. First, as to your Whence came you? I answer, out of the Street: And to your How got you here? I say, in at the Window. It stood so invitingly open, it was irresistible. But, Madam—You was going to undress. I beg I may not incommode you.

Mrs. *Strict*. This is the most consummate Piece of Impudence! —————

Rang. For Heaven's sake, have one Drop of Pity for a poor young Fellow, who long has lov'd you.

Mrs. *Strict*. What would the Fellow have?

Rang. Your Husband's Usage will excuse you to the World.

Mrs. *Strict*. I cannot bear this Insolence! Help! help!

Rang. On! hold that clamorous Tongue! Madam. speak one Word more, and I am gone, positively gone.

Mrs. *Strict*. Gone! So I would have you.

Rang, Lord! Madam. you are so hasty,

Mrs. *Strict*. Shall I not speak, when a Thief, a Robber, breaks into my House at Midnight? Help! help!

Rang. Ha! no one hears. Now *Cupid*, assist me! Look ye Madam, I never could make fine Speeches, and cringe, and bow, and fawn, and flatter, and lye. I have said more to you already, than I ever said to a Woman in such Circumstances in all my Life. But since I find you will yield to no Persuasion to your Good—I will gently force you to be grateful. [*Throws down his Hat, and seizes her.*] Come, come! unbend the Brow, and look more kindly on me!

Mrs. *Strict*. For Shame, Sir—Thus on my knees let me beg for Mercy. [*Kneeling.*]

Rang.

Rang. And thus, on mine, let me beg the same.

(He kneels, catches, and kisses her.)

Mrs. Strict. *(Within)* Take away her Sword ! She'll hurt herself !

Mrs. Strict. Oh ! Heavens ! that is my Husband's Voice !

Rang. *(Rising.)* The Devil it is !

Mrs. Strict. *(Within)* Take away her Sword, I say ; and then I can close with her.

Mrs. Strict. He is upon Stairs, now coming up. I am undone if he sees you.

Rang. Pox on him I must decamp then. Which Way ?

Mrs. Strict. Thro' this Passage into the next Chamber.

Rang. And so into the Street. With all my Heart. You may be perfectly easy Madam. Mum's the Word I never blab.—*(Aside)* I shall not leave off so, but wait till the last Moment. *[Exit Ranger.]*

Mrs. Strict. So, he is gone ? What could I have said, if he had been discover'd !

Enter Mr. Strictland, driving in Jacintha, Lucetta following.

Mr. Strict. Once more, my pretty masculine Madam, you are welcome home. And I hope to keep you somewhat closer than I have done : for to-morrow Morning eight o'Clock, is the latest Hour you shall stay in this lewd Town.

Jacin. Oh, Sir ! when once a Girl is equipp'd with a hearty Resolution, it is not your Worship's Sagacity, nor the great Chain at your Gate can hinder her from doing what she has a Mind.

Mr. Strict. Oh' Lord ! Lord ! How this Love improves a young Lady's Modesty !

Jacin. Am I to blame to seek for Happiness any where, when you are resolv'd to make me miserable here !

Mr. Strict. I have this Night prevented your making yourself so ; and will endeavour to do it for the future. I have you safe now, and the Devil shall not get you out of my Clutches again. I have lock'd the Doors and barr'd them, I warrant you. So here—*(Giving her a Candle)* Troop

Troop to your Chamber, and to Red, whilst you are well. Go—[*He treads on Ranger's Hat*] What's here? a Hat! A Man's Hat in my Wife's Dressing-Room!

(*Looking at the Hat.*)

Mrs. Strict. [*Aside*] What shall I do?

Mr. Strict. [*Taking up the Hat and looking at Mrs. Strictland*] Ha, by Hell! I see 'tis true.

Mrs. Strict. My Fears confound me. I dare not tell the Truth, and know not how to frame a Lye!

Mr. Strict. *Mrs. Strictland!* *Mrs. Strictland!* How came this Hat into your Chamber!

[*Lucet. Aside*] Are you that Way dispos'd, my fine Lady, and will not trust me?

Mrs. Strict. Speak, Wretch, speak.——

Jacin. I could not have suspected this. [*Aside*]

Mrs. Strict. Why dost thou not speak?

Mrs. Strict. Sir——

Mr. Strict. Guilt—'tis Guilt that ties your Tongue!

Lucet. I must bring her off, however.----No Chamber-maid can help it—— [*Aside*]

Mr. Strict. My Fears are just, and I am miserable——Thou worst of Women!

Mrs. Strict. I know my Innocence, and can bare this no longer.

Mr. Strict. I know you are false,--and 'tis I who will bear my Injuries no longer. [*Both walk about in a Passion.*]

Lucet. [*To Jacintha aside*] Is not the Hat yours? Own it, Madam. [*Takes away Jacintha's Hat, and Exit.*]

Mrs. Strict. What Ground? what Cause have you for Jealousy, when you yourself can witness, your leaving me was accidental! your Return uncertain; and expected even sooner than it happen'd! The Abuse is gross and palpable.

Mr. Strict. Why, this is true!

Mrs. Strict. Indeed, *Jacintha*, I am innocent.

Mrs. Strict. And yet this Hat must belong to somebody.

Jacin. Dear *Mrs. Strictland*, be not concern'd——When he has diverted himself a little longer with it——

Mrs. Strict. Ha!——

Jacin. I suppose he will give me my Hat again?

Mr. Strict. Your Hat?

Jacin. Yes, my Hat, You brush'd it from my Side yourself, and then trod upon it; whether on purpose to abuse this Lady, or no, you best know yourself.

Mr. Strict. It cannot be——It's all a Lye.

Jacin. Believe so still—with all my Heart—But the Hat is mine. *(Snatches it, puts it on.)*

Mr. Strict. Why did she look so?

Jacin. Your Violence of Temper is too much for her. You use her ill, and then suspect her for that Confusion which you yourself occasion.

Mr. Strict. Why did not you set me right at first?

Jacin. Your hard Usage of me, Sir, is a sufficient Reason why I should not be much concern'd to undeceive you at all. 'Tis for your Lady's sake, I do it now; who deserves much better of you than to be thus expos'd for every slight Suspicion. See where she sits—Go to her.

Mrs. Strict. *(raising)* Indeed, Mr. *Strickland*, I have a Soul as much above——

Mr. Strict. Whew! now you have both found your Tongues, and I must bear their eternal Rattle!

Jacin. For Shame, Sir, Go to her, and——

Mr. Strict. Well, well, what shall I say? I forgive——all is over. I, I, I forgive!

Mrs. Strict. Forgive? What do you mean?

Jacin. Forgive her? is that all? Consider, Sir——

Mr. Strict. Hold—hold your confounded Tongues, and I'll do any thing. I'll ask Pardon—or forgive—or any thing. Good now, be quiet—I ask your Pardon—there—*(kisses her.)* For you, Madam—I am infinitely oblig'd to you, and I cou'd find in my Heart to make you a Return in kind, by marrying you to a Beggar,—but I have more Conscience. Come, come; to your Chamber.—Here, take this Candle——

Enter Lucetta pertly.

Lucet. Sir, if you please, I will light my young Lady to Bed.

Mr. Strict. No, no! no such thing, good Madam. She shall have nothing but her Pillow to consult this Night, I assure you—So, in, in. *(The Ladies take leave.)*
(Exit Jacintha.) Good Night, kind Madam.

Lucet.

Lucet. Pox of the jealous Fool! We might both have escap'd out of the Window purely. (*Aside.*

Mr. Strict. Go, get you down; and, do you hear? order the Coach to be ready in the Morning at Eight exactly. (*Exit Lucetta.*) So, she is safe till To-morrow, and then for the Country; and when she is there, I can manage as I think fit.

Mrs. Strict. Dear Mr. *Strictland*—

Mr. Strict. I am not in a Humour, Mrs. *Strictland*, fit to talk with you—Go to Bed,—I will endeavour to get the better of my Temper, if I can—I'll follow you. (*Exit Mrs. Strictland.*) How despicable have I made myself! (*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

Another CHAMBER.

Enter Ranger.

Rang. All seems hush'd again, and I may venture out. I may as well sneak off whilst I am in a whole Skin. And shall so much Love and Claret as I am in possession of, only lull me to Sleep, when it might so much better keep me waking? Forbid it, Fortune; and forbid it, Love. This is a Chamber, perhaps of some bewitching Female, and I may yet be happy. Ha! a Light! The Door opens. A Boy! Pox on him. [*He retires.*]

Enter Jacintha, with a Candle.

Jacin. I have been listening at the Door; and from their Silence, I conclude they are peaceably gone to Bed together.

Rang. [*Aside.*] A pretty Boy, Faith! He seems uneasy.

Jacin. [*Sitting down.*] What an unlucky Night has this proved to me! Every Circumstance has fallen out unhappily.

Rang. He talks aloud. I'll listen, (*Aside.*

Jacin. But what most amazes me is, that *Clarinda* should betray me!

Rang. *Clarinda*? she must be a Woman! well, what of her? [*Aside.*

Jacin

Jacin. My Guardian else would never have suspected my Disguise.

Rang. [*Aside*] Disguise ! Ha, it must be so. What Eyes she has ? What a dull Rogue was I not to suspect this sooner ?

Jacin. Ha, I had forgot — the Ladder is at the Window still, and I will boldly venture myself. [*rising briskly, sees Ranger*] Ha, a Man, and well drest ! Ha, Mrs *Strickland*, are you then at last dishonest !

Rang. [*Aside*] By all my Wishes she is a charming Woman ! lucky Rascal !

Jacin. But I will, if possible, conceal her Shame, and stand the Brunt of his Impertinence.

Rang. What shall I say to her ? No matter ! any thing soft will do the Business. [*Aside*]

Jacin. Who are you ?

Rang. A Man, young Gentleman.

Jacin. And what would you have ?

Rang. A Woman.

Jacin. You are very free, Sir. Here are none for you.

Rang. Ay, but there is one, and a fair one too ; the most charming Creature Nature ever set her Hand to ; and you are the dear little Pilot that must direct me to her Heart.

Jacin. What mean you, Sir ? It is an Office I am not accustomed to.

Rang. You won't have far to go, however. I never make my Errands tedious. It is to your own Heart, dear Madam, I would have you whisper in my Behalf. Nay, never start. Think you such Beauty could ever be conceal'd from Eyes so well acquainted with its Charms ?

Jacin. What will become of me ! If I cry out Mrs *Strickland* is undone. This is my last Resort, [*Aside*]

Rang. Pardon, dear Lady, the Boldness of this Visit, which your Guardian's Care has forc'd me to — But I long have lov'd you, long doted on that beautiful Face, and followed you from Place to Place, tho', perhaps, unknown and unregarded.

Jacin. Here's a special Fellow. [*Aside*]

Rang. Turn then an Eye of Pity on my Sufferings ; and

and by Heaven—one tender Look from those piercing Eyes—one Touch of this soft Hand——

(Going to take her Hand)

Jacin. Hold, Sir——no nearer.

Rang. Would more than repay whole Years of Pain.

Jacin. Hear me. But keep your Distance, or I raise the Family——

Rang. Blessings on her Tongue, only for prattling to me. *[Aside]*

Jacin. Oh, for a Moment's Courage, and I shall shame him from his Purpose. *[Aside]* If I were certain so much Gallantry had been shown on my Account only——

Rang. You wrong your Beauty to think that any other could have Power to draw me hither. By all the little Loves that play about your Lips, I swear——

Jacin. You came to me, and me alone!

Rang. By all the thousand Graces that inhabit there, you, and only you, have drawn me hither.

Jacin. Well said.

Rang. By Heaven she comes! ah, honest *Ranger*, I never knew thee fail!——

Jacin. Pray, Sir, where did you leave this Hat?

Rang. That Hat! — That Hat— It's my Hat—I dropt it in the next Chamber as I was looking for yours.

Jacin. How mean and despicable do you look now?

Rang. So, so! I am in a pretty Pickle!

Jacin. You know by this, that I am acquainted with every thing that has passed within: and how ill it agrees with what you have professed to me——Let me advise you, Sir, to be gone immediately. Thro' that Window you may easily get into the Street — One Scream of mine; the least Noise at that Door will wake the House.

Rang. Say you so? *[Aside]*

Jacin. Believe me, Sir, an injur'd Husband is not so easily appeas'd, and a suspected Wife that is jealous of her Honour——

Rang. Is the Devil, and so let's have no more of her. Look ye, Madam, *(Getting between the Door and her)* I have but one Argument left, and that is a strong one: look on me well, I am as handsome, a strong, well-made

Fellow, as any about Town, and since we are alone, as I take it, we can have no occasion to be more private.

[Going to lay hold of her.]

Jacin. I have a Reputation, Sir, and will maintain it

Rang. You have a bewitching Pair of Eyes.

Jacin. Consider my Virtue. (Struggling.)

Rang. Consider your Beauty and my Desires.

Jacin. If I were a Man, you dar'd not use me thus.

Rang. I should not have the same Temptation.

Jacin. Hear me, Sir, I will be heard. [breaks from him]
There is a Man who will make you repent this Usage of me, — Oh! Bellamy, where art thou now?

Rang. Bellamy?

Jacin. Were he here, you durst not thus affront me.

[Bursting out a Crying.]

Rang. His Mistress, on my Soul! [Aside.] You can love, Madam; you can love, I find. Her Tears affect me strangely. [Aside.]

Jacin. I am not ashamed to own my Passion for a Man of Virtue and Honour. — I love and glory in it.

Rang. Oh, brave! and you can write Letters, you can. I will not trust myself Home with you this Evening, because I know it is inconvenient.

Jacin. Ha!

Rang. Therefore I beg you would procure me a Lodging; It's no matter how far off my Guardian's. Yours, Jacintha.

Jacin. The very Words of my Letter; I am amaz'd. Do you know Mr. Bellamy?

Rang. There is not a Man on Earth I have so great a Value for: and he must have some Value for me too, or he would never have shewn me your pretty Epistle. Think of that, fair Lady. The Ladder is at the Window. And so, Madam, I hope delivering you safe into his Arms will, in some Measure, expiate the Crime I have been guilty of to you.

Jacin. Good Heaven, how fortunate is this!

Rang. I believe I make myself appear more wicked than I really am. For, damn me, if I do not feel more Satisfaction in the Thoughts of restoring you to my Friend, than I could have Pleasure in any Favour your Bounty could have bestow'd.

Jacin.

Jacin: Your Generosity transports me.

Rang. Let us lose no time then, the Ladder's ready
—— Where was you to lodge?

Jacin. At Mr. Meggot's.

Rang. At my Friend *Jacky's*? better and better still.

Jacin. Are you acquainted with him too?

Rang. Ay, ay! Why, did I not tell you at first that I was one of your old Acquaintance? I know all about you, you see; tho' the Devil fetch me if ever I saw you before. Now, Madam ——

Jacin. And now, Sir. —— Have with you.

Rang. Then thou art a Girl of Spirit. And tho' I long to hug you for trusting yourself with me, I will not beg a single Kiss, till *Bellamy* himself shall give me leave. He must fight well that takes you from me.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T IV. S C E N E L

The P I A Z Z A,

Enter Bellamy and Frankly.

Bella. **P** S H A! What impertinent Devil put it in to your Head to meddle with my Affairs?

Frank. You know I went thither in Pursuit of another.

Bella. I know nothing you had to do there at all.

Frank. I thought, Mr. *Bellamy*, you were a Lover.

Bella. I am so; and therefore should be forgiven this sudden Wamth.

Frank. And therefore should forgive the fond Impertinence of a Lover.

Bella. Jealousy, you know, is as natural an Incident to Love ——

Frank. As Curiosity. By one Piece of silly Curiosity I have gone nigh to ruin both myself and you. Let not then your Jealousy compleat our Misfortunes. I fear I have lost a Mistress as well as you. Then let us not quarrel. All may come right again. *Bella.*

Bella. It is impossible. She is gone, remov'd for ever from my sight. She is in the Country by this time.

Frank. How did you lose her after we parted?

Bella. By too great Confidence. When I got her to my Chair, the Chairmen were not to be found—And safe as I thought in our Disguise, I actually put her into the Chair, when Mr. *Strickland* and his Servants were in sight; which I had no sooner done, than they surrounded us, overpower'd me, and carry'd her away.

Frank. Unfortunate indeed! Could you not make a second Attempt!

Bella. I had design'd it. But when I came to the Door, I found the Ladder remov'd: and hearing no Noise, seeing no Lights, nor being able to make any Body answer, I concluded all Attempts as impracticable as now I find them. Ha! I see *Lucetta* coming. Then they may be still in Town.

Enter Lucetta.

Lucetta. Welcome! What News of *Jacintha*?

Lucet. News, Sir! You fright me out of my Senses! Why, is she not with you?

Bella. What do you mean? With me? I have not seen her since I lost her last Night.

Lucet. Good Heav'n? then she is undone for ever.

Frank. Why, what's the Matter?

Bella. Speak out—I'm all Amazement.

Lucet. She is escap'd without any of us knowing how. No body mist her till Morning. We all thought she went away with you. But Heaven knows now what may have happen'd.

Bella. Somebody must have accompanied her in her Flight.

Lucet. We know of No-body. We are all in Confusion at home. My Master swears Revenge on you. My Mistress says a Stranger has her.

Lucet. A Stranger!

Lucet. But Mrs. *Clarinda*—

Bella. *Clarinda*! Who is she?

Lucet. [To Frankly] The Lady, Sir, you saw at our House last Night.

Frank.

Frank. Ha ! what of her ?

Lucet. She says, she is sure one *Frankly* is the Man. She saw them together, and knows it to be true.

Frank. Damn'd Fortune ! [*Aside.*

Lucet. Sure this is not Mr. *Frankly*.

Frank. Nothing will convince him now. [*Aside.*

Bella. [*Looking at Frankly.*] Ha ! 'tis Truth—I see it is true. [*Aside.* *Lucetta*, run up to *Buckle*, and take him with you to search wherever you can. [*Puts her out.*] Now, Mr. *Frankly*, I have found you.—You have used me so ill, that you force me to forget you are my Friend.

Frank. What do you mean ?

Bella. Draw.

Frank. Are you mad ? By Heavens, I am innocent.

Bella. I have heard you, and will no longer be impos'd on—Defend yourself.

Frank. Nay, if you are so hot, I draw to defend myself, as I would against a Madman.

Enter Ranger.

Rang. What the Devil, Swords at Noonday ! Have among you, faith ! [*Parts them.*] What's here, *Bella-my* ?—Yes, gad, you are *Bellamy*, and you are *Frankly*. Put up, put up both of you—or else—I am a devillish Fellow when once my Sword is out.

Bella. We shall have a time——

Rang. (*Pushing Bellamy one way.*) A time for what ?

Frank. I shall be always as ready to defend my Innocence as now.

Rang. (*Pushing Frankly t'other way.*) Innocence ! ay, to be sure—at your Age —— A mighty innocent Fellow, no doubt. But what in the Name of Common-sense is it that ails you both ? Are you mad ? The last time I saw you, you were hugging and kissing ; and now you are cutting one another's Throats——I never knew any good come of one Fellow's beslaving another—But I shall put you into better Humour, I warrant you——*Bellamy*, *Frankly*, listen both of you —— Such Fortune—— Such a Scheme——

Bella. Pr'ythee, leave fooling. What, art' drunk ?

Frank. He is always so, I think.

Rang. And who gave you the Privilege of thinking ?

Drunk? no! I am not drunk—Tipfy, perhaps, with my good Fortune——merry and in Spirits——tho' I have not Fire enough to run my Friend thro' the Body. Not drunk, though *Jack Meggot* and I have box'd it about——*Champaign* was the Word for two whole Hours by *Sbrewsbury* Clock.

Bella. *Jack Meggot*?——Why, I left him at One going to Bed.

Rang. That may be, but I made a shift to rouse him and his Family, by Four this Morning. Ounds! I pick'd up a Wench and carried her to his House.

Bella. Ha!

Rang. Such a Variety of Adventures——Nay, you shall hear——But before I begin, *Bellamy*, you shall promise me half a dozen Kisses before hand: for the Devil fetch me if that little Jade *Jacinta*, would give me one, tho' I pressed hard.

Bella. Who, *Jacinta*? Pres to kifs *Jacinta*?

Rang. Kifs her! ay! why not? Is she not a Woman, and made to be kifs'd?

Bella. Kifs her——I shall run distracted!

Rang. How could I help it, when I had her alone, you Rogue, in her Bed-chamber at Midnight! If I had been to be sacrificed, I should have done it.

Bella. Bed-chamber, at Midnight! I can hold no longer——Draw.

Frank. Be easy, *Bellamy*. [Interposing]

Bella. He has been at some of his damn'd Tricks with her.

Frank. Hear him out.

Rang. 'Sdeath, how could I know she was his Mistress? But I tell this Story but miserably. I should have told you first, I was in another Lady's Chamber. By the Lord, I got in at the Window by a Ladder of Ropes.

Frank. Ha! another Lady?

Rang. Another: And stole in upon her, whilst she was undressing; beautiful as an Angel blooming and young——

Frank. What, in the same House?

Bella. What is this to *Jacinta*? Ease me of my Pain.

Rang. Ay, ay, in the same House, on the same Floor. The sweetest, little Angel—But I design to have another Touch with her.

Frank.

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Frank. 'Sdeath ! but you shall have a Touch with me first.

Bella. Stay, *Frankly*. [Interposing.]

Rang. Why, what strange Madness has possess'd you both, that no body must kiss a pretty Wench but yourselves ?

Bella. What became of *Jacinta* ?

Rang. Oonds ! what have you done that you must monopolize kissing ?

Frank. Prithee, honest *Ranger*, ease me of the Pain I am in. Was her Name *Clarinda* ?

Bella. Speak in plain Words, where *Jacinta* is, where to be found——Dear Boy, tell me.

Rang. Ay, now it is, honest *Ranger* : and dear Boy, tell me—and a Minute ago, my Throat was to be cut—I could find in my Heart not to open my Lips. But here comes *Jack Meggot*, who will let you into all the Secret, tho' he design'd to keep it from you, in half the time that I can, tho' I had ever so great a mind to tell it you.

Enter Jack Meggot.

Jack Meg. So, save ye ! save ye, Lads ! We have been frightened out of our Wits for you : Not hearing of Mr. *Bellamy*, poor *Jacinta* is ready to sink for fear of any Accident.

Bella. Is she at your House ?

Jack Meg. Why, did not you know that ? We dispatch'd Master *Ranger* to you three Hours ago.

Rang. Ay, plague ! but I had Business of my own, so I could not come——Hark ye, *Frankly*, is your Girl Maid, Wife, or Widow ?

Frank. A Maid, I hope.

Rang. The odds are against you, *Charles*——But mine is married, you Rogue, and her Husband jealous——The Devil is in it, if I do not reap some Reward for my last Night's Service.

Bella. He has certainly been at Mrs. *Strietland* herself. But *Frankly*, I dare not look on you.

Frank. This one Embrace cancels all thoughts of Enmity.

Bella. Thou generous Man ! — But I must haste to ease *Jacinta* of her Fears.

[Exit
Frank.

Frank. And I to make up Matters with *Clarinda*. [*Ex.*

Rang. And I to some kind Wench or other, *Jack*.
But where I shall find her, Heaven knows. And so,
my Service to your Monkey.

Jac. Mag. Adieu, Rattlepate. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

The Hall of Mr. Strictland's House.

Enter Mrs. Strictland and Clarinda.

Mrs. Strict. But, why in such a Hurry, my Dear?
Stay till your Servants can go along with you.

Clar. Oh, no Matter! They'll follow with my
Things. It is but a little way off, and my Chair will
guard me. After my staying out so late last Night, I
am sure *Mr. Strictland* will think every Minute an Age
whilst I am in his House.

Mrs. Strict. I am as much amaz'd at his suspecting
your Innocence as my own: And every time I think of
it, I blush at my present Behaviour to you.

Clar. No Ceremony, dear Child.

Mrs. Strict. No, *Clarinda*, I am too well acquainted
with your good Humour. But I fear in the Eye of a
malicious World, it may look like a Confirmation of
his Suspicion.

Clar. My Dear, if the World will speak ill of me, for
the little innocent Gaiety, which I think the peculiar
Happiness of my Temper, I know no way to prevent it;
and am only sorry the World is so ill-natur'd: But I shall
not part with my Mirth, I assure them, so long as I know
it innocent. I wish, my Dear, this may be the greatest
Uneasiness your Husband's Jealousy ever gives you.

Mrs. Strict. I hope he never again may have such
Occasion, as he had last Night.

Clar. You are so unfashionable a Wife;——Why,
last Night's Accident would have made half the Wives
in *London* easy for Life. Has not his Jealousy disco-
ver'd itself openly? And are not you innocent? There
is nothing but your foolish Temper that prevents his
being absolutely in your Power.

Mrs

Mrs. *Strict*. *Clarinda*, this is too serious an Affair to laugh at. Let me advise you, take Care of Mr. *Frankly*, observe his Temper well; and if he has the least Taint of Jealousy, cast him off, and never trust to keeping him in your Power.

Clar. You will hear little more of *Frankly*, I believe. Here is Mr. *Strickland*.

Enter Mr. Strickland and Lucetta.

Mr. *Strict*. *Lucetta* says you want me, Madam.

Clar. I trouble you, Sir, only that I might return you Thanks for the Civilities I have receiv'd in your Family, before I took my leave.

Mr. *Strict*. Keep them to yourself, dear Madam. As it is at my Request that you leave my House, your Thanks upon that Occasion are not very desir'd.

Clar. Oh, Sir, you need not fear. My thanks were only for your Civilities. They will not overburden you. But I'll conform to your Humour, Sir, and part with as little Ceremony. —

Mr. *Strict*. As we met.

Clar. The Brute! [*Aside.*] My Dear, Good b'ye, we may meet again. [*To Mrs. Strickland.*]

Mr. *Strict*. If you dare trust me with your Hand.

Clar. *Lucetta*, remember my Instructions. Now, Sir, have with you. [*Mr. Strickland leads Clarinda out.*]

Mrs. *Strict*. Are her Instructions cruel or kind, *Lucetta*? For I suppose they relate to Mr. *Frankly*.

Lucet. You have a mind to try, if I can keep a Secret as well as yourself, Madam. But I will shew you I am fit to be trusted by keeping this, tho' it signifies nothing.

Mrs. *Strict*. This answer is not so civil, I think.

Lucet. I beg Pardon, Madam. I meant it not to offend.

Mrs. *Strict*. Pray let us have no more such. I neither desire, nor want your Assistance.

Re-enter Mr. Strickland.

Mr. *Strict*. She is gone, I feel myself somewhat easier already. Since I have begun the Day with Gallantry, Madam, shall I conduct you up?

Mrs. *Strict*. There is something, Sir, which gives you secret Uneasiness. I wish. —

Mr.

Mr. Strict. Perhaps so, Madam, and perhaps it may soon be no Secret at all. *(Leads her out)*

Lucet. Would I were once well settled with my young Lady; for at present, this is but an odd sort of a queer Family. Last Night's Affair puzzles me. A Hat there was that belong'd to none of us, that's certain. Madam was in a Fright, that is as certain; and I brought all off. *Jacintha* escap'd, no one of us knows how. The good Man's Jealousy was Yesterday groundless? yet to day, in my Mind, he is very much in the right. Mighty odd, all this! Somebody knocks. If this should be *Clarinda's* Spark, I have an odd Message for him too.

(She opens the Door.)

Enter Frankly.

Frank. So, my pretty Handmaid. Meeting with you gives me some Hopes. May I speak with *Clarinda*?

Lucet. Whom do you want, Sir?

Frank. *Clarinda*, Child. The young Lady I was admitted to Yesterday.

Lucet. *Clarinda*? — No such Person lives here, I assure you.

Frank. Where then?

Lucet. I don't know indeed, Sir.

Frank. Will you enquire within?

Lucet. Nobody knows in this House Sir, you will find.

Frank. What do you mean? She is a Friend of *Jacintha's*, your Lady. I will take my Oath she was here last Night; and you yourself spoke of her being here this Morning — Not know!

Lucet. No. None of us know. She went away of a sudden—no one of us can imagine whither.

Frank. Why Faith, Child, thou hast a tolerable Face, and hast deliver'd this Denial very handsomly. But let me tell you, your Impertinence this Morning had lik'd to have cost me my Life. Now, therefore, make me amends. I come from your young Mistress. I come from *Mr. Bellamy*. I come with my Purse full of Gold (that persuasive Rhetorick) to win you to let me see, and speak to this *Clarinda* once again.

Lucet. She is not here Sir.

D

Frank.

Frank. Direct me to her.

Lucet. No. I can't do that neither.

Enter Mr. Strictland behind.

Mr. Strict. I heard a Knocking at the Door, and a Man's Voice—Ha!——— *(Aside)*

Frank. Deliver this Letter to her.

Mr. Strict. By all my Fears, a Letter! *(Aside)*

Lucet. I don't know but I may be tempted to do that.

Frank. Take it then —— and with it this.

(Kisses her, and gives her Money.)

Mr. Strict. Um! there are two Bribes in a Breath! What a Jade she is? *(Aside)*

Lucet. Ay—this Gentleman understands Reason.

Frank. And be assured you oblige your Mistrefs, while you are serving me.

Mr. Strict. Her Mistrefs? —— Damn'd Sex! and dam'd Wife, thou art an Epitome of that Sex! *(Aside)*

Frank. And if you can procure me an Answer, your Fee shall be enlarg'd. *(Exit Frank.)*

Lucet. The next Step is to get her to read this Letter.

Mr. Strict. *(Snatches the Letter)* No Noise———but stand silent there, whilst I read this.

(breaks it open, and drops the Case.)

Madam, The Gaiety of a Heart happy as mine was Yesterday, may, I hope, easily excuse the unseasonable Visit I made your House last Night.—Death and the Devil, Confusion! I shall run distracted. It is too much! There was a Man then to whom the Hat belong'd: and I was gull'd, abus'd, cheated, impos'd on by a Chit, a Girl—Oh, Woman! Woman—But I will be calm, search it coolly to the Bottom, and have a full Revenge——

Lucet. *(Aside)* So here's fine Work! He'll make himself very ridiculous tho'.

Mr. Strict. *(Reads on.)* I know my Innocence will appear so manifestly that I need only appeal to the Lady who accompanied you at Bath. Your very humble Servant, good, innocent, fine Madam Clarinda.---And I do not doubt but her Good nature. *(Bawd, Bawd!)* will not let you persist in injuring your obedient humble Servant,

Charles Frankly.

Now,

Now, who can say my Jealousy lack'd Foundation, or my Suspicion of fine Madam's innocent Gaiety was unjust?—Gaiety! why ay! 'twas Gaiety brought him hither. Gaiety makes her a Bawd—My Wife may be a Whore in Gaiety, What a Number of Sins become fashionable under the Notion of Gaiety!—What? You receiv'd this Epistle in Gaiety too! and were to deliver it to my Wife, I suppose, when the gay Fit came next upon her.—Why! you impudent young Strumpet, do you laugh at me?

Lucet. I wou'd, if I dar'd, and heartily.—Be pleas'd, Sir, only to look at that Piece of Paper that lies there.

Mr. Strict. Ha!

Lucet. I have not touched it, Sir. It is the Case that Letter came in, and the Directions will inform you whom I was to deliver it to.

Mr. Strict. This is directed to *Clarinda*!

Lucet. Oh! is it so? Now read it over again, and all your foolish Doubts will vanish.

Mr. Strict. I have no Doubts at all. I am satisfied that, you, *Jacinta*, *Clarinda*, my Wife, all are——

Lucet. Lud! Lud! you would make a Body mad.

Mr. Strict. Hold your impertinent Tongue.

Lucet. You'll find the thing to be just as I say, Sir.

Mr. Strict. Be gone. [*Exit Lucetta*] They must be poor at the Work, indeed; if they did not lend one another their Names. 'Tis plain, 'tis evident: And I am miserable. But for my Wife she shall not stay one Night longer in my House. Separation, Shame, Contempt shall be her Portion. I am determin'd in the thing; and when once it is over, I may perhaps be easy. (*Exit*

S C E N E III.

The S T R E E T.

Clarinda brought in a Chair, Ranger following.

Rang. Hark ye, Chairman? Damn your confounded Trot, Go slower.

Clar. Here, stop.

Rang. By Heavens! the Monsters hear Reason, and obey.

Clar. (*Letting down the Window*) What troublesome Fellow was that?

1 *Chairm.* Some Rake, I warrant, that cannot carry himself home, and wants us to do it for him.

Clar. There———And pray do you take care I be not troubled with him. *(Goes in.)*

Rang. That's as much as to say now, Pray follow me. Madam, you are a charming Woman, and I will do it—

1 *Chairm.* Stand off, Sir.

Rang. Prithee, honest Fellow—what—what Writing is that? *[Endeavouring to get in.]*

2 *Chairm.* You come not here!

Rang. Lodgings to be lett! a pretty convenient Inscription, and the Sign of a good modest Family! There may be Lodgings for Gentlemen as well as Ladies. Harkye, Rogues! I'll lay you all the Silver I have in my Pocket, there it is, I get in there in spite of your Teeth, ye Pimps. *[Throws down Money, and goes in.]*

1 *Chairm.* What, have you let the Gentleman in?

2 *Chairm.* I'll tell you what Partner, he certainly flipt by whilst we were picking up the Money. Come, take up. *(Exeunt)*

S C E N E IV.

CLARINDA'S LODGINGS.

A Noise within between Ranger and Landlady.

Clarinda enters laughing, a Maid following.

Clar. My Madcap Cousin *Ranger*, as I live. I am sure he does not know me.—If I cou'd but hide my Face now, what Sport I shou'd have! A Mask, a Mask! run? and see if you can find a Mask.

Maid. I believe there is one above.

Clar. Run, run and fetch it. *(Exit Maid.)*

Here he comes! *(Enter Ranger and Landlady.)*

How unlucky this is! *(Turning from 'em.)*

Landl. What's your Business here, unmannerly Sir?

Rang. Well, let's see these Lodgings that are to be let.—Gad, a very pretty neat Tenement—But harkye, is it real and natural, all that, or only patch'd up and new-painted this Summer-season, against the Town fills?

Landl. What does the saucy Fellow mean with his double Tenders here? Get you down———

Enter

Enter Maid with a Mask.

Maid. Here is a very dirty one. (*Aside to Clarinda.*

Clar. No matter—now we shall see a little what he wou'd be at. (*Aside.*

Landl. This is an honest House—For all your lac'd Waistcoat, I'll have you thrown down Neck and Heels.

Rang. Phoh! not in such a Hurry, good old Lady---- A Mask! --- Nay, with all my Heart. It saves a World of Blushing-- Have you ne'er a one for me?--- I am apt to be asham'd myself on these Occasions.

Landl. Get down, I say—

Rang. Not if I guess right, old Lady. Madam, (*To Clarinda, who makes Signs to the Landlady to retire.*) look ye there now! that a Woman shou'd live to your Age, and know so little of the matter. Be gone. (*Exit Landlady*) By her Forwardness, this should be a Whore of Quality. My Boy *Ranger*, thou art in luck to-day.----She won't speak, I find---then I will. (*Aside.*) Delicate Lodgings truly Madam; and very neatly furnish'd.---A very convenient Room this, I must needs own, to entertain a mix'd Company.---But my dear charming Creature, does not that Door open to a more commodious Apartment for the Happines of a private Friend, or so? The prettiest Brass Lock.---Fast, um; that won't do. 'Sdeath, you are a beautiful Woman; am sure you are. Prithee let me see your Face. It is your Interest, Child. --- The longer you delay, the more I shall expect. Therefore, (*Taking her Hand.*) my dear, soft, kind, new Acquaintance, thus let me take your Hand, and whilst you gently with the other, let Day-light in upon me: Let me softly hold you to me, that with my longing Lips I may receive the warmest, best Impression. (*She unmask.*) *Clarinda.*

Clar. Ha, ha; Your Servant, Cousin *Ranger*, ---Ha, ha, ha!

Rang. Oh, your humble Servant, Madam! you had liked to have been beholden to your Mask, Cousin!

Clar. Ha, ha, ha! you were not so happy in your Disguise, Sir. The pretty Stagger in your Gait, that happy Disposition of your Wig, the genteel Negligence of
D 3 your

your whole Person, and those pretty Flowers of modish Gallantry made it impossible to mistake you, my sweet Cuz. Ha, ha.

Rang. Oh, I knew you too, but I fancied you had taken a particular liking to my Person, and had a mind to sink the Relation under that little Piece of black Velvet ! And, Egad, you never find me behind hand in a Frolick. But since it is otherwise, my merry good-humour'd Cousin, I am as heartily glad to see you in Town, as I should be to meet any of my old Bottle Acquaintance.

Clar. And on my Side I am as happy in meeting your Worship as I should, be in a Rencontre with e'er a Petticoat in *Christendom*.

Rang. And if you have any Occasion for a dangling Gallant to *Vauxhall*, *Ranelagh*, or even the poor neglected Park, you are so unlike the rest of your virtuous Sisters of the Petticoat, that I will venture myself with you.

Clar. Take care what you promise ; for who knows but this Face you were pleas'd to say so many pretty things of, before you saw it, may raise so many Rivals among your kept Mistresses, and Rep's of Quality——

Rang. Hold, hold ! a Truce with you Satire, sweet Cuz ; or if Scandal must be the Topick of every virtuous Woman's Conversation——Call for your Tea-Water--- And let it be in its proper Element. Come, your Tea ; your Tea.

Enter Landlady.

Clar. With all my Heart——Who's there ? Get Tea. Upon Condition that you stay till it comes.

Rang. That is according as you behave, Madam.

Clar. Oh, Sir, I am very sensible of the Favour.

Rang. Nay, you may, I assure you ; for there is but one Woman of Virtue besides yourself, I would stay with ten Minutes, (and I have not known her above these twelve Hours.) The Insipidity, or the Rancour of their Discourse, is insufferable. 'Sdeath ! I had rather take the Air with my Grandmother.

Clar. Ha, ha, ha ! the Ladies are highly oblig'd to you, I vow.

Rang.

Rang. I tell you what. The Lady I speak of was oblig'd to me, and the generous Girl is ready to own it.

Clar. And pray, when was it you did Virtue this considerable Service?

Rang. But this last Night, the Devil fetch me! A romantick Whim of mine convey'd me into her Chamber, where I found her, young and beautiful, alone, at Midnight, dress'd like a soft *Adonis*, her lovely Hair all loose about her Shoulders——

Clar. In Boys Cloaths! (this is worth attending to. (*Aside*

Rang. Gad, I no more suspected her being a Woman, than I did your being my Cater-Cousin.

Clar. How did you discover it at last?

Rang. Why, faith, she very modestly dropt me a Hint of it herself.

Clar. Herself! (if this should be *Jacintha*) (*Aside.*

Rang. Ay, 'foregad, did she! which I imagin'd a good Sign, at Midnight. Ha, Cousin? So I e'en invented a long Story of a Passion I had for her, (tho' I had never seen her before)---you know my old Way;---and said so many such tender Things——

Clar. As you said to me just now.

Rang. Pshah! quite in another Stile, I assure you. It was Midnight, and I was in a right Cue.

Clar. Well! And what did she answer to all these Protestations?

Rang. Why, instead of running into my Arms at once, as I expected——

Clar. To be sure.

Rang. 'Gad, like a freehearted honest Girl, she frankly told me, she lik'd another better than she lik'd me; that I had something in my Face that shew'd I was a Gentleman: and she would e'en trust herself with me, if I would give her my Word, I would convey her to her Spark.

Clar. Oh, brave! And how did you bear this?

Rang. Why, curse me, if I am ever angry with a Woman for not having a Passion for me; I only hate your Sex's vain Pretence of having no Passion at all. 'Gad! I loved the good-natured Girl for it; took her at her Word; stole her out of the Window; and this Morning made a very honest Fellow happy in the Possession of her,

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Clar. And her Name is *Jacinta*.

Rang. Ha !

Clar. Your Amours are no Secrets, Sir. You see you might as well have told me all, the whole of last Night's Adventure ; for you find, I know.

Rang. All ? Why, what do you know.

Clar. Nay, nothing. I only knew that a Gentleman's Hat cannot be dropt in a Lady's Chamber——

Rang. The Devil !

Clar. But a Husband is such an odd, impertinent, awkward Creature, that he will be stumbling over it.

Rang. Here has been fine Work. [*Aside*] But how, in the Name of Wonder, should you know all this ?

Clar. By being in the same House.

Rang. In the same House ?

Clar. Ay, in the same House. A Witness of the Confusion you have made

Rang. Frankly's *Clarinda*, by all that's fortunate. It must be so. [*Aside*]

Clar. And let me tell you, Sir, that even the dull, low-spirited Diversions you ridicule in us tame Creatures, are preferable to the romantic Exploits that only Wine can raise you to.

Rang. Yes, Cousin ! But I'll be even with you. [*Aside*]

Clar. If you reflect, Cousin, you will find a great deal of Wit in shocking a Lady's Modesty, disturbing her Quiet, tainting her Reputation, and ruining the Peace of a whole Family.

Rang. To be sure.

Clar. These are the high-mettled Pleasures of you Men of Spirit, that the Insipidity of the Virtuous can never arrive at. And can you in Reality think your *Burgundy*, and your *Bacchus*, your *Venus*, and your *Loves* an Excuse for all this ? Fy, Cousin, fy.

Rang. No, Cousin.

Clar. What dumb ? I am glad you have Modesty enough left not to go about to excuse yourself.

Rang. It is as you say. When we are sober, and reflect but ever so little on the Follies we commit, we are ashamed and sorry ; and yet the very next Minute, we run again into the very same Absurdities.

Clar.

Clar. What? Moralizing, Cousin! ha, ha, ha!

Rang. What you know is not half, not a hundredth Part of the Mischief of my last Night's Frolick. And yet, the very next Petticoat I saw this Morning, I must follow it, and be damn'd to me. Tho' for ought I know, poor *Frankly*'s Life may depend upon it.

Clar. Whose Life, Sir?

Rang. And here do I stand prating to you now.

Clar. Pray, good Cousin, explain yourself.

Rang. Good Cousin! She has it. [*Aside*] Why, whilst I was making off with the Wench, *Bellamy* and he were quarrelling about her: And tho' *Jacinta* and I made all the haste we could, we did not get to them before—

Clar. Before what? (I'm frighten'd out of my Wits.)

Rang. Not that *Frankly*, car'd three Half-pence for the Girl.

Clar. But there was no Mischief done, I hope.

Rang. Pho! a slight Scratch. Nothing at all, as the Surgeon said: Tho' he was but a queer-looking Son of a Bitch of a Surgeon neither.

Clar. Good God! Why, he should have the best that can be found in *London*.

Rang. Ay, indeed, so he should. That was what I was going for, when I saw you, [*sits down*,] They are all at *Jack Meggot*'s hard by, and you will keep me here.

Clar. I keep you here! For Heaven's sake be gone.

Rang. Your Tea is a damn'd while a coming.

Clar. You shall have no Tea now, I assure you.

Rang. Nay! One Dish.

Clar. No, positively, you shall not stay.

Rang. Your Commands are absolute, Madam. [*Going*,

Clar. Then *Frankly* is true, and I only am to blame.

Rang. [*returns*] But I beg ten thousand Pardons, Cousin, that I should forget to salute you.

Clar. Pshah! How can you trifle at such a Time as this?

Rang. A Trifle! Wrong not your Beauty.

Clar. Lord! How teizing you are? There.

Rang. [*Kisses her*,] Poor thing! how uneasy she is! Nay, no Ceremony. You shall not stir a Step with me.

Clar. I do not intend it. This is downright provoking, [*Exit Ranger*,] Who's there?

*Enter Landlady.**Landl.* Madam, did your Ladyship call?*Clar.* Does one Mr. Meggot live in this Neighbourhood?*Landl.* Yes, Madam, a fine Gentleman, and keeps a noble House, and a World of Company.*Clar.* Very well. I don't want his History. I wonder my Servants are not come yet.*Landl.* Lack a day, Madam, they are all below.*Clar.* Send up one then with a Card to me. I must know the Truth of this Affair immediatly. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

*A Room in Mr. Strictland's House. Mr. and Mrs. Strictland discover'd; she weeping, and he writing at a Table.**Mrs. S T R I C T L A N D.***H**Eigh! Ho!*Mr. Strict.* What can possibly be the Occasion of that Sigh, Madam? You have yourself agreed to a Maintenance, and a Maintenance no Dutchess need be ashamed of.*Mrs. Strict.* But the Extremities of Provocation that drove me to that Agreement——*Mr. Strict.* Were the Effect of your own Follies. Why do you disturb me? [*Writes on.*]*Mrs. Strict.* I would not willingly give you a Moment's Uneasiness. I but desire a fair and equal Hearing: And if I satisfy you not in every Point, then abandon me, discard me to the World, and its malicious Tongues.*Mr. Strict.* What was it you said?—Damn this Pen.*Mrs. Strict.* I say, Mr. Strictland, I would only——*Mr. Strict.* You would only!——You would only repeat what you have been saying this Hour, *I am innocent*; and when I shew'd you the Letter I had taken from your Maid, what was then your poor Evasion, but that it was to Clarinda, and you were innocent?*Mrs.*

Mr. Strict. Heaven knows I am innocent.

Mrs. Strict. But I know your *Clarinda*, your Woman of Honour is your Blind, your Cover, your—But why do I distract myself about a Woman I have no longer any Concerns with ; Here, Madam, is your Fate. A Letter to your Brother in the Country.

Mrs. Strict. Sir——

Mr. Strict. I have told him what a Sister he is to receive, and how bid her welcome.

Mrs. Strict. Then my Ruin is compleat. My Brother !

Mr. Strict. I must vindicate my own Honour. Else what will the World say ?

Mrs. Strict. That Brother was my only Hope, my only Ground of Patience. In his Retirement I hoped my Name might have been safe, and slept, till by some happy Means you might at length have known me innocent, and pitied me.

Mr. Strict. Retirement ! pretty Soul ! No ! No ! That Face was never made for Retirement. It is another Sort of Retiring you are fittest for—Ha ! Hark ! What's that ? (*A Knocking at the Door.*) Two gentle Taps--And why but two ! Was that the Signal, Madam ? Stir not on your Life.

Mrs. Strict. Give me Resolution, Heaven, to bear this Usage, and keep it secret from the World. (*Aside*

Mr. Strict. I will have no Signs, no *Items*. No Hem to tell him I am here. Ha ! another Tap. The Gentleman is in haste, I find. (*Opens the Door, and Enter Tester*) *Tester* ! why did you not come in, Rascal ? (*Beats him.*) All Vexations meet to cross me.

Tester. Lard, Sir ; What do you strike me for ? My Mistress order'd me never to come in where she was, without first knocking at the Door.

Mr. Strict. Oh, cunning Devil ! *Tester* is too honest to be trusted.

Mrs. Strict. Unhappy Man ! Will nothing undeceive him ? (*Aside*

Tester. Sir, here is a Letter.

Mr. Strict. To my Wife ?

Tester. No Sir, to you. The Servant waits below.

Mr. Strict. Art sure it is a Servant ?

Tester. Sir, (*staring*) It is Mr. *Buckle*, Sir.

Mr.

60 *The Suspicious Husband.*

Mr. *Strict*. I am mad : I know not what to say, or do, or think. But let's read. (reads to himself)

Sir, We cannot bear to reflect that Mrs Strictland may possibly be ruin'd in your Esteem, and in the Voice of the World, only by the Confusion which our Affairs has made in your Family, without offering all within our Power to clear the Misunderstanding between you. If you will give yourself the Trouble but to step to Mr Meggot's, where all the Parties will be ; we doubt not but we can entirely satisfy your most flagrant Suspicions, to the Honour of Mrs Strictland, and the Quiet of your Lives. Jacintha, John Bellamy. Hey ; Here is the whole Gang witnessing for one another. They think I am an Ass, and will be led by the Noise to believe every thing. Call me a Chair. [*Exit Tester*] Yes, I will go to this Rendezvous of Enemies--- I will ——— and find out all her Plots, her Artifices and Contrivances : It will clear my Conduct to her Brother, and all her Friends. [*Exit Mr Strictland*]

Mrs. *Strict*. Gone, so abruptly ; What can that Letter be about ? No matter : There is no Way left to make us easy but by my Disgrace, and I must learn to suffer. Time and Innocence will teach me to bear it patiently.

Enter Lucetta.

Lucet. Mrs Bellamy, Madam (for my young Lady is married) begs you would follow Mr *Strictland* to Mr Meggot's, she makes no doubt but she shall be able to make you and my Master easy.

Mrs *Strict*. But how came she to know any thing of the Matter !

Lucet. I have been with them, Madam ; I could not bear to see so good a Lady so ill treated.

Mrs *Strict*. I am indeed, *Lucetta*, ill treated : But I hope this Day will be the last of it.

Lucet. Madam *Clarinda* and Mr *Frankly* will be there ; And the young Gentleman, Madam, who was with you in this Room last Night.

Mrs *Strict*. Ha ; if he is there, there may be Hopes ; and is worth the trying.

Lucet.

Lucet. Dear Lady—Let me call a Chair.

Mrs. Strict. I go with you. I cannot be more wretched than I am. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

A Room in Meggot's House.

Enter Frankly, Ranger, Bellamy, Jacintha, and Meggot.

Frank. Oh, *Ranger*! This is News indeed. Your Cousin, and a Lady of such Fortune!

Rang. I have done the Business for you. I tell you she's your own. She loves you.

Frank. Words are too faint to tell the Joy I feel.

Rang. I have put that Heart of her's into such a Flutter, that I'll lay a hundred Guineas, with the Assistance which this Lady has promis'd me, I fix her yours directly.

Jacin. Ay, ay, Mr. *Frankly*, we have a Design upon her which cannot fail. But you must obey Orders.

Frank. Most willingly. But remember, dear Lady, I have more than Life at Stake.

Jacin. Away then into the next Room; for she is this Instant coming hither.

Frank. Hither? You surprise me more and more.

Jacin. Here is a Message from her by which she desires leave to wait on me this Afternoon.

Rang. Only for the Chance of seeing you here, I assure ye.

Frank. Let me hug thee, tho' I know not how to believe it.

Rang. Psha! Prithee, do not stifle me! It is a busy Day, a very busy Day.

Jack Meg. Thou art the most unaccountable Creature in Life.

Rang. But the most lucky one, *Jack*, if I succeed for *Frankly*, as I have for *Bellamy*, and my Heart whispers me I shall. Come in most noble Mr *Buckle*: And what have you to propose.

Enter Buckle.

Buckle. A Lady Madam, in a Chair says her Name is *Clarinda*.
Jacin.

Jacin. Desire her to walk up.

Bella. How could you let her wait? (*Exit Buckle.* You must excuse him, Madam. *Buckle* is a true Bachelor's Servant, and knows no Manners.

Jacin. Away, away, Mr. *Frankly*, and stay till I call you. A Rap with my Fan shall be the Signal [*Exit Frankly.*] We make very free with your House, Mr. *Meggot*.

Jack. Meg. Oh! You could not oblige me more!

Enter Clarinda.

Clar. Dear Mrs. *Bellamy*, pity my Confusion. I am to wish you Joy, and ask your Pardon all in a Breath. I know not what to say. I am quite ashamed of my last Night's Behaviour.

Jacin. Come, come, *Clarinda*, it is all well. All is over and forgot. Mr. *Bellamy*—— [*salute.*]

Clar. I wish you Joy, Sir, with all my Heart, and should have been very sorry if any Folly of mine had prevented it.

Bella. Madam I am oblig'd to you.

Clar. [*Afide*] I see nothing of Mr. *Frankly*! My Heart misgives me.

Rang. And so, you came hither purely out of Friendship, Good-nature, and Humility.

Clar. Purely.

Rang. To confess your Offences, to beg Pardon, and to make Reparation.

Clar. Purely. Is this any thing so extraordinary?

Jack. Meg. The most so of any thing in Life, I think.

Rang. A very whimsical Business for so fine a Lady, and an Errand you seldom went on before, I fancy, my dear Cousin.

Jacin. Never, I dare swear, if I may judge by the awkward Concern she shews in delivering it.

Clar. Concern? Lard! well! I protest, you are all exceeding pretty Company! Being settled for Life, *Jacintha*, gives an Ease to the Mind, that brightens Conversation strangely.

Jacin. I am sorry, with all my Heart, you are not in the same Condition; for as you are my Dear, you are horridly chagrined.

Rang,

Rang. But with a little of our Help, Madam, the Lady may recover, and be very good Company.

Clar. Hum ! What does he mean, *Mr. Bellamy* ?

Bella. Ask him Madam.

Clar. Indeed I shall not give myself the Trouble.

Jacin. Then you know what he means.

Clar. Something impertinent, I suppose, not worth explaining.

Jacin. It is something you won't let him explain, I find.

Enter a Servant, and whispers Meggot.

Jack. Meg. Very well ! Desire him to walk into the Parlour, Madam, the Gentleman is below.

Jacin. Then every one to your Post. You know your Cues.

Rang. I warrant ye.

(Exeunt Gentleman.

Clar. All gone ! I am glad of it, for I want to speak to you.

Jacin. And I, my dear *Clarinda*, have something which I do not know how to tell you. But it must be known, sooner or later.

Clar. What's the matter ?

Jacin. Poor *Mr. Frankly*——

Clar. You fright me out of my Senses !

Jacin. Has no Wounds, but what you can cure. Ha, ha, ha !

Clar. Pshah ! I am angry.

Jacin. Pshah ! You are pleas'd——And will be more so, when I tell you, this Man, whom Fortune has thrown in your Way, is in Rank and Temper, the Man in the World, who suits you best for a Husband.

Clar. Husband ! I say, Husband, indeed ! Where will this end ?

[Aside.

Jacin. His very Soul is yours, and he only waits an Opportunity of telling you so. He is in the next Room. Shall I call him in ?

Clar. My dear Girl, hold !

Jacin. How foolish is this Coyness now, *Clarinda* ? If the Men were here indeed, something might be said.—And so, *Mr. Frankly* !

Clar. How can you be so teasing ?

Jacin.

Jacin. Nay, I am in downright Earnest : And to shew you how particular I have been in my Enquiries, tho' I know you have a Spirit above regarding the modish, paltry Way of a *Smithfield* Bargain—His Fortune——

Clar. I don't care what his Fortune is.

Jacin. Don't you so ? Then you are farther gone than I thought you were.

Clar. No, Psha ; pr'ythee I don't mean so neither.

Jacin. I don't care what you mean : But you won't like him the worse, I hope, for having a Fortune superior to your own. Now shall I call him in ?

Clar. Pho, dear Girl——Some other Time.

Jacin. [*raps with her Fan*] That's the Signal, and here he is. You shall not stir : I positively will leave you together. (*Exit Jacintha*)

Clar. I tremble all over.

Enter Frankly.

Frank. Pardon this Freedom, Madam——But I hope our having so luckily met with a common Friend in *Mrs Bellamy*——

Clar. Sir !

Frank. Makes any farther Apology for my Behaviour last Night absolutely unnecessary.

Clar. So far, Mr *Frankly*, that I think the Apology should be rather on my Side, for the impertinent Buffle I made about her.

Frank. This Behaviour gives me Hopes, Madam : Pardon the Construction——But from the little Buffle you made about the Lady, may I not hope, you was not quite indifferent about the Gentleman ?

Clar. Have a care of being too sanguine in your Hopes : Might not a Love of Power, or the Satisfaction of shewing that Power, or the dear Pleasure of abusing that Power ; might not these have been Foundation enough for more than what I did ?

Frank. Charming Woman —— With most of your Sex, I grant, they might, but not with you : Whatever Power your Beauty gives, your Good-nature will allow you no other Use of it, than to oblige.

Clar. This is the Height of Compliment, Mr *Frankly*.

Frank.

Frank. Not in my Opinion, I assure you, Madam ; and I am now going to put it to the Trial.

Clar. [*Aside.*] What is he going to say now ?

Frank. [*Aside.*] What is it that ails me, that I cannot speak ? Psha ! he here !

Enter Ranger.

Clar. Interrupted ! impertinent !

Rang. There is no Sight so ridiculous as a Pair of your true Lovers. Here are you two now, bowing and cringing, and keeping a Passion secret from one another, that is no Secret to all the House beside. And if you don't make the matter up immediately, it will be all over the Town within these two Hours.

Clar. What do you mean ?

Frank. *Ranger.*——

Rang. Do you be quiet, can't ye ! [*Aside.*] But it is over, I suppose, Cousin, and you have given him your Consent.

Clar. Sir, the Liberties you are pleas'd to take with me——

Rang. Oh ! in your Airs still, are you ? Why then, Mr. Frankly, there is a certain Letter of yours, Sir, to this Lady.——

Clar. A Letter to me !

Rang. Ay ! to you, Madam.

Frank. Ha ! what of that Letter ?

Rang. It is only fallen into Mr. *Strictland's* Hands, that is all ; and he has read it.

Rang. Ay ! read it to all his Family at home, and to all the Company below : And if some Stop be not put to it, it will be read in all the Coffee houses in Town.

Frank. A Stop ! This Sword shall put a Stop to it, or I will perish in the Attempt.

Rang. But will that Sword put a Stop to the Talk of the Town ?——Only make it talk the faster, take my Word for it.

Clar. This is all a Trick.

Rang. Is it so ? you shall soon see that, my fine Cousin. (*Exit Ranger.*)

Frank. It is but too true, I fear. There is such a Letter which I gave *Lucetta*. Can you forgive me ? Was I

66 *The Suspicious Husband.*

I much to blame, when I could neither see, nor hear of you?

Clar. [*Tenderly.*] You give yourself, Mr. Frankly, a Thousand more Uneasinesses than you need about me.

Frank. If this Uneasiness but convinces you how much I love you——Interrupted again!

Clar. [*Aside*] This is downright Malice.

Enter Ranger. follow'd by Jacintha, Mr. Strictland, Bellamy, and Meggot.

Rang. Enter, Enter, Gentleman and Lady.

Clar. Mr. Strictland here! What is all this?

Rang. Now you shall see whether this is a Trick or no.

Jacin. Do not be uneasy, my Dear; we will explain it to you.

Frank. I cannot bear this trifling, *Ranger*, when my Heart is on the rack.

Rang. Come this way then, and learn.

[*Jacintha, Clarinda, Frankly, and Ranger retire.*

[*Mr. Strictland, Bellamy, and Meggot advance.*

Mr. Strict. Why, I know not well what to say. This has a Face. This Letter may as well agree with *Clarinda* as with my Wife, as you have told the Story; and *Lu-cetta* explain'd it so——But she for a Sixpenny Piece would have constru'd it the other way.

Jack Meg. But, Sir, if we produce this Mr. Frankly to you, and he owns himself the Author of this Letter—

Bella. And if *Clarinda* likewise, be brought before your Face to encourage his Addressee, there can be no farther Room for Doubt.

Mr. Strict. No—Let that appear, and I shall—I think I shall be satisfied——But yet it cannot be—

Bella. Why not? Hear me, Sir. [*They talk.*

[*Jacintha, Clarinda, Frankly, and Ranger advance.*

Jacin. In short, *Clarinda*, unless the Affair is made up directly; a Separation, with all the Obloquy on her Side, must be the Consequence.

Clar. Poor Mrs. *Strictland*, I pity her; but for him, he deserves all he feels were it ten times what it is.

Jacin. It is for her sake only, that we beg of you both to bear his Impertinence.

Clar.

Clar. With all my Heart. You will do what you please with me.

Frank. Generous Creature !

Mr. Strict. Ha ! here she is, and with her the very Man I saw deliver the Letter to *Lucetta*—I do begin to fear I have made myself a Fool—Now for the Proof.—Here is a Letter, Sir, which has given me great Disturbance, and these Gentlemen assure me it was writ by you.

Frank. That Letter, Sir, upon my Honour I left this Morning with *Lucetta*, for this Lady.

Mr. Strict. For that Lady ! and, *Frankly*, the Name at the Bottom, is not feign'd, but your real Name ?

Frank. *Frankly* is my Name.

Mr. Strict. I see, I feel myself ridiculous.

Jacin. Now, *Mr. Strictland*——I hope——

Jack. Meg. Ay ! ay ! a clear Case.

Mr. Strict. I am satisfied, and will go this Instant to *Mrs. Strictland*.

Rang. Why then the Devil fetch me, if this would satisfy me.

Mr. Strict. What's that ?

Rang. Nay, nothing : It is no Affair of mine.

Bella. What do you mean, *Ranger* ?

Mr. Strict. Ay, what do you mean ? I will know before I stir.

Rang. With all my Heart, Sir. Cannot you see that all this may be a concerted Matter between them ?

Frank. *Ranger*, you know I can resent.

Mr. Strict. Go on —— I will defend you, let who will resent it.

Rang. Why then, Sir, I declare myself your Friend : and were I as you —— nothing but their immediate Marriage should convince me.

Mr. Strict. Sir, you're right, and are my Friend indeed : Give me your Hand.

Rang. Nay, were I to hear her say I, *Clarinda*, take thee *Charles*, I would not believe them 'till I saw them a-bed together. Now resent it as you will.

Mr. Strict. Ay, Sir, as you will. But nothing less shall convince me ; and so, my fine Lady, if you are in Earnest——

Clar.

Clar. Sure Mr. *Strickland*——

Mr. Strick. Nay, no flouncing ! You cannot escape.

Rang. Why, *Frankly*, has't no Soul ?

Frank. I pity her Confusion.

Rang. Pity her Confusion ?—the Man's a Fool—Here, take her Hand——

Frank. Thus on my Knees then, let me ravish with your Hand, your Heart.

Clar. Ravish it you cannot ; for it is with all my Heart I give it to you.

Mr. Strick. I am satisfied.

Clar. And so am I, now it once is over.

Rang. And so am I, my dainty Confin—And I wish you Joy of a Man, your whole Sex would go to Cuffs for, if they knew him but half so well as I do—Ha ! She here ? This is more than I bargain'd for. [*Aside*

Jacintha leads in Mrs. Strickland.

Mr. Strick. [*Embracing Mrs. Strickland*] Madam, reproach me not with my Folly, and you shall never hear of it again.

Mrs. Strick. Reproach you ? No ! If ever you hear the least Reflection pass my Lips, forsake me in that Instant. Or, what would yet be worse, suspect again.

Mr. Strick. It is enough. I am ashamed to talk to thee—This Letter which I wrote to your Brother, thus I tear in Pieces, and with it part for ever with my Jealousy.

Mrs. Strick. This is a Joy, indeed ! as great as unexpected. Yet there is one thing wanting to make it lasting.

Rang. What the Devil is coming now ? [*Aside.*

Mrs. Strick. Be assur'd, every other Suspicion of me was as unjust as your last ; tho' perhaps you had more Foundations for your Fears.

Rang. She won't tell, sure, for her own sake. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Strick. All must be clear'd before my Heart will be at Ease.

Rang. It looks plaguy like it, tho' ! [*Aside.*

Mr. Strick. What mean you ? I am all Attention.

Mrs. Strick. There was a Man, as you suspected, in my Chamber last Night.

Mr. Strick. Ha ! take Care, I shall relapse.

Mrs. *Strict.* That Gentleman was he——

Rang. Here is a Devil for you! [Aside]

Mrs. *Strict.* Let him explain the rest.

Rang. A Frolick! a mere Frolick! on my Life.

Mr. *Strict.* A Frolick! Zounds! [They interpose]

Rang. Nay, don't let us quarrel the very Moment you declar'd yourself my Friend. There was no harm done, I promise you. Nay, never frown. After I have told my Story, any Satisfaction you are pleas'd to ask, I shall be ready to give.

Mr. *Strict.* Be quick then, and ease me of my Pain.

Rang. Why then, as I was strolling about last Night, —upon the Look out, I must confess——Chance, and Chance only convey'd me to your House; where I espied a Ladder of Ropes most invitingly fasten'd to the Window.

Jacin. Which Ladder I had fasten'd for my Escape.

Mr. *Strict.* Proceed.

Rang. Up mounted I, and up I should have gone, if it had been in the Garret. I open'd one Door, then another, and, to my great Surprise, the whole House was silent. At last, I stole into a Room where this Lady was undressing.

Mr. *Strict.* 'Sdeath and the Devil! you did not dare, sure ——

Rang. I don't know whither I had dared, or no; if I had not heard the Maid say something of her Master's being jealous. Oh! —Damn me, thought I, then the Work is half done to my Hands.

Jacin. Do you mind that, Mr. *Strictland*?

Mr. *Strict.* I do——I do, most feelingly.

Rang. The Maid grew saucy, and most conveniently to my Wishes, was turn'd out of the Room; and if you had not the best Wife in the World——

Mr. *Strict.* Ounds! Sir, but what Right have you——

Rang. What Right, Sir? If you will be jealous of your Wife without a Cause; If you will be out at that time of Night, when you might have been so much better employ'd at home: We young Fellows think we have a Right——

Mr. *Strict.* No joking, I beseech you. You know not what I feel.

Rang.

Rang. Then seriously, I was mad, or drunk enough, call it which you will, to be very rude to this Lady; for which I ask both her Pardon and yours! I am an odd sort of a Fellow, perhaps: But I am above telling you, or any Man, a Lie, Damn me, if I am not.

Mr. Strict. I must, I cannot but believe you; and for the future, Madam, you shall find a Heart ready to love and trust you. No Tears I beg. I cannot bear them.

Mrs. Strict. I cannot speak, and yet there is a Favour, Sir——

Mr. Strict. I understand you——And, as a Proof of the Sincerity with which I speak, I beg it as a Favour of this Lady, in particular [*To Clarinda*] and of all the Company in general, to return to my House immediately: where every thing, *Mr. Bellamy*, shall be settled to your entire Satisfaction,——No Thanks, I have not deserv'd them.

Jack. Meg. I beg your Pardon, Sir, the Fiddles are ready. *Mrs. Bellamy* has promis'd me her Hand, and I won't part with one of you till Midnight; and if you are as well satisfied as you pretend to be, let our Friend *Rattle* here begin the Ball with *Mrs. Strickland*; for he seems to be the Hero of the Day.

Mr. Strict. As you and the Company please.

Rang. Why, this is honest. Continue but in this Humour, and Faith! Sir, you may trust me to run about your House like a Spaniel—I cannot sufficiently admire at the Whimsicalness of my good Fortune, in being so instrumental to this general Happiness——*Bellamy*, Frankly, I wish you Joy with all my Heart (tho' I had rather you should be married than I, for all that.) Never did Matrimony appear to me with a Smile upon her Face, 'till this instant.

Sure Joys for ever wait each happy Pair,

When Sense the Man, and Virtue crowns the Fair;

And kind Compliance proves their mutual Care.

[*A Dance*





EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mrs. PRITCHARD.

TH'O' the young Smarts, I see, begin to sneer,
And the old Sinners cast a wicked Leer:
Be not alarm'd, ye Fair---You've nought to fear. }
No wanton Hint, no loose ambiguous Sense.
Shall flatter vicious Taste at your Expence.
Leaving for once these shameless Arts in vogue:
We give a Fable for the Epilogue.

An As there was, our Author bad me say,
Who needs must write—He did—And wrote a Play.
The Parts were cast to various Beasts and Fowl:
Their Stage a Barn;—The Manager an Owl.
The House was cramm'd at Six, with Friends and Foes;
Rakes, Wits and Criticks, Citizens and Beaux.
These Characters appear'd in different Shapes
Of Tigers, Foxes, Horses, Bulls and Apes;
With others too, of lower Rank and Station:—
A perfect Abstract of the Brute Creation.
Each, as he felt, mark'd out the Author's Faults,
And thus the Connoisseurs express'd their Thoughts.
The Critic-curs first snarl'd—the Rules are broke,
Time, Place, and Action, sacrific'd to Joke.
The Goats cry'd out, 'Twas formal, dull, and chaste—
Not writ for Beasts of Gallantry and Taste.
The Horned-Cattle where in pitious taking,
At Fornication, Rapes, and Cuckold-making.
The Tigers swore, He wanted Fire and Passion;
The Apes condemn'd—because it was the Fashion.

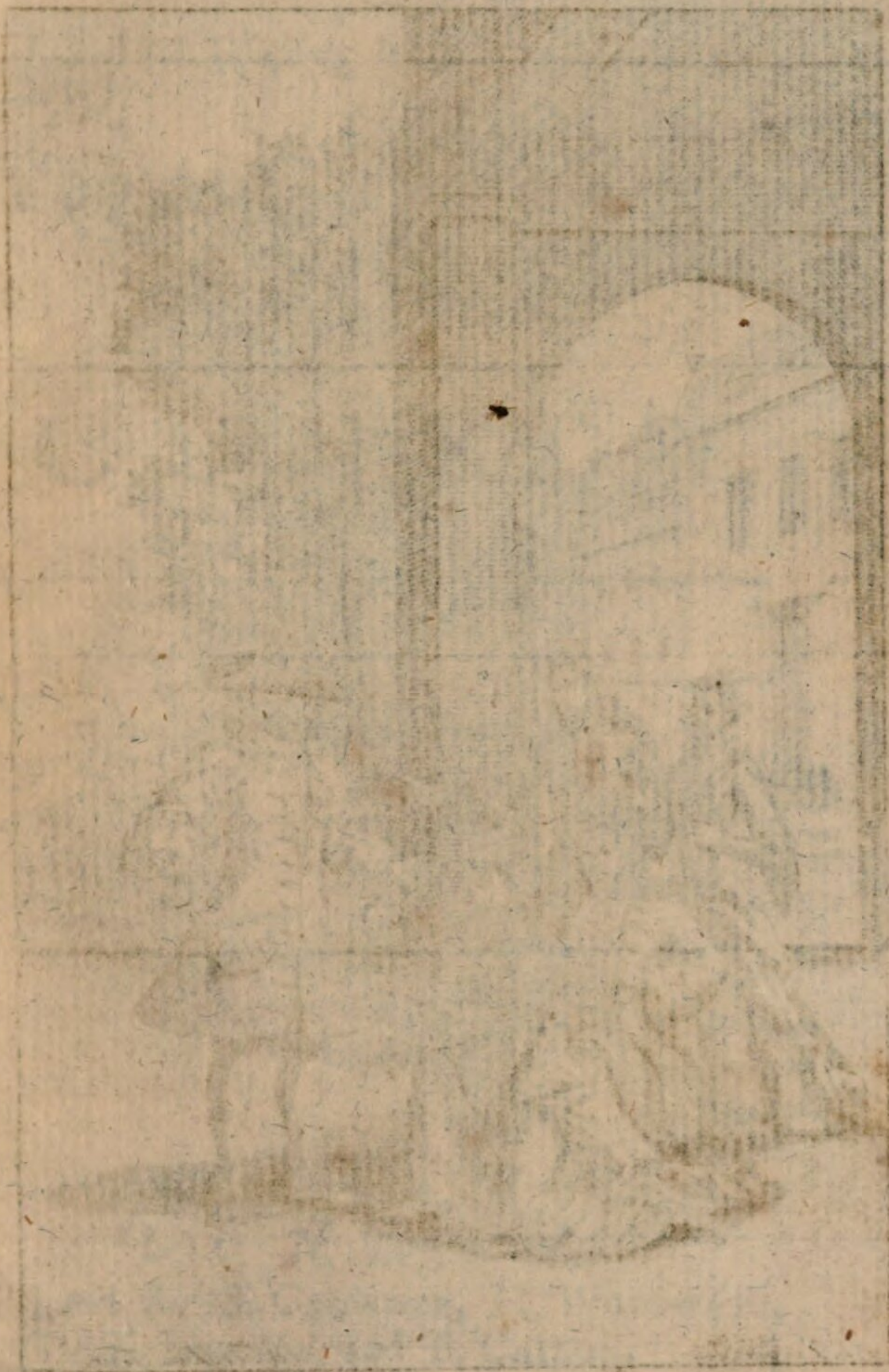
The

EPILOGUE.

*The generous Steeds allow'd him proper Merit :
Here mark his Faults, and there approv'd his Spirit.
While Brother-Bards bray'd forth with usual Spleen,
And, as they heard, exploded every Scene.
When Reynard's Thoughts were ask'd, the shrugging Sage,
Fam'd for Hypocrisy, and worn with Age,
Condemn'd, the shameless Licence of the Stage.
At which the Monkey skipp'd from Box to Box.
And whisper'd round, the Judgment of the Fox.
Abus'd the Moderns ; talk'd of Rome and Greece ;
Bilk'd ev'ry Box-keeper ; and damn'd the Piece.*

*Now ev'ry Fable has a Moral to it.——
Be Churchman, Statesman, any Thing——but Poet.
In Law, or Physick, quack in what you will ;
Cant and Grimace conceal the Want of Skill :
Secure in these, his Gravity may pass——
But here no Artifice can hide the Asfs.*

F I N I S.





P. La Peigne. Inv.

H. Teyssier. Fecit.

Tunbridge-Walks:

OR, THE
Yeoman of *KENT*.

A
COMEDY.

By Mr. *BAKER*.

——— *Ridentem dicere verum*
Quid vetat?



L O N D O N:

Printed for S. CROWDER, H. WOODGATE,
T. LOWNDS, and T. CASLON,

1764.

Tampbridge-Walks:

OR THE

Yeoman of K E W T.

COMEDY.

By MR. BAKER.

Printed and sold by

W. DODD.



L O N D O N

Printed for S. CROWDER, H. WOODGATE,

T. FLOWERS, and T. CASON.

1764.



To the Right Honourable

JOHN HOW, Esq;

S I R,

I Must own that 'tis more the Result of Affection than Opinion, makes me so solicitous to continue the Reputation of this Comedy, by putting it under the Protection of a Patron, whose Character can alone be both its Honour and Defence.

I was soon determined there to offer it, where I cou'd at once satisfy my Ambition, secure my Hopes, and pay the Gratitude which I owe as an *Englishman*; for 'tis from the happy Scene of our Affairs, that any can think, or be diverted with that Ease the Town was pleased to shew at the Representation of this Play: the Success of which I truly ascribe more to the Justness of the Action, and Favour of the Audience, than either Turn of Plot, or Correctness of Style. I am sensible it may want Support, therefore I presume to Inscribe your Great Name in the Front, which will not only Defend, but Perpetuate it; for no Age will ever forget, how brave an Asserter of *England's* Interest and Liberty you have been; neglected your own Ease by a constant Attendance in Parliament, Oppos'd all the Grievances that men in-

The Dedication.

croach'd upon the People, and rather chose to be Distinguished than Dignify'd.

'Twas you, *S I R*, that kept alive the Warlike Genius of the Nation, and was the 'chiefest Advocate of her bravest Sons, against Starving and Oppression: 'Twas from your Care and Humanity in procuring the Support of Half-pay, that those Gentlemen, who are now not only Defending *England*, but Saving *Europe*, sunk not under the Misery of Want, and the Envy of those who hated such inimitable Courage. But how agreeable a Theme must it be to contemplate the happy Change! such a Sovereign, so Glorious a Cause, and our Rewards so Honourably and Justly Secur'd. What may we not hope from *English* Valour so encourag'd, when we have seen such Instances of its Force in spite of all Depressions?

From the Successes of the last Campaign, may we not justly expect, That in After-Times the Annals of this Seventeenth Century will begin with the Fame the Fifteenth concluded; and when Parallels shall be drawn of the two Glorious Female Reigns, tho' *Eliza* was Numerous in her Councils, *Anna* is Greater in her Few. That I live under the easy happy Influences of this present Ministry, of which you are a principal Part, is my Satisfaction; but that You will accept this Proof of my Esteem, will be my lasting Honour, in giving me Opportunity to tell Ages to come, that I am,

S I R,

Your most Humble

Most Devoted,

And most Obedient Servant.

To the A U T H O R.

'T IS hard to please, in such a carping Age,
When Criticks with such Spleen invest the Stage;
But sudden Death's the Fate of modern Plays,
For few we see, are born to length of Days ;
And yet the *Searchers* say, 'tis rarely seen
Amongst the Dead, that any fell by Spleen ;
Many, they find, were by the Poets slain,
The dull Pretenders, in a scribbling Vein,
Set up for Comedy, with little Wit,
Borrow a Plot, and when the Play is writ,
They leave it starving in an empty Pit.
Your better Care has caus'd a better Fate,
Your *Yeoman's* Life is of a longer Date.
It shews us Humour, and an easy Plot,
(Which in the Plays deceas'd, was oft forgot)
No smutty Jest, but Wit without Offence,
(For with Ill-manners Wit grows Impudence.)
You're not to blame, if envious Fools will find
Scandal and Lewdness which were ne'er design'd :
Your Play instructs us too ; that we beware,
That Riches are not made our only Care,
Since Wit and Breeding serve to gain the Fair.

To the A U T H O R.

T H E N we may hope there will again appear
Humour and Wit on th' *English* Theatre,
Unborrow'd from the *French* : For to our shame,
Our Comedy of late from *Gallia* came :
Our Heroes learnt from theirs the Art of Fighting,
Our Poets too have mimick'd theirs in Writing :
And by Translation strove to build their Fame,
Barren of Mother-Wit, and of Invention lame.
But you, auspicious Youth, have now begun
To make old *English* Wit in *English* Channels run.
You think it needless over Sea to roam,
In search of Knaves and Fools, with whom we're stock'd
at home.

Let such alone feel your Poetick Rage,
And as you scourge the Vices of the Age,
Retrive the drooping Honour of the Stage.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. Pinketkman.

YOU dreadful Sons of War, who hither come,
To fright fair Maids in Masks, and storm their
Boom;

You soft Sirs, who at home indulge your Ease,
And hate French Bullets worse than French Disease;
You Courtiers, who in Wit, and Judgment grow,
For where the Money Ebbs, the Wit shou'd Flow;
And you Citts, who so brisk, and plump appear,
Fatten'd with good Quest-Ale, and Christmas Cheer;
The Poet by me, Envoy, here to-day,
Welcomes you to a pleasant, airy Play:
The Comick Writer still supports our Stage,
We live by the Good Nature of the Age.

Let others be with Tragic Laurels crown'd,
Where undisturb'd the Hero struts around,
And empty Boxes echo to the Sound.
Plays are design'd for Mirth, to make us glad,
Damn'd Fortune's Plagues too often prove us sad;
Debts, Judgments, and a Bailiff at the Door,
Or cruel Sempstresses, when Love boils o'er:
But tho' to tease us, more such Plagues combine,
All are dispers'd with Humour, Wit and Wine.
This Night our Author, to divert our Spleen,
'Mongst Crowds o' Fools, at Tunbridge lays his Scene;
Where Beaus, and City-Wives in Medley come,
The Brisk Gallant supplies the Husband's room,
Whilst he, dear harmless Cuckold, packs up Goods at home.
Some Plot he has, some Conversation too,
Some Characters found out, he thinks are new,
But with what Skill they're drawn, he leaves to you.

A nice-built Play, he begs you'll not expect;
Young Poets have the Fire, old Authors are correct.
To Honour chiefly, he'd his Genius bend,
On your judicious Smiles his Hopes depend;
And, as he still writes on, he'll strive to mend.

EPILOGUE.

Design'd for the Captain.

*AT Tunbridge I have made my first Campaign,
Nor have I wore these borrow'd Plumes in vain,
Since my Red-Coat has help'd me to a Spouse,
Who has (I thank her) brought me, — ne'er a Souse.
The World's a Cheat, most Men disguis'd appear,
And fain wou'd seem to be, what least they are.
The Out-side's all, Virtue's an empty Name,
That cloaks the subtle Knave, and willing Dame:
Each Prostitute, worn out with frequent Sinning,
Wou'd still persuade you, 'tis her first Beginning.
Amongst you well-dress'd powder'd Sparks that sit
The awful Judges of the Poet's Wit,
Here's some perhaps my Character wou'd hit;
Who think it safer, here at home to fall
By Ladies Eyes, than by a Cannon Ball:
But as the Painter, so the Poet too,
What shou'd be hid, screens from too nice a View;
And when some Strokes have the Design exprest,
Chuses to draw a Shadow o'er the rest.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Loveworth,</i>	{ A Man of an Estate, in Love with <i>Hillaria</i> ,	Mr. <i>Mills</i> .
<i>Reynard,</i>	{ A Gentleman that lives by his Wits,	Mr. <i>Wilks</i> .
<i>Woodcock,</i>	A Yeoman of <i>Kent</i> ,	Mr. <i>Johnson</i> .
<i>Squib,</i>	{ A Fluttering, Fop Militia Captain,	Mr. <i>Pinkethman</i> .
<i>Maiden,</i>	{ A Nice Fellow, that values himself upon all Effeminacies.	Mr. <i>Bullock</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Belinda,</i>	{ Daughter to <i>Woodcock</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Rogers</i> .
<i>Hillaria,</i>	{ Sister to <i>Reynard</i> , a Railing, Mimicking Lady,	Mrs. <i>Verbruggen</i> .
<i>Mrs. Goodfellow,</i>	{ A Lady that loves her Bottle,	Mrs. <i>Powell</i> .
<i>Penelope,</i>	{ Her Niece, an Heroick Trapes,	Mrs. <i>Moor</i> .
<i>Lucy,</i>	Maid to <i>Hillaria</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Lucas</i> .

Singers, Dancers, and other Attendants,

The SCENE TUNBRIDGE.

Time, Twelve Hours.



Tunbridge-Walks :
O R, T H E
Yeoman of *K E N T*.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A Common Room in a Lodging-House.

Reynard and Loveworth meeting.

Low. **F**RANK Reynard!

Rey. Ned Loveworth! Slave to London,
and Darling of the Fair Sex, left his
Mistress, his Bottle, and his Friend, to visit the Coun-
try!

Low. To the Pleasure of the Town I own myself de-
voted, but *London* now is a perfect Solitude, Business and
Diversión have dispers'd every body ——— Lawyers are
gone their Circuits to plague the poor Country People —
Tradesmen to cheat at Fairs ——— Courtiers to avoid their
Creditors, and younger Brothers to sponge a Month with
their Relations; no Plays, no Park, no Intrigues, not a
Cully left to keep Wenching in countenance; so that the
poor Women o' the Town are forc'd to live virtuously in
spight of Nature. But *Tunbridge*, I suppose, is the Seat
of Pleasure; prithee, What Company does the Place
afford?

Rey. Like most publick Assemblies, a Medley of all sorts, Fops Majestic and Diminutive, from the long flaxen Wig with a splendid Equipage, to the Merchant's spruce 'Prentice that's always mighty neat about the Legs; 'Squires come to court some fine Town-Lady, and Town-Sparks to pick up a Ruffet-Gown; for the Women here are wild Country-Ladies, with ruddy Cheeks like a *Sevil-Orange*, and gape, stare, scamper, and are brought hither to be disciplin'd; Fat City-Ladies with tawdry Atlases, in defiance of the Act of Parliament; and slender Court-Ladies, with *French Scarffs*, *French Aprons*, *French Night-Cloaths*, and *French Complexions*.

Love. But what are the chief Diversions here?

Rey. Each to his Inclination——Beaus Raffle and Dance——Citizens play at Nine-Pins, Bowls, and Backgammon——Rakes scour the Walks, bully the Shopkeepers, and beat the Fiddlers——Men of Wit rally over Claret, and Fools get to the *Royal-Oak* Lottery, where you may lose Fifty Guineas in a Moment, have a Crown return'd you for Coach-hire, a Glass of Wine and a hearty Welcome——In short, 'tis a Place wholly dedicated to Freedom, no Distinction, either of Quality or Estate, but ev'ry Man that appears well, converses with the best.

Love. But who is the top Beauty of the *Wells*, the grand Toast of the Men, and Envy of the Women?

Rey. Ev'ry one wou'd be so: But your old Mistress *Hillaria* still bears the Crowd; her Wit and Beauty support each other, and her Dress and Conversation are ev'ry day so prettily vary'd, she always appears new: The Women love her Company, but hate her Pow'r, and the Beaus flutter about her in all the airy Postures of *French Gallantry*, whom she still keeps off with her easy Raillery, and not one dares engage her.

Love. If she has so many new Sparks, she'll look but coldly on an old Pretender; but if she's so severe upon the Beaus, I wonder they don't appear dash'd, and retire.

Rey. Not at all; because their Vanity construes every thing to their own advantage; and they take Raillery from a Lady, to be as great a Mark of Esteem; as they

think a Lampoon is of being considerable enough to be taken notice of——I always observe, that Men of the greatest Sense are most doubtful of their own Merit; but a Fool, that has Assurance enough to support his Folly, thinks he has Wit enough to carry him thro' the World.

——But here comes old *Woodcock* the Yeoman of *Kent*, that's half Farmer and half Gentleman; his Horses go to plow all the Week, and are put into the Coach o' *Sunday*: he has brought his Daughter hither, a Lady ev'ry way agreeable; but her Father is so great a Humourist, that notwithstanding he allows her all the Gaity of Body, he obliges her to the antient Custom of wearing a High-Crown-Hat. To her I intend my Addresses, but would first sound his Inclinations; for when an old Fellow knows he has a handsome Daughter, and can give her a good Fortune, he is generally very capricious in the disposing of her.

Enter Woodcock.

Good-morrow, Mr. *Woodcock*, you are exercising yourself after the Waters, I see.

Woodc. You are mistaken, Mr. *Reynard*, we Country Gentlemen live honestly, and have no occasion to scour our Vessels.

Low. But *Tunbridge-Waters*, Sir, have another Virtue; they help the Understanding, and quicken the Wit, and that you Country Gentlemen may have occasion for.

Woodc. When I find, Sir, they have had a better Effect upon you *Londoners*, perhaps I may try 'em. —— Look you, Gentlemen, we in the Country don't pretend to Raillery: If we have Wit enough to keep our Chickens from the Kites, and our Wives and Daughters from you ravenous Town-Sparks, we neither envy your flashy Air, nor desire to be thought Weather-Cocks.

Rey. But they say, Sir, you are blest in a Daughter, that's beauteous to Admiration, your only Child, and Heiress to your Estate; and notwithstanding your Aver-
sion

sion to the Town, I suppose you design her for some very fine Gentleman.

Woodc. No, no, Mr. *Reynard*; your modern fine Gentleman is too much a *Narcissus* to value a Wife; he marries only to repair his Estate, never appears abroad with her after the first Month, nor lies with her but in *Lent*, for Mortification ——— The Prodigal Cit too takes a Wife only for Conveniency to look after his Shop, while he goes a Stock-Jobbing, grows jealous from his own Imperfections, swears she keeps Company with my Lord such a one, sues out a Divorce right or wrong, and turns her out of Doors; then spends her Fortune upon some *Covent-Garden* Miss, and like the rest of your who-ring Citizens, pretends he's Ptificky, and is forc'd to lie out of Town ev'ry Night ——— No *Londoner* shall either ruin my Daughter, or waste my Estate ——— If he be a Gamester, 'tis rattl'd away in two Nights ——— If a lewd Fellow, 'tis divided into Settlements ——— If a nice Fop, then my Cherry-Trees are cut down to make Terras-Walks; my ancient Manor-House, that's noted for good Eating, demolish'd to build up a modern Kickshaw, like my Lord *Courtair's* Seat about a Mile off, with Sashes, Pictures, and *China*; but never any Victuals dress'd in the House for fear the Smoak of the Chimney should sully the nice Furniture ——— Look ye, Mr. *Reynard*, the *Woodcocks* of *Kent* are an ancient Family, and were the first that oppos'd *William* the Conqueror; therefore I'll have my Name kept up; and to marry my Daughter to a Beau, with spindle Shanks, a small Shape, and a long meagre Face, I'm sure is n't the way to increase her Family.

Rey. So that instead of providing her a Gentleman, you'd sacrifice her to a Brute; who has neither Manners enough to be thought rational, Education enough for a Justice of Peace, nor Wit enough to distinguish fine Conversation from the yelping of Dogs; hunts all the Morning, topes all the Afternoon, and then goes lovingly drunk to Bed to his Wife.

Woodc. And pray, what are your Town Diversions?
——— To hear a Parcel of *Italian* Eunuchs, like so many

many Cats, squawl out somewhat you don't understand
 ——— The Song of my Lady's *Birth-Day*, by an honest Farmer, and a merry Jig by a Country-Wench that has Humour in her Buttocks, is worth forty on't: Your Plays, your Park, and all your Town Diversions together, don't afford half so substantial a Joy as going home thoroughly wet and dirty after a fatiguing Fox-Chace, and shifting one's self by a good Fire ——— Neither are we Country Gentlemen such Ninnies as you make us; we have good Estates, therefore want not the Knavery, and Cunning of the Town; but we are loyal Subjects, true Friends, and never scruple to take our Bottle, because we are guilty of nothing which we are afraid of discovering in our Cups ——— To such a Man I'd marry my Daughter: One who has Humanity enough to know how to use a Woman well, and loves the Country well enough to live in't, and manage his Estate himself without trusting it to a rascally Steward, who will ruin my Family to raise his own.

Enter Squib.

Rey. Captain *Squib*!

Squ. Gentlemen, I kiss your Foot-steps.

Lov. But how now, *Squib*, How long hast thou been intitl'd to Scarlet; Prithee, what Regiment has the Honour of thy Protection?

Squ. Why, truly, Gentlemen, finding how irresistible a red Coat is among the Ladies, I have lately made Interest to be a Officer in the *City Train'd Bands* ——— When I march through *Cheapside* on a Training-day, how the Citizens Wives stare after me ——— There's an Air! says one; there's a Face! says another; there are Legs! says a third; sigh, then go to Bed, and cuckold their Husbands by the Force of Imagination.

Rey. But wou'd n't it gain you more Reputation, Captain, to make a Campaign? There you might serve your Country, and justly merit the Title of an Officer.

Squ. No, no, Mr. *Reynard*, 'tis only for your swarthy ill-look'd Rogues to go to the War, we spruce Officers stay

stay at home to guard the Ladies, fight Mock-Sieges upon *Bunhill*, and storm the Outworks of a Ven'son Pasty : Besides, Sir, I have an Estate, therefore need not put the fair Sex into Doubts and Fears, by hazarding my Person.

Low. But if you don't serve one Campaign, how will it appear to the World you are a Man of Courage ?

Squ. That, Mr. *Loveworth*, is evident enough at home, for there is seldom a Day, but I have occasion to draw my Sword either in the Pit, the Side-Box, or some Public Coffee-House.

Low. If you are so desperate, Captain, People will be afraid of keeping you Company.

Squ. You are mistaken, Sir ; I'm one of the well-bred Officers that challenge no Man, and if any Man challenges me, [*Aside*] I send my Lieutenant to meet him — But to show you I have Generosity as well as Courage, I quarrell'd yesterday with a Gentleman for treading on my Toe, which you know is an unpardonable Affront in this honourable Age ; but at the Intercession of some particular Friends, Pardon begg'd, and a Supper given, I was prevailed upon to put it up — Ha ! my Yeoman o' *Kent*, honest Hop-Sack and Cherry-Tree, How does thy handsome Daughter, what think you of me for a Son-in-Law ?

Wood. Thee — Dost think I'll marry her to a Pot-Gun, a Fop Militia Captain ; who instead of having Courage to stand an Enemy, flies at a Show'r of Rain : She should sooner have a common Trooper, that's a Man of Mettle, and follow the Camp.

Squ. Very blunt, and ill-bred ; like a true Country Put that was conceiv'd under a Hedge, litter'd in a Barn, and brought up in a Hog-Stye — — — Look you, old Gentleman, if your Daughter falls in love with me, as 'tis ten to one but ev'ry Woman does ; tell her, she may sigh herself into the Green-Sickness, eat Oatmeal, Chalk, Coals, Candles, and die o' the Pip.

Enter Maiden.

Mai. Are you for the Walks, Gentlemen ?

Key.

Rey. Ay, But Mr. Maiden, you are very late to-day, the Ladies will be all there before you.

Mai. Why really, Sir, I us'd to be dress'd sooner ; but I have been mightily out of Order this Morning with the Vapours and the Cholic, and was forc'd to stay to eat a little Chicken Broth ——— Pray, Gentlemen, What new Company have we here ? They say there's a World of Quality come down this Week.

Woodc. Quality ! What then ! They'll neither furnish the *Wells* with more Wit, nor more Money.

Mai. But the Ladies, Sir, always respect People of Rank ——— They say, Mr. *Woodcock*, you have a fine Daughter to dispose of here ; I design to make her some Overtures.

Woodc. You ——— Thou effeminate Coxcomb ! dost think she'll like one of her own Sex ——— [*Aside.*] D'slife, all the Fops in this Place have got a Notion of my Daughter ; I shall have 'em bait her as a Parcel of Hounds do a young Leveret ; I'll go find her out, make her pack up her Awls, and we'll be gone to-morrow Morning. [*Exit.*]

Low. Prithee, *Frank*, let's to the Coffee-House, and leave these Fools together.

Rey. I'll step but to my Chamber, and follow you instantly. [*Exeunt differently.*]

Squ. Well, Friend, and what Accomplishments d'you pretend to with the Ladies ?

Mai. Why, I can sing and dance, and play upon the Guittar ; make Wax-work, and Fillagree, and paint upon Glafs ; besides, I can dress a Lady up a Head upon occasion, for I was put 'Prentice to a *Millener* once, only a Gentleman took a Fancy to me, and left me an Estate : but that's no Novelty ; for abundance of People now-a-days, take a Fancy to a handsome young Fellow.

Squ. And wou'd you sooth the Women with these Fooleries ? They hate a nice Fop, that's so much an Image of themselves ; and love a robust masculine Fellow, that will kiss 'em, tumble 'em, and towze 'em about.

Mai.

Mai. [*Aside.*] Poor silly Creature; Lard, Does he think fine Ladies will suffer themselves to be us'd like Oyster Women — Sir, I hope I hav'nt study'd the Ladies so long, not to know how to address 'em; neither have I taken so much pains to polish my self, to be rejected for you: Therefore you may give your self what rough *Airs* you please, and yet not succeed half so well as those that have a little more Modesty.

Squ. Modesty — Here's a Fellow now — Prithee, what does Modesty signify? Did it ever get a Lover a Maidenhead, a Lawyer a Cause, or a Courtier a Place — But to pretend to Modesty in this Age; why the Women have laid it aside now, and are resolv'd, *A-la-Mode en France*, to appear bare-neck'd, gallop without Stays, drink their Bottle, keep Fellows, and be out of countenance at nothing; — Thank Heav'n Modesty's an Infamy my Family can ne'er be branded with; for all my Relations from the beginning have been either Pimps, Poets, Attornies, Projectors, Stock-Jobbers, or Custom-House Officers. — But you may e'en quit your Modesty, your *Airs*, and your Graces; for I resolve to ingross all the Ladies to my self, and if you dare meddle with one —

Mai. D'you think I won't talk to 'em, and give 'em Sweetmeats.

Squ. That I grant you; but if you offer Love to any thing that's under Fifty, above the degree of a Chamber-Maid, and has a Nose in her Face, I'll cut your Throat — [*Aside.*] I may hector this Fellow without danger.

Mai. As to that matter, Captain, we shall never quarrel; for if I can Raffle with the Ladies, Dance with them, and Walk with 'em in public, I never desire any private Love-favours from 'em.

Squ. Nay, then gi'me thy Hand, thus we agree the Point, and will assist each other. I'll recommend you for a Partner in Dancing, you shall recommend me for a Lover to wait on 'em home.

Mai. With all my heart.

Squ.

Squ. Come along, frigid.

[*Exit.*

Mai. Lard, what rude Monster is this? Sure something that comes out of the *Bear-Garden*; but I'm glad we are Friends; for if he had drawn his Sword, I shou'd have swooned away.

[*Exit.*

Enter Hillaria and Lucy.

Hill. *Lucy*, see if the Ladies are ready for the Walks, and order a Coach to the Door——Well, this *Tunbridge* is the Joy of my Life; such Treating, Dancing, Serenading, Raffling and Scandal, I cou'd die here——But let me see, what new Acquaintance have I made here——There's *Mrs. Goodfellow* that makes so many great Suppers, I cou'd like her; but she drinks so prodigiously hard, I can never hold out with her——Lady *Babble* that's perpetually at Cards, and always loses, lends one Money, and has never Assurance to ask for't again, I'll be intimate there——Mrs. *Smallware*, the Tradesman's Wife in the City; there I can have things upon Credit; and then *Belinda*, the Lady that lives in *Kent*, I'll be very great with her, she'll invite me down for a whole Summer——I find every now and then I'm forc'd to pack together some new Intimates; for by that time I have liv'd a Year upon one Set, I run 'em out so much Money in treating my Visitors, keep such late Hours, and breed so many Differences in their Families, they are quite tir'd of me.

Enter Reynard.

Rey. So, Sister; you are in your *Airs*, I see, ready for the Company, mighty gay and splendid; prithee, how dost maintain thy self so well without a Fortune?

Hill. Tho' I want a Fortune, Brother, yet while there are Fools that have Money, and I have Wit and Assurance to manage 'em, I'll wear the best Cloaths, visit the greatest Quality, enjoy ev'ry Diversion, and despise all that pretend to be better than myself.

Rey. But how d'you insinuate yourself to the World?

Hill. As most Women that live by their Wits do; I praise every body to their Face, and mimic every body behind

behind their Back ; so that all court my Favour, because they are afraid of being abus'd———By keeping a world of Company, appearing in all public Places, and giving my self a liberty of Railing, I have acquir'd the Character of a Judge———No body dares buy a Suit of Cloaths without my Advice, for whatever I condemn is thought ungenteel ; and half the Tradesmen in Town make me Presents to promote 'em Customers——I make Interest for the Players o' Benefit Nights, so I have the liberty of the Box———Now and then introduce a poor Poet with a Dedication to go snacks in the Reward——I live one Month with this Lady, a Month with that, cheat at Cards for Pocket-Money ; so make shift to rub through the World———But, how d'you manage your self, Brother ? 'tis more difficult for a Man to sponge a Maintenance than a Woman ; to be treated, presented and address'd, you know is the Prerogative of our Sex.

Rey. Like a true Town-Spark ; one Day at Court, and the next in Jail : I have generally some Money at Command, but seldom any more at a time than what I have in my Pocket.

Hill. Why truly, Brother, I believe most of you Wits do carry your whole Stock about you.

Rey. I always keep Company with those of the highest Rank, whom I find most easy to be bubbled : Now and then perhaps I get to the Groom-Porter's, and lend a Nobleman twenty Guineas upon a push, to pay me five advance the next Morning ; and Courtiers punctually discharge what they lose at Gaming, tho' they run in ev'ry body's debt for Necessaries——But this Course of Life, Sister, is but for a spurt ; we must now think of settling our Condition ; our Family you know bears no common Fame, and our Education was the best ; but our Parents, by supporting the ancient *English* Hospitality, liv'd beyond their Estate, and left us to traverse the World ; therefore, whatever Offers you have, accept nothing below your self.

Hill. No, Brother, I have a Soul too great to harbour any thing that's mean ; and if my Circumstances wou'd
not

not countenance my Character, before I'd condescend, like a decay'd Gentlewoman, to dress Heads, make Manteaus, tease People with my Birth and Education, and my Willingness to get a Livelihood in an honest way, I'd scorn the World, and with an undaunted Spirit, repeating some heroic Strain, plunge a Dagger, and fancy myself an Actress in a Tragedy,

Rey. My own Sister to a hair———But let this Maxim join your noble Spirit———Still preserve your Virtue; for if you part with that, you stain our Blood, and render your self below every Circumstance.

Hill. You know, Brother, we are all frail, and sometimes there's no resisting the Charms of a well-dress'd Side-Box Beau; but if I shou'd make a slip, this I'll promise you, to keep a good Reputation, and that's the most fashionable Virtue.

Rey. But of all your Lovers, whom are you most inclin'd to marry?———There's my Friend *Love-worth*, a Man of Sense, and a tolerable Estate.

Hill. Good.

Rey. Then, Captain *Squib*, with a large Estate, but a Fool.

Hill. Better.

Rey. And then the fine Mr. *Maiden*, who has a very great Estate, and is a prodigious Fool.

Hill. Best of all.

Rey. But cou'd you love a Fool, Sister?

Hill. Love is a stupid Passion, that betrays the Weakness of our Minds; who that has Reason wou'd sacrifice the Pride of Life to a momentary Joy, which ev'n in the Name of Marriage extinguishes? But a Man that wou'd maintain me in all the Pomp of Quality, to outshine the Court, and be the Envy of the vying World, I swear, were he old, diseas'd, perverse, were he any thing, I cou'd love him, carefs him, and dote on him to Death.

Rey. My own Sister again———For my part, I'm fix'd on *Belinda*, the Yeoman of *Kent's* Daughter, and have luckily found out what sort of Man he's resolv'd to

marry her to: I'll first solicit the Lady, then contrive how to win or deceive the Father: The Custom of this Place allows our familiarity without being suspected for Relations, so that we may subtly commend each other———To-day we strike our Fortunes, for in so great a crowd of Fools, 'tis hard if we don't find some opportunity to profit by our Wits.

*Thus runs the World, one half the other rules,
The Wise are Workmen, and the Weak are Tools;*
Hill. *But yet the greatest Wits are Womens Fools.*

The End of the First ACT.



ACT II.

SCENE, *The Walks.*

Enter Hillaria and Belinda.

Hill. **I** Wonder, *Belinda*, how a reasonable Soul, and a Genius for the World, like you, can brook a Country Life!

Bel. Custom, *Hillaria*, make ev'ry thing familiar; and tho' I hate the Country, I endeavour so much Philosophy to be easy in it: indeed, my Father's Intentions of settling me there, wou'd try the utmost of my Temper.

Hill. But I suppose you have too much of a modern Spirit to let his Will sway your Inclinations: Shou'd any old Father pretend to associate me where I don't like, I shou'd plainly desire him to leave do-ting, or march into the other World; but sure my Parents were the civillest People, for after they had liv'd sparingly to increase my Fortune, found they grew old, and I began to grumble, they made their Will,
left

left all to me, except fifty Guineas to the Noncon-Preacher, and a few charitable Legacies I ne'er paid, and went off so sweetly, without so much as a fit of Sickness to put one to Charges, and keep one in Doubts and Fears.

Bell. But what wou'd you have me to do, *Hillaria*? For my Father resolves to move home to-morrow, where I shall be coup'd up like a Turtle-Dove that's melancholy without a Mate, and have not the least prospect of any other Match than what's first propos'd to him.

Hill. Why, faith, e'en take the advantage of this public Place, select one that looks most like a Man of Honour, strike up the Bargain while you stand still in a Country-Dance, and be tack'd to him out of hand——What think you of Mr. *Reynard*? If I who have seen so many Men, and observ'd such Variety of Shapes, from Beau *May Pole* to Beau *Dapper*, may judge of the Sex, I say *Reynard*'s a pretty Fellow.

Bel. Since you draw me into a Confession, *Hillaria*, I must own the same Opinion; Mr. *Reynard* was my Partner at the *Bath* last Year; and mentioned a Love there, which he has not since had an opportunity to renew——But then, my Father; to be hated, turn'd out of doors, and disinherited!

Hill. Never fear it —— Indeed, when a Woman disgraces her Family by a mean Passion, and runs away with a Fidler, a Barber, or a Taylor, 'tis fit she shou'd be discarded, and join in her Husband's Drudgery all Day for a little Love at Night: but if you marry a Gentleman, and look the World i' the Face, perhaps the old Man's testy for a Month, but then you put on a little hypocritical Sorrow, down o' your Knes, tell him you are sorry you shou'd carnalize without his Consent, but 'tis what can't be undone now——Nature pleads, the old Fool blesses you; then come Treats, Balls, fine Clothes, all mighty well, and not a word o' the Balcony,

Bel. Dear *Hillaria*! let me entreat your Friendship; but you engage ev'ry body, all court you, and are un-

easy

easy without you ; pritheee what is it so bewitches 'em ?

Hill. Upon these Love Occasions, I am mightily follow'd : For after I have perswaded a young Lady to run away with a handsome Fellow, I intercede with the old Folks and reconcile 'em, so that I oblige both Sides ; [*Aside*] And often get a good Present by the bargain — Then People are fond of a pretty fleering Air I have got ; for you must know, this Age is mightily addicted to Self-love ; and the higher Esteem People have of their own Perfections, the more they despise others : Therefore I please this Lady, by railing at that ; and my self, by making a Jest of the whole World alternately — When I'm at Court, I ridicule the City-Wives, those over-dress'd Creatures, that stand gaping six Hours at a Shop-door ; and the Aldermen's Ladies who, by their Bulk and manly Voice are taken for Hermaphrodites — When I'm in the City, I laugh at the Court-Ladies, their Gaming Clubs, and Intrigues with Players, wearing *D'Oyley* Stuff-Suits for want of Money or Credit to buy better, and borrowing Jewels o' Birth-Nights ; and when I'm among People of true Merit, I make a Jest of both — To particular Families, I recommend myself by being thoroughly good-humour'd, and always conformable to what's propos'd. — One Lady loves hot Tea ; another cold Tea ; I drink both — My Lady *Jiggit's* for a Fiddle, and a Country-Dance, so am I — Mrs. *Townly* loves a Hackney-Coach, sending for Fellows out o' Chocolate-Houses, coquetting half an Hour in a Mask, and making the Fools treat us without so much as the favour of seeing our Faces ; then from *India-House* to *India-House*, leaving Letters, tumbling Goods, buying one *China* Cup, and stealing half a dozen ; and at my Lady *Rampant's* in *Essex*, they are for clambering over Hedges, riding in Hay-Carts, Hot-Cockles, and Blind-Man's-Buff — I can romp as well as the best of them — Then I am mighty happy in keeping a Secret ; so that if a Merchant's Wife has a mind to make merry when her Husband's out of Town, to be sure I'm sent for — But here come the He-things.

Enter

Enter Reynard and Loveworth.

Rey. Your Servant Ladies ; how goes Scandal at the *Wells* to-day ? What fine Lady had an Intrigue last Night, which the rest out of Envy have reported ?

Hill. Rather, Sir, what Intrigues have your Vanities boasted of, which neither your Persons, nor Accomplishments, had force to gain you ?

Lov. Real Intrigues, Madam, we never discover ; and only talk of Favours in opposition to those Ladies, who pretend to a Crowd of Lovers, and yet value themselves in having Power to resist 'em all.

Hill. A Woman, Sir, need not assume much Power to resist any thing she sees in your Sex ; but we can't blame the good Opinion you have of your selves, when we consider the weakness of your Judgments.

Rey. But if you Ladies did not desire a Conquest, why d'you take such pains to adorn your selves ? What are your high full Rumps but to make you follow'd — Your Fans in Winter but to give Airs, and the various Disposition of your Curls, but Baits for so many Men ? — Then there's more Policy and Consultation us'd in placing your Patches to advantage, than at a Council of War in the disposing a whole Army.

Hill. Pray, Mr. *Reynard*, let not your Sex pretend to satyrize the Women, till you are less foppish and affected your selves — What are your light Wigs curl'd behind, but to hide your round Shoulders, and set off your walnut Complexions ; and your fine Sword-knots, but to tie the Hilt and the Scabbard together — But the surprizing Joy when two Fops meet in the Side-Box, tho' they parted but two Minutes before at a Chocolate-House ; the Side-Bow, the Embrace ; and the fulsome trick you Men ha' got of kissing one another ; then down you sit, and observe the Women — She's well enough — says one, but they she has been had — Mind how she ogles us, says t' other, when they are a couple of wretched hatchet-fac'd things, that are Physical to look at 'em — Then the Toss o'the Head, the Airs o' the Snuff-Box, and the Leer

at an Actress on the Stage ; and all the ridiculous Actions of a Monkey, or a Madam : but I think they say most of you Beaus are craz'd ; for taking such a prodigious deal o' Snuff, it open'd your Heads so much, the Wind got in and turn'd your Brains———And when any Expressions on the Stage are smart upon the Side-boxes, how you force a Grin, and would fain laugh 'em off !

Rey. I find, Madam, we may truce the Debate, and unite our Forces ; for I see Mr. *Woodcock* coming down the Hill, that's satyrical upon both Sexes.

Bel. My Father ! dear *Hillaria*, let's avoid him.

Rey. We'll step into a Ruffling-Shop, Madam.

[*Exeunt Rey. and Bel.*]

Lov. I suppose, Madam, by this time you are pretty well tir'd with Fops and Fiddles ; and like a Ship toss'd by Winds and Waves, may be glad to steer into the Harbour of Matrimony.

Hill. Good Mr. *Loveworth*, don't mention Marriage at *Tunbridge*, 'tis as much laugh'd at as Honesty in the City : This is a Place of general Address, all Pleasure and Liberty ; and when we happen to see a marry'd Couple dangle together like a Knife and a Fork, they are the Jest to the whole Walks.

Lov. But *Tunbridge*, Madam, ought to distinguish Lovers ; my Services bear a longer date, and therefore merit more particular Notice.

Hill. For which reason you might expect 'em slighted : Is there any thing more scandalous than an old Lover to our Sex, who are fond of Novelties ? But if after all your Sollicitations, I were inclined to article the Matter, you'd find me somewhat odd in my Proposals. For in the first place : Whenever I marry, I design to have it amighty Secret ; People seldom care to let the World know they have play'd the Fool ; neither wou'd my Vanity lose the Serenades, the Treats, and Addresses a single State affords me——— Then I'm for a Man in some Business, that I may have his Company at Night, and yet not be troubled with his Impertinence all Day ; for sure nothing is so insipid as a Fop Husband, that stays at home with his Wife, takes the Air with his Wife,
and

and shows his fondness in ev'ry thing but what he shou'd
 ———— Then I resolve to have an absolute sway ;
 for, I find by Experience, no State, either public or
 private, prospers so well as under the Government of a
 Woman ; therefore I forbid all toasting Clubs, where
 you drink Prosperity to your Mistresses, and Confession
 to your Wives, quarrel about the Constancy of some
 common Trull, and break one another's Heads to prove
 the emptiness of your Argument. ———— No Conver-
 sation with Wits, where you must treat half the Com-
 pany, nor associating with Men of Quality, where you
 are sure neither to improve your Understanding, nor gain
 a Friend. ———— Then I'll always be consulted in State-
 Affairs, for 'tis a mighty credit to our Sex to have an
 ascendant over them that byass the whole Nation ————
 And cou'd you, Sir, perform all this for me ?

Lo.v. All, ten times more ; you shall do what you
 please, govern how you please, be sole Mistress of me,
 yourself, and my Estate.

Hill. Then let me tell you, I dissembled all this while
 only to try your Temper, and now find you a downright
 Ass. ———— What ! be subject to your Wife ? let
 a Woman rule you ! Why, the meerest Coward in Na-
 ture has Courage enough to domineer over his Wife. ————
 I see, Sir, you are not for my purpose, yet I'll give you
 this Advice ; the next Lady you address, neither fawn nor
 flatter, but use a generous Courtship, and assert the Pre-
 rogative of your Sex ; for 'tis the worst Air you can have
 with us to be found any ways deficient in a true Man-like
 Character. ———— But here come the *Canterbury* Ladies,
Mrs. Goodfellow, that's as big as the Cathedral, and enough
 to scorch a body with her fiery Complexion ; and her lean,
 scragged Niece *Penelope*, that fancies herself a mighty fine
 Creature, and has more fantastic Airs than the Pewterer's
 Wife in *Bedlam*.

Enter Mrs. Goodfellow and Penelope.

Goodf. Dear *Hillaria*, I am glad we ha' met you ; these
 Men are so troublesome and dull, we have wanted your
 Company mightily to divert us.

Pen. [*Aside*] These old Women affect so much Wisdom in despising Lovers, because they are conscious what's said to 'em can't be in earnest———Methinks, Madam, 'tis very pleasant to have the Beaus buz about one, talk to one, and give one things; it shews one's pret.y.

Goodf. You are young, Niece, and love to be flatter'd; when you come to my Years, and have a true sense of Things, your Vanity will wear off, and you'll find more substantial Joys in the Bottle, and a She-Friend; for my part, I never mind the Men; I have three hundred a Year, and am resolv'd to live single, and enjoy it: Therefore I wou'd n't have Lovers pretend to conquer me, for I come out of *Kent*, and the *Kentish* People were never conquer'd.

Hill. Truly, Madam, I agree with you; I hate the Company of Fellows, where Custom forces on a Modesty Nature never meant us; there's nothing like a Club of our own Sex, where we can be frank and free, play our own Pranks, and talk our own Talk.

Pen. [*Aside*] Wou'd the rest of our Sex were of their Opinion, that I might have all the Men to myself.

Goodf. But pray tell us, *Hillaria*, who have you seen this Morning?

Hill. The usual Crowd———Sir *Tiresome Crumpling*, that old affected Fop, that has been the Jest of the Place these fifty Years; and the rest o' the Fools that take pains to be laugh'd at, cringing after a parcel of strange Trollops in Callicoe Gowns———Well, these late Mournings have been very happy for Women of no Fortunes, that have made a good Figure in an old Sheet printed black and white———Then comes a knot of *Jew* Ladies, that have lately bubbled their Parents out of a Sum of Money by turning *Christians*, according to Act of Parliament; and have just as much Religion as some of our Christian Ladies, that spend half their Church-time in quarrelling for Hassocks, and the upper-end of a Pew———But then to see a swarm of Mercers and Drapers Wives, move down the Walks like
a sail

a fail of Ships, that are known to be the worst of the Company by being the finest dress'd, with Diamond Ear-Rings, Diamond Necklaces, and a great Gold Watch as big as a Warming-Pan ; and yet these City-things are so confounded proud, they never think themselves considerable enough till they are Ladies too ; a mighty piece of Honour indeed, to have one's Husband a Knight, and no Gentleman ! tho' really some of our modern Gentry are as ridiculous on the other side, by valuing themselves upon their Births, when they have no Estates to support 'em ; keep a Coach when they can't afford a Livery, and starve themselves to feed their Horses — — — What if we sit down here ? — — — Mr. *Love-worth*, give us some Coffee.

Low. With all my heart, Madam.

Hill. Oh ! here's Mr. *Maiden*, and the Music ; now we shall have a Performance.

[They sit, Coffee brought in.]

Enter Mr. Maiden with Music.

Maid. Ladies, I have brought a fine Singer, that came down last Night to entertain you with a new Composition ; one that's mightily admir'd at the *Small coal Music Meeting*.

S O N G.

[While the Song's performing, Maiden uses a Fan, a Pocket Looking-Glass, &c.]

I*F moving Softness can subdue,*
See. Nymphs, a Swain more soft than you :
We Patch, and we Paint,
We're Sick, and we Faint,
To the Vapours, and Spleen we pretend :
We play with a Fan,
We Squeak and we Skream,
We're Women, meer Women i'th' end.

*Your Airs we defy,
 Your Beauty deny,
 Be as Gay, and as Fine as you can;
 Ye Nymphs, have a care,
 Be more Nice, and more Fair,
 Or your Lovers in time we may gain.*

Goodf. Mr. Maiden is the most useful Person in such a public Place, and distinguishes himself so obligingly by promoting every Diversion.

Mai. Oh, Madam, I am Master of the Ceremonies here, appoint all the Dancing, summon the Ladies, and manage the Music; though really these Fiddlers are such a Parcel of idle, scoundrel Fellows, one has more trouble in keeping 'em together, than Mr. Rich has in governing the *Drury-Lane* Players.

Hill. But pray, Mr. Maiden, how d'you employ yourself for want of an Office in *London*?

Mai. Why, Madam, I never keep Company with lewd Rakes that go to the nasty Taverns, talk smuttily, and get fuddled; but visit the Ladies, and drink Tea and Chocolate; they think me the best Creature, for they consult me mightily about their Dress; I tell 'em when the Sleeve's rowl'd too high, and the Gown pinn'd too flat; fancy their Knots, and help 'em make their Patchwork: and they call me Mrs. Betty — Then, I have Chambers at the *Temple*, and keep a Levee, and a Visiting-Day; for since the Lawyers are all turn'd Poets, and have taken the Garrets in *Drury-Lane*, none but Beaus live in the *Temple* now, who have sold all their Books, burnt all their Writings, and furnish'd the Rooms with Looking-glass and *China*.

Lov. But if you neither read, study, nor converse with Men, how d'you employ your superfluous Hours?

Mai. Why, Sir, I can Pickle and Preserve, raise Paste, and make all my own Linen: Then I love mightily to go abroad in Women's Clothes; I was dress'd up last Winter in my Lady *Fussock's* Cherry-coloured Damask, set a whole Play in the Front-Seat of the

the Box, and was taken for a *Dutch* Woman of Quality.

Enter Woodcock.

Woodc. Sure my Country is the Seat of Plagues ——— At *Canterbury* we are more Pester'd with *French* Folks, and *Presbyterians*, than the *Egyptians* were with the Frogs and Lice ——— At *Maidstone*, twice a Year, we have the Devourers o' the Law, that breed a Famine where-ever they come; and if two or three Dozen of my best Poultry are not presented to my Lord Judge, I am put into Commission, and plagu'd with all the scolding Controversies in the Parish; and *Tunbridge* here is the Rendezvous of Coxcombs. I have walk'd this Hour and hav'nt met one sociable Creature ——— So here's a blessed Cabal; when the Fops and the Women get together, there's generally more Noise, Nonsense, and Impertinence, than amongst a Knot of Lawyers Clerks, and drunken Whores in the middle Box of the Eighteen-Penny Gallery.

Hill. But I wonder, Mr. *Maiden*, how you nice Beaus, that frequent all Assemblies, avoid mixing with the ruder sort?

Mai. Oh, Madam, we that are acquainted with the Town, distinguish People by their Airs; there's as much difference between Men of Breeding and Rakes, as between a Lady's fine Shock, and an ugly *Dutch* Mastiff ——— One knows a Gentleman by a great deal of good Manners, and a chaste, modest Look, that may be trusted in a Lady's Bed-Chamber; and a Rake by a dirty Double-Button Coat, a cursed long Sword, and a damn'd *Irish* Face, with more Impudence than the Box-Keepers that are always teasing Quality for Money.

Woodc. [*Approaching.*] And pray, Friend, by what Token d'you know a Fool, when you see him?

Lov. There Mr. *Maiden* can never be at a loss, who is so well acquainted with a Looking-glass.

Woodc. But where have you dispos'd my Daughter, good People?

Hill. To her own Satisfaction, I guess, amidst a Crowd of Beaus, Raffling, Toying, and receiving Presents.

Woodc. Very good; and pray what Favours d'you Ladies allow these Beaus in return of their fine Presents?

Hill. Why, the Liberty of Talking, Dancing, or a Game at Cards; and if we happen to meet Men of true Wit, perhaps we may be charm'd into Marriage.

Woodc. But shou'd my Daughter suffer her self to be corrupted by any of your *London* Wits, she shou'd e'en live by the Air of *Covent-Garden*; before I'd have a Wit inherit my Estate, I'd Stock-job it away at *Jonathan's*, lay it out in cloathing a Regiment, where I should never see a Groat on't again, or sell it for a Place at Court, to be turn'd out upon the next Revolution.

Hill. What, I warrant you'd match her to a Country Justice, that like some of our modern Commissioners, has no more Sense than to commit Old Women for Witchcraft, or some blockheadly Mayor of a Corporation, with a Country Mace carry'd before him like a Chocolate Mill———Well, you old Men have the most unaccountable Reasons for disposing your Daughters; one marries her to a Fool, because he's a-kin to Quality; another to a Knave, because he's a Man in vogue, and expects Preferment; a third superstitious old Rogue gives her to a Sot, because he's a sober Person, takes Short-Hand, and belongs to the same Congregation. I wonder what Religion there is in Love; and your Worship, for fear the Sow should baulk her Litter, wou'd marry your Daughter to a Swine———Oh the joys of a Country Life, to mind one's Poultry, and one's Dairy, and the pretty Business of milking a Cow; then the soft Diversions of riding on horse-back, or going to a Bull-baiting, and the charming Conversation of High-Crown Hats; who can talk of nothing but their Hogs and their Husbands: For shame, Mr. Woodcock,

cock, since you have an Estate, you shou'd have polish'd your Family, and giv'n your Daughter a Town-Education.

Woodc. And have you, Madam, no more reverence for the Memory of your Ancestors, than to prophane a High-Crown Hat, that Token of Modesty and Humility? for since your fantastical Geers came in with Wires, Ribbons, and Laces, and your Furbelo's, with three hundred Yards in a Gown and Petticoat, there has not been a good Housewife in the Nation. — Then you'd give my Daughter a Town-Education! I'll tell you what the Education of a Town-Lady is: — First, she's sent to a Dancing-School, where she's led about the Room by a smooth-fac'd Fellow, squeez'd by the Hand, and debauch'd before she comes into her Teens. I'll be sworn, Dancing-Masters, Singing-Masters, and such Followers o' the Women, make greater havock among Maiden-heads in *London*, than the *Germans* did among the fine Fiddles at the Battle of *Cremona*. — As you grow up, you learn to be very Coquette; and are taught the Languages, that you may intrigue with the whole World; and instead of rising early to inspect your Families, you stew abed till Noon, dress all the Afternoon, go to Dinner at Night, and play at Cards till the next Morning: When you have gam'd away all your Money, you take your Clothes upon Tick, and when you have run up a hundred Pounds in several Tradesmens Books, you pretend you have Husbands at the *East-Indies*, and no body can arrest you.

Hill. Why, Mr. *Woodcock*, you are perfectly scurrilous. I find the steely Soil of *Kent* has an Effect upon your Natures, as well as the Waters; but I don't wonder you shou'd abuse the poor Women, when with that petitioning Face you think you have Wit enough to correct Parliaments.

Mai. Indeed, Madam, you say right, Spleen and Ill-nature are as common in *Kent*, as Apple-dumplings: I wonder, Sir, you Satyrs, like the rest of your Brother Monsters, hav'n't a Pair of Horns.

Woodc. And I wonder you Beaus, like the rest of your Brother Affes, hav'n't a Tail.

Enter Squib and another fighting, People interposing, Maiden and the Women sbriek, and run to a Corner of the Stage.

All. Nay, good Captain, you fright the Ladies.

Lov. What's the matter, Captain?

Squ. An impudent Dog, that belongs to the last Will and Testament-Office, had the Assurance to boast of Favours from my Sempstrefs.

Woodc. A mighty Piece of Vanity truly!

Hill. But Mr. Maiden, what makes you so terrified?

Mai. Why really, Madam, I am naturally apprehensive of a naked Sword: They say, my Mother was frightened at a Quarrel, when she was with Child o' me.

Woodc. [*Aside*] So, now the Walks begin to swarm ——— What are those Fops good for? They are too lazy to work, and too cowardly to fight ——— I'd fain have Beaus; Fiddlers, Dancing-Masters, Poets, and Players, knockt o' the head as they do useless Puppies, that they mightn't over-run the Nation. [*Exit.*

Hill. Come, Ladies, the Bell rings to Chapel; Mr. Loveworth, I must not force you thither contrary to your Inclinations; but Mr. Maiden's always dispos'd for the Ladies.

Lov. You, Madam, may command me any where.

[*Pushing Maiden aside.*

Mai. Breeding!

[*Leads Mrs. Goodf.*

Goodf. Sweet Mr. Maiden.

[*Exeunt all but Squib.*

and Pen. Reynard and Belinda appear at the upper-end of the Walks.

Pen. I wonder, Captain, you'll expose your valuable Life upon such frivolous Occasions: You great Commanders should be reserv'd for more worthy Enterprises.

Squ. Oh! Madam, I am always a Champion for the Ladies; yet I endeavour to secure my own Safety: For tho'

tho' Valour be necessary in a Soldier, most of our modern Heroes prefer good Conduct, and seldom enter upon an Engagement that surmises Danger: And really Madam, when I consider the present Scarcity of good Officers, I am forc'd to curb the Unruliness of my Passion out of a national Regard.

Pen. Sure nothing is so moving as an heroick Spirit, nor any thing so becoming as Scarlet, it looks so graceful, and darts so noble a Lustre on the Face.

Squ. And yet every pert Prig with a Patch, and a cropt Head o'Hair, pretends to a Red-Coat, forsooth; Scarlet's grown so common now-a-days one hardly knows a Colonel from a *Costermonger*.

Pen. Well, whenever I marry, I'm resolv'd to have an Officer; for, next to being a Woman of Quality, in my Mind, nothing sounds so great as the Captain's Lady.

Squ. Divine Lady, your Hand.

Pen. Noble Sir, you have it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Reynard and Belinda come forward.

Bel. I own your Merit, Sir, and wou'd not slight your Love: but you know my Father's Temper, and I am fix'd never to marry without his Consent: When you have found a means to court his Favour, you may then hope for mine.

Rey. Conduct, and Courage, every way I'll prove,
First try by Prayers, and Arguments to move,
Then summon every Art and Shape of Jove;
Tho' oft repuls'd, Love still the Fight maintains,
And for each Thought we gladly beat our Brains,
When the Reward so nobly pays the Pains.

The End of the Second A C T.

ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

Woodcock and Reynard.

Woodc. **I**N Love with my Daughter! Ha, ha, ha, a very good Jest indeed.

Rey. Why shou'd you doubt my Passion, Mr. *Woodcock*? Have I not shewn myself a zealous Lover; follow'd her to the *Bath*, thence to *Tunbridge*; watch'd for her, courted her, and respected you?

Woodc. 'Tis true, Mr. *Reynard*, I believe you have a very great Affection for my Daughter, I must applaud your Judgment, and tell you, she deserves your Love. As to her Person, I can't say much; but she is Heiress to near six thousand Acres of Arable and Pasture; besides a good Mansion-House, with Hop-Grounds, Cherry-Gardens, and other Appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in the Parish of *Maidstone* in the County of *Kent*; and if a Woman, with such Charms, can want Followers in this Fortune-hunting Age, I am deceiv'd.

Rey. I grant you, Sir, an Estate is a comfortable Convenience; but you ought not to prefer a few dirty Acres to a Woman of Beauty.

Woodc. What signifies Beauty without Money; 'tis Money makes the Beauty——Tho' a Woman be surprisngly witty, fair to a Miracle, easy and unaffected; she's thought disagreeable without Money? but tho' she's crooked, squints, ill-natur'd, and a meer Changeling, she must be an Angel, when she's an Alderman's Daughter, and has ten thousand Pounds.——We plainly see how Beauty is valued at *London*, by the Women o' the Town. who are forc'd to live by their Faces. In Term Time, indeed, they'll squeeze
4 Half

Half a Crown ; after Term they are glad of Seven Groats ; in the long Vacation, you may have a Fur-belo for a Tester ; and your poor Whores that ply the *Rose* Passage, have so bad a Trade, they can scarce afford you an Anniversary clean Smock——Beauty, Mr. *Reynard*'s a Jest ; I never marry'd for't myself——Indeed, I thought the Woman well enough ; but if her Fortune hadn't equal'd my Estate, we had ne'er pig'd together.——[*Aside.*] Tho' could I have lik'd her better, a Son might have inherited my Estate ; for I think they say, Girls are but the Product of Half-Inclination.

Rey. Come, come, Mr. *Woodcock*, ne'er dispute the matter, I like your Daughter, and your Daughter likes me ; 'tis true, Fortune allotted her the largest Share ; but had it been my Chance, we generous Hearts marry for Love, and ne'er value Money.

Woodc. Not value Money!——Very like ; if it were not for such extravagant Sparks as you, that want a true sense of Money, we shou'dn't have so much Subscription-Musick, nor so many *French* Buffoons skipping over to run away with it——Mr. *Reynard*, you have unluckily discover'd yourself, and I hope now you'll not pretend to my Daughter ; I shall hardly give my Estate to one that don't know the worth of it.——But, I mistake, noble Sir ; I should admire your Philosophy, the Contempt of Money shews so great a Soul. 'Twould be happy for the Nation, if every Country could furnish such worthy Persons for Assessors, Collectors, and Receivers General. [Exit.]

Rey. That a plain, rough-hewn Fellow shou'd have such profound Knowledge——I own her Fortune is the chiefest Bait.——Yet I love her too ; but how shall I convince him that I love her——What if I feign myself distracted !——It shall be so——That may not only move Belief, but Pity——It must be Love when the Mind seems diseas'd.

Enter Loveworth.

Lov. Frank *Reynard* contemplative ! What mighty Business

Business can there be depending, that should make thee thoughtful? ——— Yonder come the two Fools *Squib* and *Maiden*, you know the Opposition of their Tempers ——— Lets fet 'em together by the Ears, 'twill make Sport.

Rey. 'Prithee, *Ned*, enjoy the whole Diversion thy self, I have greater Matters to mind. [Exit.]

Lov. Go thy ways for a Brainfick Fellow : Pox o' the Women, I say, this damn'd Love spoils all manner of Society.

Enter Squib.

Squ. Mr. *Love-worth*, I beg a multitude of Pardons, I shou'd rob you of my self so long ; but I have been earnestly engag'd in mediating a prodigious Quarrel between two Members of the Kit-Cat Club, that challeng'd about a Pun.

Lov. I find, Captain, you are the grand Umpire o' the Nation ——— But, I wonder, how you ambitious Officers can rest satisfy'd with trifling away your Time at *Tunbridge*, when your Assistance is so much wanted in *Italy*.

Squ. Indeed, Mr. *Love-worth*, when I reflect how much my Presence would encourage the whole Army, on the Consideration of a good Preferment, next Campaign I may oblige the Allies ; but you must know, Sir, we military Gentlemen have a mighty Tenderness for one another's Fame ; and I should be very cautious of performing any thing, to eclipse my very good Friend Prince *Eugene* ——— But Mr. *Love-worth*, here comes *Maiden*, prithee let's tease him a little ——— What if we get him to the Tavern, and make him drunk ?

Lov. With all my heart.

Enter Maiden.

They say, Mr. *Maiden*, you are in the Lampoon that came out this Morning, for having an Affair with Mrs. *Motion*, your Landlady's Chambermaid.

Mai. That's an impudent Report, Mr. *Love-worth*,
only

only to spoil one's Reputation among the Ladies; for 'tis well known I have more Modesty, and never lay with a Woman in my Life.

Squ. And will your Virtue gain you any Credit with the Ladies, you silly Toad: If you wou'd settle an Interest there, you must swear you ha' worry'd half the Sex; but thou hastn't Wit enough to subdue any thing above a Sempstress.

Mai. Lard! What signifies Wit? How particular a Wit would look at Court now-a-days. Your poor scoundrel Wits are forc'd to cringe to us Men of Figure ——— I'm to have a Dedication next Winter: Well, a Dedication is the prettiest thing ——— To see one's own Name in the Front of a Book ——— To the Honourable *Francis Maiden*, Esq; ——— Then to have the World told of one's Airs and Equipage, and the Valour of one's Ancestors ——— You may talk what you will of your Wit and Sense, but you'd part with all your Qualifications to have my Complexion.

Squ. O Lord, Complexion! who the Devil minds that? And hast thou the Assurance to despise Men of Wit, and value thyself upon thy white Gloves, thy Honey-water Bottle, and thy painted Face?

Mai. Well, were it not for a little Art, one shou'd look like other People: But what then, 'tis only a Wash from the *Dove* in *Salisbury* Court, which all the Quality use; and, tho' I say it, when my Face is set out to the best Advantage, it has given many a Lady a Palpitation at the Heart ——— But you know, Captain, we have agreed not to quarrel: I hate testy Folks; when I was at School, I cou'd never abide the Boys; they were always wrangling and fighting: but I lov'd mightily to play with the Girls, and dress Babies, and all my Acquaintance now never quarrel'd in their Lives.

Lov. No! what sort of People are they, good now?

Mai. Oh! the best Creatures in the World? we have such Diversion when we meet together, at my Chambers; there's Beau *Simper*, Beau *Rabbitsface*, Beau *Eithersex*, Colonel *Coachpole*, and Count *Drivel*,
that

that sits with his Mouth open, the prettiest Company at a Bowl of Virgin-Punch; we never make it with Rum or Brandy—— like your Sea-Captains, but two Quarts of Mead to half a Pint of White-Wine, Lemon-Juice, Burridge, and a little Perfume; then we never read Gazettes, nor talk of *Kenlo* and *Vigo*, like your Coffee-House Fellows, but play with Fans, and mimick the Women; *Skream, hold up our Tails, make Curt'sies, and call one another Madam*—— But Mr. *Love-worth*, are you for the Dancing at *Southborough* to-night? I'm going to be all new dress'd.

Low. Ay, but we are too soon yet; let's take a Flask first at the *Rummer*.

Mai. O Lard! I never go to the Tavern.

Squ. But faith you shall; Mr. *Love-worth*, let's force him along.

Mai. O Lard! I shall be ravish'd; Captain, you are the rudest Man, as I hope to be sav'd I'll call out: Well, don't tumble a body then, and I will go; but I never drink any thing but *Rhenish* and Sugar.

Squ. Damn Rotgut *Rhenish*, we'll have Mrs. *Motion's* Health in a Bumper of *Barcelona*.

Mai. O! she's a bold Pullet.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Woodcock and Belinda. A Chair, Woodcock sits.

Woodc. *Belinda*, come hither.

Bel. [*Aside.*] Now shall I be ask'd a thousand more whimsical cross Questions, than a bashful Witness by an impudent Yelper at the *Old Bailey*.

Woodc. What Notion ha' you of Mankind?

Bel. Notion, Sir! I think of 'em as the rest o' my Sex do.

Woodc. As the rest of her Sex do—— I never knew a Woman give a direct Answer in my Life; but if I must explain your Meaning, that's as much as to say, you think of nothing else—— But pray, Madam,—— If I may be so bold—— What mighty Acquaintance and Intimacy—— is there between Mr. *Reynard* and you?

Bel.

Bel. Mr. Reynard, Sir! no more than what's general; I have no farther Knowledge of him, than the Freedom of the Place allows.

Woodc. The Freedom o' the Place! ——— Why if you know as much of him as the Freedom of the Place allows, you have known him in every Sense and *Item*; for what Lewdness is there this damn'd Place don't countenance? ——— Look you, Daughter, I smell your Affections, and resolve to spoil the Intrigue; therefore be pleas'd to bundle up your Night-Clothes, your Patches, Pomatum, and the rest of your Trumpery; for positively I'll be gone to-morrow ——— When I think it seasonable for you to marry, I'll take care to provide you a Husband myself.

Bel. But I hope, Sir, you will not enjoin me any Man contrary to my Inclinations.

Woodc. Your Inclinations! ——— Perhaps your Inclinations are to half the Sex; I know very well you are for a Beau; a flattering Coxcomb, that would make you believe your Eyes were a Pair of Flamboys, and cringe to you with bits of Love-Songs in a damn'd Counter-Tenor Voice. ——— [*Singing.*] *Then prithee, prithee, give me gentle Boy* ——— But I shan't leave my Estate to a Periwig-Block; and since that must descend with you, I shall consult my own Judgment, and not your Inclinations; therefore if your Ladyship don't think fit to marry whom I shall assign, you may e'en fast till your Stomach comes to you: I leave you to think of that, and prepare for your Journey. [*Exit.*]

Bel. What Noise and Discord sordid Interest breeds! Oh! That I had shar'd a levell'd State of Life,
With quiet humble Maids, exempt from Pride,
And Thoughts of worldly Dross that marr their Joys;
In any Sphere, but a distinguish'd Heiress,
To raise my Envy, and oppose my Love,
Fortune, Fortune, why did you give me Wealth to make
me wretched? [*Weeps.*]

Enter Hillaria.

Hill. *Belinda* in Tears ——— Now has that old
Rogue

Rogue been plaguing her—— Poor Soul ! She weeps more heartily than ever I did, when I was whipt for Romping : I find People have two great Satisfactions in Children ; first to get 'em, and then to cross 'em : But were he my Father, I'd sooner break his Heart than he shou'd force a Tear from my Eyes—— Come, Child, let's retire, and take a chirping Dram, Sorrow's dry ; I'll divert you with the new Lampoon, 'tis a little smutty ; but what then ? we Women love to read those things in private. [Exeunt.]

Enter Lucy.

Luc. How many Resolutions have I made to be virtuous ? and cou'd never keep 'em above two Hours : Therefore I design never to make any more —— This *Tunbridge* is the Devil ; for here are so many handsome Fellows proffering Love, that let a body protest never so much against it, there always comes some rub i' the way.

Rey. [*Without, singing.*]

Luc. Bless me, here's Mr. *Reynard*, that's just run distracted, they say, for Mrs. *Belinda*, the Yeoman of *Kent's* Daughter ; I'll swear a good clean-limb'd sort of a Man—— What pity 'tis he wants his Understanding ?

Enter Reynard Singing.

Rey. *Then mad, very mad let us be, &c.*

Luc. Poor Gentleman ! How active he seems to be : Well, of all things I love a brisk Man—— Pray, Sir, how long have you been mad ?

Rey. Ever since I first saw a Woman : Woman fir'd my Breast, rak'd my Soul, and confounded all my Senses.

Luc. Good lack, was there ever any thing so strange ! I hope he's mad for me too—— Sure, Sir, that was some cruel Creature, that didn't return you Love for Love ; I fancy a kind Nymph wou'd recover your Wits again.

Rey. The whole Sex are kind, I meet no Opposition ; for now honourable Love is out of date, and
Maidenheads

Maidenheads are Drugs that lie upon their hands ; yo^u may have 'em like Eggs, ten a Groat.

Luc. Indeed, I'm glad then I sold mine before they came so cheap.

Rey. But if they resist me ; then I grow outrageous, storm, stare, rave, and force all I meet.

Luc. My Stars ! The Man talks strangely terrible, if a body was afraid on't ; I believe, Sir, you, like other Knight-Errants o' the Age, boast a great deal more than you perform.

Rey. No, I am all Action, my Life, my Soul ; thou Varnisher of thy Mistress's Imperfection, Cabinet of her Intrigues, Heiress of old Cloaths, and Mender of fusty foul Linen.

*[Tumbles her, throws her down, and goes out
Singing : Then mad, very mad let us be, &c.]*

Luc. Was there ever such a Whelp, to throw a body down———and then run away ; but I'll go tell my Lady ; for if he should meet her in this wild Fit, she'd be quite scar'd.

Enter Hillaria.

Hill. I have put all the Mischief imaginable into *Belinda's* Head, and have left her to muse on't———Now for my own Matters———This Music, Rambling, Tea, and Scandal, are very pleasant, but all don't secure the Main Chance, and that must be done before I leave *Tunbridge* : For faith, I'm so damnably in debt, I dare n't shew my Head in Town, till I have got some body to clear Scores———Here comes *Woodcock*, if I cou'd trap the old Fellow now for a Husband, what Variety of young Lovers wou'd his Estate purchase !———Sure no body in this World had ever greater Occasion for a Fool than I have at present.

Enter Woodcock.

Woodc. Who wou'd be troubl'd with Daughters ? those Puff-paste Things, that like Race-Horses, cost one more in keeping than they are worth ; for my Daughter,

ter, she's made up of nothing but Pride and Disobedience; and if her Vanity's but the least oppos'd, then she's sick, and nothing but *Tunbridge* will cure her———That People shou'd come hither for Air, a damn'd Hole amidst a Parcel of confounded Hills more stifling than a Bagnio, and stinks worse than the Upper-Gallery in hot Weather———I am plagu'd to that degree, that cou'd I meet a Woman in any measure abating the Impertinence of her, I wou'd yet hope a Son, only to disappoint my Daughter's Expectations.

Hill. [*Aside.*] Then e'en take me, and try what you can do. I'll employ the Hint; this may be the lucky Minute for aught I know———I begin, Mr. *Woodcock*, to be tir'd of this noisy Town-Life, and wou'd fain settle in the Country: D'you know never an old Shepherd that's in mighty distress for a Wife.

Woodc. He must be in a damnable Distress indeed, that wou'd marry a *London* Lady.

Hill. Oh! Mr. *Woodcock*! a Woman bred in *London* makes the best Country Wife; for being surfeited with Hurry and Confusion, Solitude is a perfect *Elysium*; 'tis like reposing one's self after a fatiguing Journey; and of all Parts I shou'd chuse *Kent*: They say, you *Kentish* Men are the best-natur'd People, and make the kindest Husbands in the World; I know several Ladies extremely fond of *Kent*.

Woodc. Very like; most of you Town Ladies are naturally fond of strong *Kentish* Men———But pray, Madam, what has made you such a Friend to the Country, who but now took so much pains to ridicule it; tho' few regard what your Sex say, since 'tis agreed, Woman ne'er spoke her Meaning yet: for your Minds are so very mutable, that whatever you think at present, you're of a quite different Opinion before you can utter it.

Hill. But the Thoughts of Marriage, Sir, are more solid; and tho' a flashy Fop may divert one for a quar-

ter of an Hour, were I to chuse a Companion for Life, nothing's so agreeable as your Humour.

Woodc. My Humour! ——— Why you haven't a Design upon me, Madam? 'Sdeath, she has almost given me a *Kentish* Ague ——— Marry thee. No Faith, I'd sooner breed out o' my Wall-ey'd Mare, for whatever she may be for Beauty, I should have one at least that wou'dn't talk me to Death.

Hill. Thou art a rude Beast, and 'tis pity any thing that's human shou'd couple with thee.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Oh! Madam, the saddest Accident! poor Mr. *Reynard's* quite raving mad; he met me just now in this place, and threw me down after that robust manner, I thought he wou'd have ravish'd me.

Woodc. Mad! ha, ha, ha, very diverting truly, a rattle-headed *London* Rake, to give out he's mad! Why, who the Devil e'er thought him otherwise, ev'ry body's mad there ——— Lawyers are mad in finding out new Querks to make their Clients more mad ——— Poets after new Whimsies ——— Physicians after new Poisons ——— Musicians, whose Brains are scatter'd into Semi-quavers, and Women have been mad from the Creation.

Enter Reynard.

Rey. I have been talking to the Weather-Cock on yonder Church-Steeple, and 'tis the prettiest tatling Company, I fancied myself at the Drawing-Room amongst all the Ladies ——— [*To Woodcock.*] ——— Ha! Who art thou with that blustering Face like the North-Wind at the Corner of an old Map? Ha, ha, ha ——— Nay, ben't angry, good *Boreas*; thou look'st like a wise Politician, we'll talk of State-Affairs; prithee call for Pipes, and let's smoke the Nation; bring me some Gunpowder.

Woodc. Gunpowder!

Rey. Ay, Gunpowder; thou art one of those heavy, thinking Animals that funk Tobacco; I'm a Courtier,
and

and Courtiers smoke Gunpowder, for they are all flash
 ——— I'll tell you News ——— There's a Civil
 War broke out among the Cards, the four Knaves are to
 be no longer Court-Cards ——— Pam is a fly, cring-
 ing Parasite, flatters ev'ry body, buys of ev'ry body,
 and pays no body ——— The Knave of Diamonds
 borrows other People's Wit, and begs other People's
 Estates ——— The Knave of Spades is a Court-Rake,
 scours the Streets, breaks Windows, and beats the
 Watch ——— And the Knave of Hearts is a fine dres-
 sing Courtier that debauches the Citizens Wives; besides,
 the whole Pack are up in Arms; the four Queens are to
 be banish'd, and the four Kings depos'd.

Woodc. Why so?

Rey. Because each petty Card is like a grumbling
 Common-wealth's Man that hates Monarchy, and will
 allow no body to be above himself ——— But I have
 made peace.

Woodc. How?

Rey. Why henceforward there's to be no hereditary
 Honour, Money's to be made Protector; and ev'ry
 paultry Cit that has but ten thousand Pounds to purchase
 a Title, is to be made a Peer.

Hill. Why, that fancy now wou'd be very pleasant,
 to have some of our Citizens Ennobl'd; I warrant we
 shou'd have my Lord *Leadenhall*, Count *Cheapside*, and
 the Earl of *Stocks-Market*.

Rey. But hang Politicks, Pleasure's my Business: Let
 dull, studious Mortals poise the tottering Globe, I am
 light as Air; and make a Tennis-Ball of the World,
 taste ev'ry Diversion without Care, that's always new,
 because it leaves no Impression; and feed on the Sweets
 of a ravishing Mistress, without the puny Sense of
 Love ——— But where's *Belinda*? Where's my lovely
 Charmer? We'll steal together to some secret Wood,
 and there we'll rest ourselves from all Mankind; care-
 lessly on some rising Bank we'll lie, shaded by Myrtles,
 fann'd with gentle Gales, and lull'd by purling Rivers
 into Sleep.

[*Stands fix'd.*
Hill.

Hill. Now are not you an old Brute to occasion a poor Gentleman's Distraction, and have no more Charity?

Woodc. Charity! — — — Why, Madam, shou'd half the Town run mad for my Daughter, must I ruin my Family to recover their Wits? Wou'd your Ladyship's Charity marry a Man under the Gallows to save him from being hang'd — — — Look you, Sir, I understand the World, and can see thro' these Stage Devices; therefore, if your Worship thinks you have less Wit than you brought down with you, and suspect you have been robb'd here, you'd e'en sue the County. [Exit.]

Rey. Curse on his rustic Sense, 'twill never take: What's to be done, *Hillaria*?

Hill. Ne'er be discourag'd, Man; when you engage an obstinate old Miser, fortify'd with Experience, you attack a strong-bullt Town; ev'ry Stratagem must be thought of, and ev'ry Faculty employed — — — I swear, were it not for her Estate, one wou'dn't take so much pains about the Creature; indeed her Face is well enough, but she has a Shape like a Candle; then she's horrid silly, for when one tells her of a likely Fellow, she cries, my Father — — — If the rest o' the World were but half as 'fraid of the Devil as she is of that old Toast, he'd hardly have so much Pow'r over us — — — I hate any thing so mealy-mouth'd.

Rey. Prithee, *Hillaria*, leave this Woman's railing, and say, what Course shall I take?

Hill. Well, you Men are the saddest Souls at an Intrigue without the Assistance of our Sex — — — Come, I'll tell you what's to be done — — — You know he's mightily averse to any thing of a Gentleman, and resolves to marry her to some Country Grazier like himself: D'you assume that Habit, forge a Commendatory Letter from some Neighbour of his, whose Name you may easily learn, and carry it with all the Impudence of *Fuller*; and if that don't cozen the old Fellow, I'll be doom'd to die

die a Virgin, and that's a damnable hard Sentence.

Rey. By Heav'n, I like the Project, and will about it instantly.

Hill. For my part, I'll e'en go make Love to Mr. Maiden; 'tis a sign our Sex are in sad want of Husbands, when we are forc'd to court the Men: but my Pride must be supported; and, faith, I know the Town too well, to lose any thing for want of Assurance.

Rey. Come, *Hillaria*.

*Tho' Fortune, like the wav'ring Sun-shine dance,
With constant Eyes I'll humour ev'ry Glance;
No Fars, no Crosses shall my Hopes destroy,
New Ways I'll study, and new Arts employ,
And, in all Shapes, pursue th' amorous Boy.*

The End of the Third ACT.



ACT IV.

SCENE continues.

Enter Maiden.

Mai. I'm glad I ha' got away from 'em; I hate the stinking Taverns, and they made one drink Bumpers o' sour Claret, without so much as Nutmeg and Sugar——Here comes Mrs. *Hillaria*, if she wou'd but make Love to me now; for tho' we Beaus seldom care for Marriage, 'tis pretty to have the Ladies fond of us.

Enter Hillaria.

Hill. Mr. Maiden, we have wanted you extremely at the Tea Table; I heard you weae'n't well.

Mai.

Mai. Indeed, Madam, I was forc'd to lie down a little: I'm but a weakly Body, this hot Weather over; comes one strangely.

Hill. Nay, really, I have often accus'd the Tyranny of the Mode, in obliging you to wear those great Wigs; 'tis well you Beaus are not inclin'd to be hot-headed ——— But Summer-time is tedious to ev'ry body: I wonder how so many fat Gentlemen can endure the Green all Day, though 'tis pleasant enough to look out of a Window, and observe 'em ——— To see a Tun o' Grease, with a broad fiery Face, and a little black Cap, waddle after a Bowl, rub, rub, rub, rub, and lose more Fat, in getting a Shilling ——— than wou'd yield him a Crown at the Tallow-Chandler's.

Mai. Why, truly, Madam, we have a world of greasy Beaus about Town, I fancy half the Gentlemen o'the last Age married their Cook-Maids: But I never appear upon the Green amongst 'em, for in two Minutes one is tann'd so abominably; besides, I hate those fatiguing Diversions.

Hill. Then your *Kentish-Men* here are for leaping, and throwing a great Iron Bar; as if the slavish Exercises of a Porter, cou'd heighten the Character of a Gentleman.

Mai. These *Kentish* Folks value themselves so much upon their Strength; and because they carry'd a few Boughs against *William* the Conqueror, they talk of bearing Oak-Trees. I warrant in time, they'll pretend to remove the City of *London* into their own Country ——— Some People too, are fond of a Horse: I wonder what Pleasure there is in jumbling one's Bones to a Jelly; I'm sure I was as weak once with riding a Mile and a half, as if I had lain in: But I love a Spring-chariot mightily; and there's nothing we Beaus take more pride in, than a Sett of genteel Footmen. I never have any but what wear their own Hair, and I allow 'em a Crown a Week for Gloves and Powder: If one shoud'n't, they'd steal horridly to set themselves out; for now, not one in ten is without a Watch,

Watch, and a nice Snuff-Box, with the best Orangery ; and the Liberty of the Upper-Gallery has made them so confounded pert, that as they wait behind one at Table, they'll either put in their Word, or mimick a body, and People must bear with 'em, or else pay 'em their Wages.

Hill. Nay, a shining Equipage sooths my Vanity to the last degree ; we shall make the most suitable Couple!

Mai. [*Aside.*] Couple ————— I knew she wanted a-body.

Hill. And really Mr. Maiden, to conceal the matter no longer, I am in love with you to death.

Mai. Truly, Madam, Marriage is a thing I hav'n't thought on yet.

Hill. That Mien, Air, Face, Wit, Shape, that moving Softness, and those sparkling Eyes, at once have rais'd me to the height of Joy, and thrown me to the bottom of Despair.

Mai. [*Aside.*] She's mighty fond, methinks, she may be a Cheat for aught I know ; for so many rakish Women come down to Tunbridge, to make their Fortunes among us Men of Estates, that if a-body ha'n't great care, one may be stole ————— How shall I get away from her ! ————— Madam, I'll but just step into the Back-yard, and wait on you presently.

| *Exit.*

Hill I find nothing can be made of this Fellow ; there's somewhat in his Nature contrary to Love. ————— Oh ! here comes my spruce Militia Captain, as remarkable for Impudence, as the other for Modesty ————— With what variety of Fools is this Place supply'd !

Enter Squib.

Squ. [*Aside.*] A flinching Son of a Succubus, to pretend calling for a Looking-glass, and sneak away. ————— My Mistrefs ————— Hem ————— Now for my Rhetorick. ————— Madam, I am ravish'd with your Air, the Lustre of your Eyes, the Acuteness of your Wit, and

and the Symmetry of your Person; there is not a Lady whose Presence I admire more throughout the cosmical System.

Hill. I find, Captain, you have an Eloquence to engage the Women, as well as Valour to subdue the Men; but, 'tis my Misfortune not to be touch'd with those extraordinary Faculties that bait so many of my Sex.

Squ. Some Ladies, indeed, are of a cold Constitution; but can you, Madam, object to one Particular, throughout the finish'd Catalogue of my Perfections? But 'tis the general Fate of us Men o' the Fashion, to captivate the Crowd o' Ladies, and yet be slighted by a single She we love. [Sings.]

*Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not every Day.*

Hill. [*Aside.*] Was there ever such a Coxcomb? ——— I must own, Captain, your Graces are very insinuating; but, so many Reasons persuade me against a martial Love ——— A Woman that values her Husband, is always apprehensive of the Chance o' War; then, shou'd you be kill'd in a Battle, one must sneak to the Government for a Pension of twenty Shillings a Week to subsist half a Score Children, and hammer out the rest with Washing and Starching: Besides, a Soldier's Wife has so very little Credit abroad, that should one happen to be out o' Cash, one may want so much as a Paper o' Pins.

Squ. What, Pins! ——— Madam, you shall eat Pins ——— Those are your poor starving Officers that live by bullying, and their Wives by Cullies. I have three hundred a Year in Possession, and two more in Reversion, when my Grandmother *Ptiffick* dies; so that you may have ready Money: you may go to the Tripe-Woman's with ready Money, to the Strong-Water Shop with ready Money, and to the Mercer's with ready Money; and that's what Half the Women of Quality can't pretend to ——— Then for Pedigree, the *Squibs*, Madam, are as ancient and numerous a Race as the *Hittites*, the *Jebusites*, or the *Gargishites*: I have

C 2

Relations

Relations considerable in all parts of the World ; Don *Greazywhiskers*, Renegado *De Vigo*, Signior *Furioso Flammoso de Mount Ætna*, Lord *Houndsditch*, Monsieur *Ne'er a Shirt* ; and in *Holland*, my dear uncle, *Myn Heer Belch van Butter-Box* ; will not all this prevail ? Ye Stars, is there no way to make her mine ?

Hill. One way, Captain, there is, and but one : I have sworn never to yield myself without a Duel : A Woman's hardly spoke of, till she has occasion'd Bloodshed : All Ladies o' Figure, when they design to marry, conceive some way to be fought for, then receive the Conqueror to show they approve of the Deed.——
Mr. *Loveworth*, Captain, is your Rival ; d'you engage him ; if you succeed, my Person is the Reward : You'll not find it difficult, he's a Coward, and will scarce stand the brunt.

Squ. [*Aside*.] A Coward ! nay, then I may venture to challenge him —— If that be all, Madam, 'tis done already —— I'll mince the Dog —— Rival me ! an audacious Rascal ! —— Madam, I'll anatomize him for your Ladyship's Curiosity —— [*Aside*.] I'll to the Tavern, and get a little flush'd ; few have Courage enough to fight in cool Blood. Now Fortune, for my Mistress and my Fame.

'Tis my last Refuge, and if that don't win her,
O all you Gods above —— The Devil's in her. [Exit.]

Hill. Now have I a mighty Pleasure in setting two Fellows a tilting ; shou'd one of 'em be run through, what an Air 'twill be upon the Walks, for People to observe a-body, and cry, she had a Man kill'd about her ! If they both prove Cowards, 'twill afford Mirth to see two Fools parry at a distance, they are sure not to hurt one another, and that's not unlikely in this Periwig Age. Psha ! my old Suitor, Mr. *Loveworth* ! how insipid is a Fellow's Company one has been acquainted with a Month ! I begin now to hate him so very heartily, that the Devil take me if I don't —— marry him —— But what Humour shall I affect ? in the Morning I rally'd him, now I'll ha' the Spleen, that
will

will give him an Opinion of my Understanding; for the most fashionable sign of a modern great Wit, is a great deal of Ill-Nature.

Enter Loveworth.

Love. Save you, save you, Madam! What, melancholy!

Hill. One's apt to be so, Sir, at the approach of dull Company.

Love. Oh, she has got the Spleen, I'll fetch her out of that presently. *[Sings, and dances a Minuet.]*

Hill. Now were I really out of Humour, splenetick, and sick even to Death, that Minuet wou'd set me a dancing. *[Sings the same Tune, and dances.]* I find, Mr. *Loveworth*, 'tis in vain for us Women to assume Ill-Nature with you Men, that know our blind side.

Love. We know, Madam, your Natures are not rough, but you, Ladies, so damnably dissemble Cruelty, where you find you are belov'd, we don't know what to make on't.

Hill. Good Sir don't mention Love, that will give me the Vapours indeed: But where's *Belinda*, Mrs. *Goodfellow*, *Penelope*, and the rest o' the Company?

Love. O! Madam, they are all got to Cards in the Summer-House at the lower end of the Garden.

Hill. At Cards, and I here! Heav'n forgive me, I don't use to slip an opportunity of getting Money; I'll be with 'em this moment; but, dear Mr. *Loveworth*, that Minuet again.

[Both sing, and go out in the Minuet Step. Exeunt.]

Enter Woodcock with a Letter, and Reynard in a Country Habit.

Woodc. *[Reading.]* Numerous Tenements——Great store of Cattle——And Lands very extensive in *Romney-Marsh*——*[Aside.]* A most convenient Place for my Owling-Trade, exporting Wool, and running *French Goods*——I find, Sir, you are recommended to me or a Son-in-Law.

Rey. Yes.

Woodc. Pray what Estate may you have about *Romney-Marsh* ?

Rey. Estate, why I have Estate enough to set up who I please for Parliament-Man, and when I ha' done, think I ha' Wit enough to gi'n Instructions how he shall behave himself.

Woodc. A notable Fellow this ; no great Orator I see, but his Meaning's good.

Rey. Now, pray, what has your Daughter ? for if her Vortune don't answer my Estate, I'll not have her, be she a Cherubim, fouse me.

Woodc. [*Aside.*] My own humour———He knows the Market, I find, and I warrant has bought many a Horse———And I'd have a Man inspect a Wife as he does a Horse ; see if she has all her Teeth, and her Quarters tight and sound ! I'm sure, he that marries a *London* Dame, has Reason enough to do't ; for the better sort, what with drinking hot Liquors, and eating Sugar-Plumbs at Church, not one in ten has a Tooth left ; and, for the middle sort, I don't believe there's an Orange-Woman at the Play-house, or a Sempstress on the *Exchange*, that's Pepper-proof.———Well, Friend, I'll shew you my Daughter, if you like her Person, you may find her worth more than you imagine. [*Exit.*]

Rey. An honest old Fellow———So, thus far the Plot succeeds ; but how shall I bind him in relation to the Estate———That's easy———'Tis but getting a few false Deeds, and the matter's done———We can't want Forgery or Perjury while the Nation affords Lawyers.

Re-enter Woodcock with Belinda.

Woodc. Daughter, use him courteously, and endeavour to like him ; his Estate joined to yours will make you the greatest Woman in the Country.

Rey. A Strapper, i'Faith———a well-built Lass, tho' white and red like a Stockgilliflower, and a choice pair of Udders———I must taste her———b'your leave, forsooth

forsooth——[*Kisses her.*] As tender as a Pullet, and I warrant as juicy as a Burgundy Payre.

Bel. Please to fit, Sir. [*They fit.*]

Rey. They say we shall have a good Crop t'Year.

Bel. As the Weather proves, Sir.

Rey. Ay————Tzeems, forsooth, I and you are to be Zweet-hearts, and lig together for the good of our kind————Nay pray you now be'nt so shy; look a little smirking upon a body————do————If I don't love you with all my Soul, Heart's blood, Liver and Lights, I'se gi' you leave to make a Harcelet of me.

Woodc. Very well, but I'll leave 'em together, 'tis n't fair to observe Lovers. [*Exit.*]

Bel. [*Rising.*] Ha, ha, ha, methinks, Sir, the Clown's very natural, and the Gentleman but affected; I'd advise you to wear this Habit always, turn perfect Farmer, and go to Plow.

Rey. In the Field of Love, Madam, I agree with you? You see what Forms and Shapes you have Power to turn us into; I'm glad you kept your Countenance, for tho' a Design may be carried on to the very finishing Point, your giggling Sex are apt to burst out and spoil all————but, dear Creature, let's contrive some way to be married instantly, for fear of a Discovery.

Bel. The only way I can think of is to solicit him in *Propria Persona*, which you know he'll ne'er consent to; and the more you press him for Mr. Reynard the Gentleman, the more you hasten the Match with Mr. Reynard the Clown.

Rey. My Life, my Angel, let me hug thee for thy Invention——'Dsdeath, the old Man, let's be a little familiar. [*They sit.*]

[*Sings*] *I'll tell you a Story, a Story so Merry,*

[*Woodcock Enters.*]

*Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury,
And of his House-keeping, and high Renown,
Which made him repair to fair London Town.*

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Woodc. So, so, I'm glad to see 'em so great already.

Rey. *How now, quoth King John, 'tis told unto me,
That thou keepest a far better House than I,
If thou dost not answer me Questions three,
Thy Head shall be taken from thy Body.
Derry down, &c.*

You see, forsooth, I'se no fine Singer, but i'faith I'se be th' loudest every *Sunday* in our Church for all that ; haugh.

Woodc. Come *Belinda*, I'll relieve your Modesty the first time ; the Ladies enquire for you ——— Well, Sir, can you love my Daughter ?

Rey. Love her ! ay, better than I do Beef and Pudding ; why she's a Boncritten ——— but i'faith we'se not part so ——— [*Kisses her.*] By my troth as pretty a Morfel as a Mon wou'd desire to feed on.

[*Sings*] *And if thou dost not answer me Questions three,
Thy Head shall be taken from thy Body.
Derry down, &c.*

[*Exeunt Woodcock and Reynard.*

Enter Hillaria.

Hill. I have heard all, *Belinda*, and applaud my own good Genius, but Intrigues of my forming generally prosper ; I often fancy I cou'd write a Play.

Bel. Why don't you try, *Hillaria* ?

Hill. No really, *Belinda*, a Poetess is so scandalous a Character ; for when a Woman has the Face to appear at the Rehearsals, and teach Actors their Parts, her Assurance will scruple at nothing ; besides Women Writers have quite lost their Reputation, for in Love-Scenes their Thoughts are] so loose, and their Expressions so open and unveil'd, the Ladies can't be seen at a Performance of their own Sex ; and Obscenity in a Woman is so odious ——— Well, *Belinda*, I long to see thee in a Lover's Arms settled at *London*, and dress'd like other People : Lord ! how the Women
of

of Quality would titter to see a High-Crown Hat in the front Seat o' the Box: Thou art good-natur'd, Child, to suffer these Impositions; should any old Humourist force a Steeple on my Head, I'd make more noise in his Ears than if 'twere a Church-Steeple with a whole Set o' Bells in it.

Bel. A ridiculous Habit reflects more on those that impose it, than on us, where Dependence forces a Subjection; but if I should visit *London*, you'll instruct your Friend, *Hillaria*: for tho' frequenting *Tunbridge* may render one not aukward, I shall be a perfect Novice in half the Town-Airs.

Hill. Why truly, *Belinda*, tho' our Observation be all trifle, a Woman that is well vers'd in the Niceties of Behaviour, is thought no small Politician; for in the first place, if you should shew a refin'd Education, you must be very timorous, and fearful, scream at the jolt of a Coach, or the pop of a Pistol, die away at the sight of a Rat; all well-bred Ladies are frighted at every thing but a Man——Then you must be taken ill at publick Places, tho' not like my Lady *Fullmoon* that fainted away in a high Colour; but to humour a Swooning with a pretty Paleness, causes an agreeable Disturbance, and gives one an opportunity to be supported by the Man one likes; then the next Morning, there's such rattling with Footmen, which makes one considerable in the Neighbourhood, from this Lady and that Lady, tho' we hate one another mortally, to know how one's Head, and one's Stomach does, and how one rested that Night; and I all the while in my Closet at a couple of cold Chickens, and a Tankard o' Sherry.

Bel. But what Amusements have you there?

Hill. Oh! innumerable! My Head turns round with the promiscuous Enjoyment: There's the Play, where I generally fiddle in about the middle of the second Act, that People may think I have been detain'd on some important Affair; if 'tis a Tragedy, I turn my Rump and talk to the Beaus behind; but

e Comedy's very pleasant, if 'tis but abusive ; I love Satire strangely : Then *Hyde-Park*, oh ! *Hyde-Park* does ravish me.

Bel. But there you have no Conversation.

Hill. That's nothing, a world of pretty things may be done without Speech ; but though our Tongues are silent, we discourse still.

Bel. How so ?

Hill. With our Fingers ; there's many an Intrigue carry'd on that way, and that's so pretty to appoint Time and Place, and not a Word spoke : That Art, they say, was invented to oblige some Men o' Quality, who wanted the Gift of Elocution. And are not these much preferable to the melancholy Country, where you may walk a whole Day, and not see a Man ? I am sure I was so mop'd there once for want of Company, I was glad to talk to the great Bull-dog——Come, Child, we'll send for a Beau to carry us to *Southborough*, and Ill tell you more.

Bel. I wonder, *Hillaria*, you'll appear with these Beaus, and always speak so despicably to 'em.

Hill. They give one Snuff, lose their Money at Cards, and pay Coach-hire. [Exeunt.]

Loveworth and Squib meeting.

Squ. [*Aside.*] My Rival ! dear Spirit of *Burgundy* assist me — Mr. *Loveworth*, draw.

Love. Draw, Captain, upon what account ? How long have we been Enemies ?

Squ. Look you Sir, I'm for Action, and not Words : In short you have endeavour'd to deprive me of my mistress, and must either quit the Lady, or vindicate *Mur* Pretensions.

Love. [*Aside.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha, *Hillaria* has banter'd the Fool, I'll humour him a little——That matter, Captain, we may decide more calmly——He who has serv'd her longest, best deserves her : If we can't agree, let the Lady determine it by her own Inclina-

Squ.

Squ. [*Aside.*] Is he thereabouts! I'll pursue the point
——— Sir, the Temple of the bright *Hillaria*, I
have made the Repository of my Affections; and who
ever dares dispute the Legality of my Title, and not
justify what he says, is a Son of an *Irisb* Evidence, a
Fool, and a pitiful Coward.

Lov. Nay, Captain, if you upbraid me with the Name
of Coward, my Honour's concern'd; now I will fight.

Squ. [*Looks surpriz'd.*] ——— Will you fight? ———
[*Puts up his Sword.*] Then gi'me thy Hand; now I won't
fight with you; we Men of reciprocal Courage shou'd
never fight, but a cowardly Rascal ought to be kick'd
and posted.

Lov. No Captain, I seldom draw my Sword, but once
provok'd, 'tis never drawn in vain; now you shall fight.

Squ. [*Aside.*] O Lord, what shall I do now ———
Come, come, Mr. *Loveworth*, Friends should never
quarrel ——— The Lady's yours; I've a stock of Mi-
stresses, and can afford you half a Score at any time.

Lov. Nay, Captain, if you won't fight, I must return
you Coward and Fool again, with that, that, and that.

[*Kicks him.*]

Squ. 'Tis very well, Mr. *Loveworth*, mighty well,
superlatively well indeed; look you, Sir, I shall meet
you one dusky Evening in *St. James's Park*.

Lov. And what will you do then Sir?

Squ. Why, Sir, I'll order two or three of the Sentry to
fling you into the Canal.

Lov. Will you so Sir!

[*Kicks him again.*]

Squ. Nay, now ——— I will walk off. [Exit.]

Lov. Thus *Flash of Valour* gilds the least Pretence,
Thus *Lawyers bawl* and rise by Impudence,
Huffing for Courage passes, Noise for Sense;
By all appearance how the World's deceiv'd,
Grave Dulness, Wisdom, canting Zeal's believ'd;
But were Desert, like Metal, to be try'd,
And each Pretender shou'd the Test abide,
How many a Hero huffs without a Soul?
How many a Statesman would be found a Fool?

A C T V.

S C E N E *continues.**Enter Woodcock and Reynard.*

Woodc. **I** Tell you. Mr. *Reynard*, my Daughter shall have no *London* Husband; I must have a Man that understands Farming, and will improve my Estate, raise Portions for younger Children, and yet double it to the eldest———Whereas your Town Gentlemen spend more in a Month than they receive in a Quarter; know nothing of their Lands, till they come to assign and set over; and I don't believe there's an Estate at Court, but is mortgag'd to an Alderman in the City.

Rey. [*Aside.*] How perverse is Age? One may sooner civilize a Satyr, convert a *Jew*, or reduce a Woman from her Pride and Vanity, than persuade an old Fellow out of a rooted Obstinacy———But, Mr. *Woodcock*, you have Reason, and shou'd argue exceptionally, the Age may be extravagant enough; but d'you think it impossible for the Town to afford Men of Conduct and good Management?

Woodc. Not impossible, I grant you; but you may as well look for Cleanliness in *Scotland*, Money in *France*, or Wit and Manners at *Amsterdam*, as Sobriety in *London*———To be plain, you are People of no Principles, you have neither Religion, nor common Morality; and I desire, Mr. *Reynard*, you'll desist your Pretensions: In short, I have engag'd a Person, fitter for my Daughter's Purpose, and more agreeable to my Temper.

Rey. What, the *Romney-Marsh* Gentleman, *Humphry Hbble*, Esq; ha, ha, ha!

Woodc. [*Aside.*] How the Devil came he to know him?

Rey. Mr. *Woodcock*, to convince you, you have a wrong Notion of us bred in Town, I'll be frank———Your Daughter and I are agreed; she receiv'd the Country-

Countryman only to humour you, and told me all that pass'd between 'em, how he loll'd in his Chair like a drunken Justice, entertain'd her with a wretched old Song, and grunted out his Love after that boorish manner, she fancy'd her self in a Hogsty ——— Since you see, Mr. *Woodcock*, I won't abuse you, allow me generous, and ratify our Affections.

Woodc. [*Aside.*] The Curse of Maidenheads light upon the whole Sex ——— Mr. *Reynard*, I must confess, you are a very generous Person, and to return your Generosity, I will this Moment marry my Daughter to the Countryman ——— I shall spoil her Fop Intrigue; that Women shou'd be such Fools to fall in love with Periwigs and lac'd Coats; but 'twill be so, let a Man shew but a fair Outside, they don't care if he has no more Brains than a Grand Jury. [*Exit.*]

Rey. Ha, ha, ha! now for my Country-Face again.

Enter Loveworth.

Ned Loveworth sauntering about like an idle Courtier, or a poor Poet in search of a Dinner!

Lov. 'Tis true, *Frank*, I have no Heiresses to follow, nor cross Misers to attack; but I have a Mistress too, and a very whimsical one; for tho' she admits me to 'squire her about, she won't suffer me to mention Love.

Rey. She'll consent the sooner; Women seldom care to talk of Love, till they resolve upon the Action, because they hate to be tantaliz'd.

Lov. Well, my dear Friend, and how go Matters?

Rey. Swimmingly, swimmingly, *Ned*, I assumed all the Clownishness imaginable: No true Peasant, bred amongst Cattle in the *Wild o' Kent*, or the *Peak* in *Derbyshire*, could have had a more rustic Air.

Lov. Thou wert always a good Mimic, *Frank*: But can'st thou really lay aside all Conscience and Honesty, and have the Face to marry this Lady, and bubble the Yeoman out of such a prodigious Estate?

Rey. Conscience and Honesty! ha, ha, ha! thou shoud'st ha' been born seven Ages ago; those things are obliter-

obliterated now-a-days; and for the face o' the matter, a Man of Intrigue must have a face for every thing: the Women indeed are easily subdu'd; coquet Ladies, like *Hillaria*, you win with Mimickry and Scandal; an old Maid that's miserably pitted with the Small-pox, you must praise her Youth and Beauty: to a young Creature you must talk modestly, to a Widow mathematically: but to surprize old Fathers that inspect our Designs, requires a Masterpiece of Nature———To deceive a Country Yeoman, I'm a Clown you see———To please a rich Serjeant, I cou'd be a spruce Barrister, come to the Court powder'd beyond a Side-Box Beau, give a hem, and cry, May it please you, My Lord, and you Gentlemen of the Jury———Nay, to curry with a superstitious old Uncle, I cou'd put on a precise, conventicle Face, and look as mortify'd as your sneaking Citizens do of late, since the Downfall of the Whig-Party. In short, *Ned*, if you wou'd rise in the World, you must have a Face for ev'ry thing———Why, the Women give us that Example, who, they say, are arriv'd to that perfection in Washes, Pastes and Powders, they'll alter their Looks so, you shan't know 'em; and I heard of a fine Town-Lady who painted her Face with that variety, she was pick'd up by a purblind Lord six Nights together for a fresh Mistress———But, dear *Ned*, excuse me, thou know'st the Exigence of my Affairs, a Moment's trifling might be fatal.

Lov. Success attend you, Sir. [Exeunt differently.]

Enter Woodcock and Belinda.

Woodc. *Belinda*, I must talk with you———[*Aside.*] But why shou'd I examine her? She'll tell me a hundred Lyes with as grave a Face as a *Presbyterian* Divine, when he preaches up Conscience, and slides a Silver Spoon into his Pocket———'Tis impossible to know that Sex, they'll melt us with their Tears, and in the same Breath laugh at our Easiness; at Church they'll be very devout with one Eye, and ogle a Fellow with t'other; and they have more Tricks, Querks, and Evasions to avoid speaking Truth, than an Attorney has in draw-

drawing an Answer in *Chancery* ——— *Belinda*,
what think you of the new Gallant I brought you?

Bel. If my Approbation, Sir, wou'd not create in
you an Aversion to him, I wou'd tell you, I like him,
like him infinitely, beyond any Man in particular, and
the whole Sex in general.

Woodc. [*Aside.*] If she be real, this pleases me indeed;
this is News beyond an Express from *Italy* ——— 'Tis my
Request then, that you marry him instantly.

Bel. Most willingly: The Moment that I saw him,
a sudden Chilness seiz'd me ev'ry where; that Chilness
as suddenly chang'd into a pleasing Warmth; the
Warmth e'er since keeps settl'd at my Heart, and my
Thoughts fix'd on him.

Woodc. [*Aside.*] This is Love; but her Youth's un-
acquainted with these Symptoms, I have felt 'em for-
merly myself ——— This Hour then he shall be yours
——— [*Aside.*] But shou'dn't I first satisfy myself
with the Reality of this Estate he pretends to have? ———
It must be so, he lives too far from *London* to be a Cheat
——— Now, what an impudent Rogue is this *Rey-
nard*, to pretend a Contract with my Daughter, when
she all the while dies for Squire *Hobble* ——— But then,
how shou'd *Reynard* know what pass'd between the
Countryman and her, unless the Devil help'd him to't;
like enough, truly, I believe most o' your Town Sparks
are very intimate with Alderman *Belzebub* ——— Come
Belinda; ——— [*Aside.*] Still I suspect a Trick, but
if she marries him, there can be none; if she can cheat
the Priest, she'll cheat the Devil. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Squib.

Squ. Pox of his Courage, I say; I shall be kick'd
about by ev'ry Chocolate-House Beau, now they know
I won't fight; how shall I be reveng'd? Shall I venture
to challenge him? ——— No ——— What shall I do
then? Oh! I shall meet him in the public Dancing-
Room, and I'll sit above him. ——— But now, how
can I appear before my Mistress? 'Tis no matter; there's
Penelope with a better Fortune; and I cou'd like her,
were

were she not so forward, People naturally slight those that are in Love with 'em, tho' shou'd I have an Aver-
sion to all the Women that are in love with me, I
might despise the whole Sex; therefore I will marry
her.

Enter Mrs. Goodfellow and Penelope.

Mrs. Goodf. Sweet Captain, we have fought for you
vehemently; we wanted your Company with us to
Southborough.

Squ. I have likewise, my fair *Penelope*, been upon
the Chase for you, to inform you, some Ladies here
have a violent Design upon my Person; and if you
don't enclose me presently, I shall be ravish'd from your
Arms.

Pen. Lose my dear Captain! Aunt, Aunt, run for
Doctor *Dromedary*, and let us be married before the Sun
reposes. *[Exit Goodfellow.]*

Squ. Now, Madam, we must make a mighty Ap-
pearance, and have a stately Bridal Equipage; all new-
marry'd People of any Figure, keep a Coach the first
Year.

Pen. We must go a visiting together, and to *Hyde-
Park* together, and be extremely fond for a Month.
Then, Captain, my Aunt and I must go to the *Artillery-
Ground* o' Training Days, that the Soldiers may let off
their Muskets, and cry, Heav'n bless the noble Captain's
Lady; and sure nothing is so pleasant as to frequent
Places where one's Husband has an Authority, that one
may be very rude, and affront Folks——— But, dear
Captain, let's make haste; for shou'd you be ravish'd
from me now, I wou'd be more concern'd than if I were
ravish'd myself.

Enter Loveworth and Hillaria.

Hill. Sure no Courtier was ever worse plagu'd with a
petitioning Poet, than I am with you.

Low. Sure no Poet was ever more coldly receiv'd by
a stately Courtier, than I am by you; but to prove my
Constancy, Madam, be as cruel as you please, I'll never
leave

leave you, I am resolv'd to follow you, court you, and address you, till you yield.

Hill. And while you continue to follow me, court me, and address me, I will never yield.

Low. Why?

Hill. Because we Women love dearly to be follow'd, courted, and address'd; I must own, Mr. *Love-worth*, we do cully your Sex ev'ry way; while you court us, we make Spaniels of you; and when we have a mind to render you more contemptible, we make Husbands of you; and really you Lovers are meer Spaniels; for the worse you are us'd, the more you fawn.

Low. You know, Madam, you have Pow'r, and are resolv'd to triumph.

Hill. We know you are Fools, and are resolv'd to laugh at you; but no more of this Chat, here's Company.

Enter Woodcock Singing.

Woodc. Sing *Old Sir Simon the King, tol, tol, &c.*

Low. I'm glad to see you so merry, Mr. *Woodcock*, shan't we rejoice with you too?

Woodc. With all my heart, Mr. *Love-worth*; I have just marry'd my Daughter, and am resolv'd to dedicate a whole Twelvemonth to Mirth and Jollity; I'll broach my six Hogsheads of Stout, that were brew'd in the Days of King *Charles*, and mkae the whole Country as drunk, as at an Election of Burgesses.

Hill. Shan't we see your Son-in-law, Sir?

Woodc. Presently, Madam, I left 'em but in the next Room to bill and coo a little——Ha, ha, ha, what wou'd I give now Mr. *Reynard* were but here, to laugh at him a little, and let him see our Ale in the Country has inspir'd us with more Cunning than all his *Burgundy* in Town.

Low. O! here they come.

Reynard

Reynard and Belinda enter, and kneel to Woodcock.

Rey. Your Blessing, Sir?

Woodc. Mr. *Reynard*!

Rey. The very same, Son-in-law to you, and Partner to this Lady, by your own Choice and Approbation.

Woodc. Here's a Son of a Copper-Smith! ———
But, Daughter *Belinda*, what means this Stuff? Did not I give you to the Countryman? and did not the Priest join your Hands? Call in Dr. *Dromedary*.

Bel. You did, Sir; commanded by you, and prompted by my own Inclination, with a double Joy I received him for my Husband.

Rey. To humour you, Sir, I was that Countryman, and to please this Lady am now Mr. *Reynard* again.

Woodc. Why then Mr. *Reynard* is the Devil incarnate.

Lov. I find, Mr. *Woodcock*, your Country Ale has clouded your Understanding a little.

Woodc. [*Aside.*] Hell and Furies, how have I been abus'd, impos'd on by a vain fluttering Fellow, and jilted by my own Daughter ——— 'Sdeath, I shall be a Jest to the whole Country. Mr. *Reynard*, I own you have been too hard for me, your Wit has gain'd her, now let your Wit maintain her, my Estate deserves a better Usage.

Hill. Nay now, Mr. *Woodcock*, I must interpose.

Woodc. You! I have a mighty Respect, indeed, for your Sex.

Hill. I fancy, Sir, you never spent much Time in France [*Aside.*] A true English Clown.

Lov. But, Mr. *Woodcock*, your Experience shou'd consider these Frailties; she still respects you as her Father, but neither Duty, Friendship, nor Interest can prevail against the Force of Love.

Woodc. No, I have a Sense of Money, and cannot bear to see it us'd like Dirt; before my Estate shall be spent in glaring Liveries, and feed an empty Pride, I'll fit out a Regiment to help carry on the War,

War, and nobly spend it in my Country's Service; this Moment I discard her; since blind Love chang'd her State, blind Chance direct her Course——But who am I thus using? My Daughter? Who then must share my Wealth? if I reject my Child, my only Child——Nature, Nature, why do you rack me thus?

Bel. We'll settle in the Country, Sir; Dispose us as you please, pardon but this Offence, and own us yours.

[Weeps]

Woodc. How easily Tears flow from Womens Eyes; after a voluntary Disobedience, they calm our Passion with a feign'd Repentance; her Sorrow moves me, tho' I know 'tis false: Can I dissolve this Marriage? No. Mr. *Reynard*, take her, as you use her, you may hope my Favour. My personal Estate shall descend to her; my real Estate I'll settle on your eldest Son, whom I expect to breed under my own Eye, and according to my own Humour——'Tis very hard to deny me that——On those Conditions, Heav'n bless you both.

Rey. I have various Reasons, Sir, to value your Esteem, and endeavour to oblige you; my Interest, my Love to this Lady, and chiefly to persuade you from a Prejudice against Men of Education——To gain a Mistress, we're allow'd Deceit; in all things else you will find me a Man of Honour.

Lov. Now, Madam, we may congratulate your Happiness.

Hill. [Aside to *Bel.*] You see, *Belinda*, my Words are verifi'd; 'tis observ'd, Fathers love us better than we do them; these Eruptions will occasion some Conflict, but 'tis very soon over; except it be some very cross old Fellows who when they're disobliged won't part with their Money, but they die the sooner, and one has it then——Mr. *Woodcock*, this Action has won my Favour strangely; I must extol your Goodness; nay, I shall speak well of you behind your Back, [Aside.] and that's what I never did of any body yet.

[Musick without.]

Rey.

Rey. Bless us, what mighty Procession have we here, that all the Musick in the Place is muster'd up?

The Musicians enter playing, Squib and Penelope affectedly humouring Time, Mrs. Goodfellow following.

Parturiunt Montes, nascetur ridiculus Mus.

Squ. Gentlemen, and Ladies, my Dear and I come to acquaint you with our Nuptials.

Hill. *Penelope* and the Captain marry'd!

Pen. Why really, Madam, my Dear and I found ourselves so very fit for one another, Nature wou'd not let us be any longer asunder.

Squ. Sure no Pair were ever so well match'd as my Dear and I. *[Kissing.]*

Pen. Sure no Pair were ever so fond as my Dear and I.

Hill. *[Aside.]* Sure no Pair were ever so affected as my Dear and I: Is there any Thing so fulsome as a new-marry'd Couple, that play the Fool, and kiss before Company?

Rey. *[Aside.]* I shall marr their Joy presently——
But here comes soft Mr. *Maiden* mortified to the last degree: For after all his Musick, Painting, and other fine Accomplishments, he's discover'd to have no Estate.

All. No Estate! ha, ha, ha!

Rey. Some Gentlemen it seems, pleas'd with his Vanity, buzz'd a plausible Story in his Ears, and brought him down hither to make him ridiculous.

Hill. Poor Mr. *Maiden*! But 'tis many a Beau's Case, to build a mighty Appearance upon a very slender Foundation. The greatest Beaus we have about Town now, are Milliners, Mercers, Lawyers Clerks, and 'tis such upstart Fellows that ruin so many poor Tradesmen, for amongst 'em all, you'll scarce find a Periwig that's paid for.

Enter

Enter Maiden.

Maid. What a Pox, must I go to the *Change* again, and sell Gloves and Ribbons?

Squ. No Estate! O Lord, *Maiden*, what will become of your *Airs* now?

Bel. What pity 'tis, the fine Mr. *Maiden*, who does ev'ry thing so much like *Quality*, should be forc'd to turn *Mechanick*!

Woodc. What will your *Patchwork*, and your *Fillagee* signify now, Friend, without an Estate to keep your *Follies* in countenance?

Hill. Come, come, Mr. *Maiden*, ne'er be concern'd, Riches are only to supply other Defects; your *Graces* may command a Lady with an Estate at any time.

Maid. Nay, whenever I marry, I don't doubt of a good Fortune yet; when I was at the *Change* before, People us'd to call me handsome Mr. *Maiden*. I have a Brother too, so like me, as no body can distinguish us, and we us'd to cheat Folks, and lay it upon one another.

Rey. But the Captain here is more to be pitied, who instead of marrying into a great Family, and with a great Fortune, has made an Alliance with Mrs. *Lime-Juice*, that keeps a Punch House in *Long-Acre*, and her Niece *Jenny Trapes*, who being known by ev'ry body in town, thought to pass at *Tunbridge* for a chaste *Penelope*.

Squ. *Jenny Trapes*! ——— What that Carrot-pated Jade that lodges at the Corner of *White-Horse-Alley*.

Rey. The same indeed, only she has black'd her Hair with a *Leaden-Comb*.

Squ. The Devil black her all over.

All. Ha, ha, ha, give you Joy, Captain.

Hill. Nay, really, I always took her for some such Creature; she has made no Show since she came, but always trapish and dirty, like an Actress at a Morning Rehearsal.

Maid. Marry'd her! O Lard, Captain, what will become of your *Airs* now?

Squ. Sir——— [*Aside.*] I have study'd Intriguing to a fine purpose, to be trick'd at last, by an old Brandy-Bottle.

Rey. Nay, they have cheated one another, for the Captain, whom I had a particular Reason to enquire after, instead of being a worthy Officer, and a Man of Substance, is found to be one of those handicraft Gentlemen that sit cross-legg'd Six Stories high, spoil a world of good Cloth, by putting it into an ill Shape, and stuff up long Bills with Canvas, Buckram, and Stay-Tape.

All. A Taylor ! Ha, ha, ha !

Rey. We always fancy'd he had a shambling Air: but Yesterday as he drew out his Handkerchief, he happen'd to drop a Measure upon the Walks, and discover'd all.

Woodc. What a Misfortune 'tis, so renown'd a Warrior shou'd dwindle into a Louse-cracker.

Hill. I'm sorry, Captain, I cou'dn't receive you for a Husband ; a *Taylor's* Wife, you know, wou'd sound but oddly at *Tunbridge*, but I'll besure to send for you when I have occasion for a new Jump.

Maid. A *Taylor* ! nay, now I will banter him——— Captain, pray how many Yards o'Cloth must you have to make my Monkey a pair of Breeches ?

Squ. 'Dsblood, Sir.

Maid. [*Starts.*] Now the Duce take me, if I a'n't afraid of him still, tho' I know he's but the ninth Part of a Man.

Rey. Well, Captain, you may keep your Title for all this : *Taylors*, *Shoemakers*, and *Barbers*, may serve for Militia-Officers, since you only fight Mock-Battles, and represent what a Captain shou'd be.

Squ. Look you, Sir, 'tis natural for us that dwell in a Garret, to be a little high-minded, therefore I came down to *Tunbridge*, in hopes to make my Fortune ; but since I find my Expectations frustrated, I candidly take my Leave ; and Gentlemen, and Ladies, when you come to Town, if you'll favour me with a Visit at the Doublet in *Barbakin*, 'twill be very gratefully

fully acknowledg'd by your very humble Servant,
Ezekiel Cucumber [Exit.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Woodc. Come, good People, some Neighbours of mine shall divert you on this Occasion, tho' I design'd it an Entertainment suitable to a Rural Marriage.

Hill. [To Goodf. and Pen.] Ladies, virtuous Ladies, you'll not deprive us of your Company, Ladies.

Goodf. I ne'er was out of countenance till now, I'll ship off all I have, and run to *Ireland*.

Pen. I'll go and hang myself in *White-Horse-Alley*.

[Exeunt.

An Entertainment.

Lov. Well, Madam, now you see other People coupled, what say you to a Dance?

Hill. Marriage, Mr. *Love-worth*, is too solemn a Dance, I'm for a Frisk, a Minute or so, but I hate the Brawls; tho' really, 'tis like a Feast, and to see People eat heartily, wou'd make one fall to, tho' one had no Stomach——— [Aside.] Now I find he's desperately in love, I'll give myself an Air of Generosity——— But, Mr. *Love-worth*, since we come to talk seriously o' the Matter, I must deal ingenuously with you: the Report you have of my Fortune is utterly false——— My Parents were mighty well-bred People, and what they shou'd have laid up for my Portion, they spent in my Education; I have a great deal of Good-Humour, and all that, but no Money; I'll tell you one thing, I am a Maid, but don't expose me; therefore if you can like a Woman with only the Cloaths to her Back, and a dozen good Smocks or so, I must own a very great Affection for your Estate.

Lov. Hang Fortune, Madam, your Wit and Beauty may command the World, I'd marry you tho' you had n't so much as Fig-Leaves.

Hill. That's very kind ; take me then, and since I bring you nothing, I'll manage your Estate so prudently, I'll save you a Fortune, and in twenty Years time you shall know no difference ——— Now did I depend upon Rambling about, Chastity, and clean Linen, and thought not of being that fluttish thing a Wife these seven Years ; but ——— ugh, these Men, when they get an Ascendant over us, they turn and wind us just as they please.

Rey. Sister, I approve your Choice, and wish you much Satisfaction.

Lov. Hillaria his Sister !

Rey. My own dear Sister ; we were both cast in the same Mould.

Bel. Hillaria !

Hill. Belinda !

Rey. There is an Estate too belonging to our Family under some Incumbrances, which a little of Mr. *Woodcock's* Assistance might discharge, and raise a genteel Fortune for my Sister.

Woodc. Not a Soufe, Mr. *Reynard*, till you have shown your Skill, produce me a Grandson, and you bind me yours.

Hill. [*Aside to Rey.*] You must rest contented, Brother, and resolve to study his Temper : 'Tis not for the Weak to oppose the Strong. We naturally flatter and dissemble for our Interest ; therefore coax him all you can, and when you have wheedled him out of one half of his Estate, go to Law with him for the rest.

Rey. [*To Woodc.*] You need not doubt my Performance, Sir.

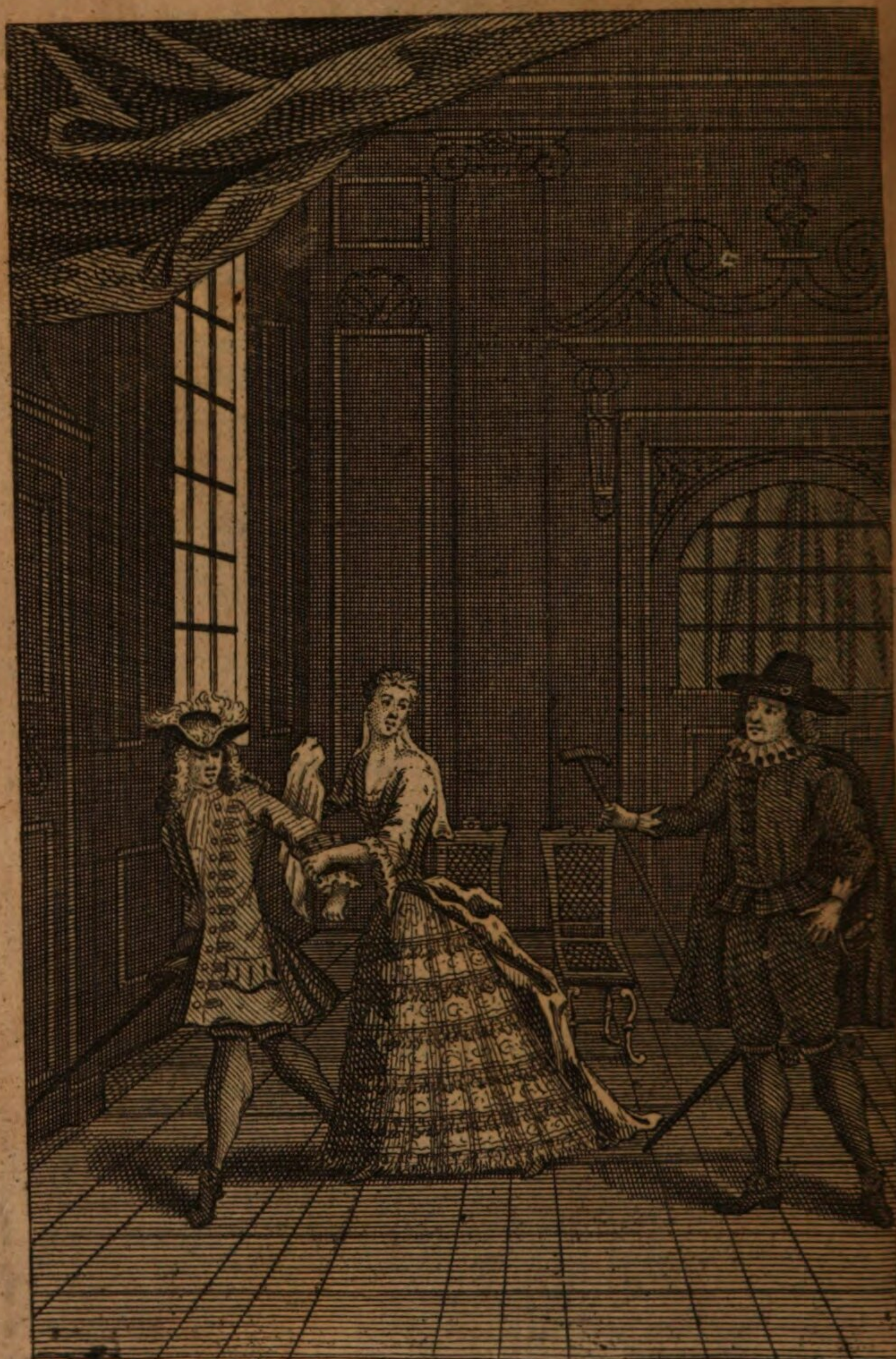
Beauty itself sufficiently prevails,

And Gold excites us oft, when Beauty fails ;

But, with a double force our Skill we prove,

When two such Charms unite to prompt our Love.

F I N I S.



P. La Vierge del.

M. V. de Guiche sc.

THE
W O N D E R:

A
WOMAN keeps a SECRET.

A
C O M E D Y.

As it is now Acted at the
THEATRES-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE
and COVENT-GARDEN.

Written by Mrs. C E N T L I V R E.

T H E S I X T H E D I T I O N.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. LOWNDES, W. BATHOE,
T. CASLON and W. NICOLL.

M. DCC. LXVI.

PROLOGUE.

OUR Author fears the Criticks of the Stage,
Who, like Barbarians, spare nor Sex, nor Age;
She trembles at those Censors in the Pit,
Who think Good-Nature shews a Want of Wit:
Such Malice, O! what Muse can undergo it?
To save themselves, they always damn the Poet.
Our Author flies from such a partial Jury,
As wary Lovers from the Nymphs of Drury:
To the few candid Judges for a Smile
She humbly sues to recompence her Toil.
To the bright Circle of the Fair, she next
Commits her Cause, with anxious Doubts perplext.
Where can she with such Hopes of Favour kneel,
As to those Judges, who her Frailties feel?
A few Mistakes, her Sex may well excuse,
And such a Plea, No Woman shou'd refuse:
If she succeeds, a Woman gains Applause;
What Female but must favour such a Cause?
Her Faults——whate'er they are——e'en pass 'em by,
And only on her Beauties fix your Eye.
In Plays, like Vessels floating on the Sea,
There's none so wise to know their Destiny:
In this, howe'er, the Pilot's Skill appears,
While by the Stars his constant Course he steers;
Rightly our Author does her Judgment shew,
That for her Safety she relies on You.
Your Approbation, fair One's, can't but move
Those stubborn Hearts, which first you taught to love;
The Men must all applaud this Play of Ours,
For who dare see with other Eyes than yours?

Dramatis Personæ.

At DRURY-LANE, 1765.

M E N.

Don Lopez,	a Grandee of Portugal,	Mr. Baddeley.
Don Felix,	{ his Son, in Love with <i>Violante</i> , }	Mr. Holland.
Frederick,	A Merchant, - -	Mr. Packer.
Don Pedro,	Father to <i>Violante</i> , - -	Mr. Burton.
Col. Britton,	A Scotchman, - - - -	Mr. Palmer.
Gibby,	His Footman, - - - -	Mr. Johnston.
Lissardo,	Servant to <i>Felix</i> , - -	Mr. Yates.

W O M E N.

Donna <i>Violante</i> ,	{ Design'd for a Nun by her Father, in Love with <i>Felix</i> , }	Miss Pope.
Donna <i>Isabella</i> ,	Sister to <i>Felix</i> , - - - -	Miss Plym.
Flora,	Her Maid, - - - -	Mrs. Clive.
Inis,	Maid to <i>Violante</i> , - -	Mrs Bradshaw.

Dramatis Personæ.

At COVENT-GARDEN.

M E N.

Don Lopez,	a Grandee of Portugal,	Mr. Bennet.
Don Felix,	{ his Son, in Love with <i>Violante</i> , }	Mr. Ross.
Frederick,	A Merchant, - - - -	Mr. Anderson.
Don Pedro,	Father to <i>Violante</i> , - -	Mr. Lewis.
Col. Britton,	A Scotchman, - - - -	Mr. Smith.
Gibby,	His Footman, - - - -	Mr. Shuter.
Lissardo,	Servant to <i>Felix</i> , - - - -	Mr. Dyer.

W O M E N.

Donna <i>Violante</i> ,	{ Design'd for a Nun by her Father, in Love with <i>Felix</i> , }	Miss Macklyn.
Donna <i>Isabella</i> ,	Sister to <i>Felix</i> , - - - -	Mrs. Mattocks.
Flora,	Her Maid, - - - -	Mrs. Pitt.
Inis,	Maid to <i>Violante</i> , - - - -	Mrs. Green.

Alguzil, Attendants, Servants, &c.

SCENE, LISBON.

THE
W O N D E R.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Don Lopez meeting Frederick.

Fred. MY Lord, *Don Lopez.*

Don Lopez. How d'ye, *Frederick?*

Fred. At your Lordship's Service, I am glad to see you look so well, my Lord; I hope *Antonio* is out of Danger.

D. Lop. Quite contrary; his Fever increases they tell me; and the Surgeons are of Opinion his Wound is mortal.

Fred. Your Son *Don Felix* is safe, I hope.

D. Lop. I hope so too, but they offer large Rewards to apprehend him.

Fred. When heard your Lordship from him?

D. Lop. Not since he went; I forbade him writing till the publick News gave him an Account of *Antonio's* Health. Letters might be intercepted, and the Place of his Abode discovered.

Fred. Your Caution was good, my Lord; tho' I am impatient to hear from *Felix*, yet his Safety is my chief Concern. Fortune has maliciously struck a Bar between us in the Affairs of Life, but she has done me the Honour to unite our Souls.

D. Lop. I am not ignorant of the Friendship between my Son and you. I have heard him commend your Morals, and lament your Want of noble Birth.

Fred. That's Nature's Fault, my Lord; 'tis some Comfort not to owe one's Misfortune to one's self, yet 'tis impossible not to regret the Want of noble Birth.

D. Lop. 'Tis pity indeed such excellent Parts as you are Master of, should be eclipsed by mean Extraction.

Fred. Such Commendation would make me vain, my Lord, did you not cast in the Allay of my Extraction.

D. Lop. There's no Condition of Life without its Cares, and it is the Perfection of a Man to wear 'em as easy as he can; this unfortunate Duel of my Son's does not pass without Impression. But since it's past Prevention,

all my Concern is now, how he may escape the Punishment; if *Antonio* dies, *Felix* shall for *England*. You have been there; what sort of People are the *English*?

Fred. My Lord, the *English* are by Nature, what the ancient *Romans* were by Discipline, courageous, bold, hardy, and in love with Liberty. Liberty is the Idol of the *English*, under whose Banner all the Nation lifts; give but the word for Liberty, and straight more armed Legions would appear, than *France* and *Philip* keep in constant Pay.

D. Lop. I like their Principles; who does not wish for Freedom in all Degrees of Life? Tho' common Prudence sometimes makes us act against it, as I am now obliged to do, for I intend to marry my Daughter to *Don Guzman*, whom I expect from *Holland* every Day, whither he went to take Possession of a large Estate left him by his Uncle.

Fred. You will not surely sacrifice the lovely *Isabella*, to Age, Avarice, and a Fool; pardon the Expression, my Lord; but my Concern for your beauteous Daughter transports me beyond that good Manners which I ought to pay your Lordship's Presence.

D. Lop. I can't deny the Justness of the Character, *Frederick*, but you are not insensible what I have suffered by these Wars; and he has two things which render him very agreeable to me for a Son-in-law, he is rich and well-born; as for his being a Fool, I don't conceive how that can be any Blot in a Husband, who is already possessed of a good Estate.—A poor Fool indeed is a very scandalous Thing, and so are your poor Wits, in my Opinion, who have nothing to be vain of, but the Inside of their Skulls: now for *Don Guzman*, I know I can rule him, as I think fit; this is acting the politic Part, *Frederick*, without which it is impossible to keep up the Port of this Life.

Fred. But have you no Consideration for your Daughter's Welfare, my Lord?

D. Lop. Is a Husband of twenty thousand Crowns a Year no Consideration? Now I think it a very good Consideration.

Fred. One way, my Lord. But what will the World say of such a Match?

D. Lop. Sir, I value not the World a Button.

Fred.

Fred. I cannot think your Daughter can have any Inclination for such a Husband.

D. Lop. There I believe you are pretty much in the right, tho' it is a Secret which I never had the Curiosity to inquire into, nor I believe ever shall.—Inclination quotha! Parents would have a fine Time on't if they consulted their Children's Inclinations! I'll venture you a Wager, that in all the Garrison Towns in *Spain* and *Portugal*, during the late War, there were not three Women who have not had an Inclination to every Officer in the whole Army; does it therefore follow, that their Fathers ought to pimp for them? No, no, Sir, it is not a Father's Business to follow his Children's Inclinations till he makes himself a Beggar.

Fred. But this is of another Nature, my Lord.

D. Lop. Look ye, Sir, I resolve she shall marry *Don Guzman* the Moment he arrives; tho' I could not govern my Son, I will my Daughter, I assure you.

Fred. This Match, my Lord, is more preposterous than that which you proposed to your Son, from whence arose this fatal Quarrel. — *Don Antonio's* Sister, *Elvira*, wanted Beauty only, but *Guzman* every thing, but——

Don. Lop. Money—and that will purchase everything, and so Adieu. [Exit.

Fred. Monstrous! These are the Resolutions which destroy the Comforts of Matrimony—he is rich, and well born, powerful Arguments, indeed! Could I but add them to the Friendship of *Don Felix*, what might I not hope? But a Merchant, and a Grandee of *Spain*, are inconsistent Names—*Lissardo!* From whence came you?

Enter Lissardo in a Riding Habit.

Liss. That Letter will inform you, Sir.

Fred. I hope your Master's safe.

Liss. I left him so; I have another to deliver which requires Haste—Your most humble Servant, Sir. [bowing.

Fred. To *Violante*, I suppose.

Liss. The same. [Exit.

Fred. (*Reads*) Dear *Frederick*, the two chief Blessings of this Life, are a Friend, and a Mistress; to be debarred the Sight of those is not to live. I hear nothing of *Antonio's* Death, and therefore resolve to venture to

thy House this Evening, impatient to see *Violante*, and embrace my Friend. Yours, *Felix*.
Pray Heaven he comes undiscover'd.———Ha! Colonel *Britton*.

Enter Colonel Britton in a Riding Habit.

Col. Frederick, I rejoice to see thee.

Fred. What brought you to *Lisbon*, Colonel?

Col. *La Fortune de la Guerre*, as the *French* say: I have commanded these three last Years in *Spain*, but my Country has thought fit to strike up a Peace, and give us, good *Protestants*, leave to hope for Christian Burial, so I resolved to take *Lisbon* in my way home.

Fred. If you are not provided of a Lodging, Colonel, pray command my House, while you stay.

Col. If I were sure I should not be troublesome, I wou'd accept your Offer, *Frederick*.

Fred. So far from Trouble, Colonel, I shall take it as a particular Favour; what have we here?

Col. My Footman; this is our Country Dress, you must know, which, for the Honour of *Scotland*, I make all my Servants wear.

Enter Gibby in a Highland Dress.

Gib. What mun I de with the Horses, and like yer Honour, they will tack cold gin they stand in the Causeway.

Fred. Oh! I'll take care of them, what hoa *Vasquez*.

[*Enter Vasquez.*

Put those Horses which that honest Fellow will shew you, into my Stable, do you hear, and feed them well.

Vas. Yes, Sir.———Sir, by my Master's Orders, I am, Sir, your most obsequious humble Servant. Be pleas'd to lead the Way.

Gib. 'Sbleed gang yer gat, Sir, and I fall follow yee: He tee hungry to feed on Compliments. [Exit

Fred. Ha, ha, a comical Fellow———Well, how do you like our Country, Colonel?

Col. Why Faith, *Frederick*, a Man might pass his Time agreeable enough with-inside of a Nunnery; but to behold such Troops of soft, plump, tender, melting, wishing, nay willing Girls too, thro' a damn'd Grate, gives us *Eritons* strong Temptations to plunder. Ah, *Frederick*, your Priests are wicked Rogues. They im-
mure

mure Beauty for their own proper Use, and shew it only to the Laity to create Desires, and inflame Accompts, that they may purchase Pardons at a dearer Rate.

Fred. I own Wenching is something more difficult here than in *England*, where Women's Liberties are subservient to their Inclinations, and Husbands seem of no Effect, but to take Care of the Children which their Wives provide.

Col. And does Restraint get the better of Inclination with your Women here? No, I'll be sworn not even in fourscore. Don't I know the Constitution of the *Spanish Ladies*?

Fred. And of all Ladies where you come, Colonel; you were ever a Man of Gallantry.

Col. Ah, *Frederick*, the *Kirk* half starves us *Scotchmen*. We are kept so sharp at home, that we feed like Cannibals abroad. Hark ye, hast thou never a pretty Acquaintance now that thou would'st consign over to a Friend for half an Hour, ha?

Fred. Faith, Colonel, I am the worst Pimp in *Christendom*; you had better trust to your own Luck; the Women will soon find you out, I warrant you.

Col. Ay, but it is dangerous foraging in an Enemy's Country, and since I have some Hopes of seeing my own again, I had rather purchase my Pleasure, than run the Hazard of a *Stiletto* in my Guts. 'Egad I think I must e'en marry, and sacrifice my Body for the good of my Soul; wilt thou recommend me to a Wife then, one that is willing to exchange her *Moydores* for *English Liberty*; ha Friend?

Fred. She must be very handsome, I suppose.

Col. The handsomer the better——but be sure she has a Nose.

Fred. Ay, ay, and some Gold.

Col. Oh, very much Gold, I shall never be able to swallow the Matrimonial Pill, if it be not well gilded.

Fred. Puh, Beauty will make it slide down nimbly.

Col. At first perhaps it may, but the second or third Dose will choak me——I confess, *Frederick*, Women are the prettiest Play-things in Nature; but Gold, substantial Gold, gives 'em the Air, the Mien, the Shape, the Grace, and Beauty of a Goddess.

Fred. And has not Gold the same Divinity in their Eyes, Colonel?

Col. Too often——Money is the very God of Marriage: the Poets dress him in a Saffron Robe, by which they figure out the golden Deity, and his lighted Torch blazons those mighty Charms, which encourage us to list under his Banner.

None marry now for Love, no, that's a Jest:

The self same Bargain serves for Wife and Beast.

Fred. You are always gay, Colonel; come, shall we take a refreshing Glass at my House, and consider what has been said?

Col. I have two or three Compliments to discharge for some Friends, and then I shall wait on you with Pleasure: Where do you live?

Fred. At yon corner House with the green Rails.

Col. In the Close of the Evening I will endeavour to kiss your Hand. Adieu. [Exit.]

Fred. I shall expect you with Impatience. [Exit.]

Enter Isabella and Inis her Maid.

Inis. For Goodness sake, Madam, where are you going in this Pet?

Isab. Any where to avoid Matrimony; the Thoughts of a Husband is as terrible to me as the Sight of a Hobgoblin.

Inis. Ay, of an old Husband; but if you may chuse for yourself, I fancy Matrimony would be no such frightful thing to you.

Isab. You are pretty much in the right, *Inis*; but to be forc'd into the Arms of an Idiot, a sneaking, sniveling, driviling, avaricious Fool, who has neither Person to please the Eye, Sense to charm the Ear, nor Generosity to supply those Defects. Ah, *Inis*! what pleasant Lives Women lead in *England*, where Duty wears no Fetter but Inclination: The Custom of our Country inflaves us from our very Cradles, first to our Parents, next to our Husbands; and when Heaven is so kind to rid us of both these, our Brothers still usurp Authority, and expect a blind Obedience from us; so that Maids, Wives, or Widows, we are little better than Slaves to the Tyrant Man; therefore, to avoid their Power, I resolve to cast myself into a Monastery.

Inis.

Inis. That is, you'll cut your own Throat to avoid another's doing it for you. Ah, Madam, those Eyes tell me you have no Nun's Flesh about you: a Monastery, quotha! Where you'll wish yourself into the Green-sickness in a Month.

Isab. What care I, there will be no Man to plague me.

Inis. No, nor what's much worse, to please you neither—Odslife, Madam, you are the first Woman that e'er despair'd in a Christian Country—Were I in your Place—

Isab. Why, what would your Wisdom do if you were?

Inis. I'd embark with the first fair Wind with all my Jewels, and seek my Fortune on t'other side the Water; no Shore can treat you worse than your own; there's ne'er a Father in *Christendom* should make me marry any Man against my Will.

Isab. I am too great a Coward to follow your Advice, I must contrive some way to avoid *Don Guzman*, and yet stay in my own Country.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. Must you so, Mistress? but I shall take Care to prevent you. (*Aside*) *Isabella*, whither are you going, my Child?

Isab. Ha! my Father! to Church, Sir.

Inis. The old Rogue has certainly over-heard her. [*Aside*]

Lop. Your Devotion must needs be very strong, or your Memory very weak, my Dear; why Vespers are over for this Night; come, come, you shall have a better Errand to Church than to say your Prayers there: *Don Guzman* is arriv'd in the River, and I expect him ashore To-morrow.

Isab. Ha, To-morrow!

Lop. He writes me Word, That his Estate in *Holland* is worth 12000 Crowns a Year, which, together with what he had before, will make thee the happiest Wife in *Lisbon*.

Isab. And the most unhappy Woman in the World. Oh Sir! If I have any Power in your Heart, if the Tenderness of a Father be not quite extinct, hear me with Patience.

Lop. No Objection against the Marriage, and I will hear whatsoever thou hast to say.

Isab. That's torturing me on the Rack, and forbidding me

me to groan ; upon my Knees I claim the Privilege of
Flesh and Blood. [Kneels.]

Lop. I grant it, thou shalt have an Arm full of Flesh
and Blood To-morrow ; Flesh and Blood, quotha : Hea-
ven forbid I should deny thee Flesh and Blood, my Girl.

Inis. Here's an old Dog for you. [Aside.]

Isab. Do not mistake, Sir ; the fatal Stroke which sepa-
rates Soul and Body, is not more terrible to the Thoughts
of Sinners, than the Name of *Guzman* to my Ear.

Lop. Puh, puh ; you lye, you lye.

Isab. My frightened Heart beats hard against my Breast,
as if it sought a Passage to your Feet, to beg you'd
change your Purpose.

Lop. A very pretty Speech this ; if it were turn'd into
blank Verse, it would serve for a *Tragedy* ; why, thou
hast more Wit than I thought thou hadst, Child. — I
fancy this was all *extempore*, I don't believe thou did'st
ever think one Word on't before.

Inis. Yes, but she has, my Lord, for I have heard
her say the same things a thousand Times.

Lop. How, how ? What do you top your second-hand
Jests upon your Father, Hussy, who knows better what's
good for you than you do yourself ? remember 'tis your
Duty to obey.

Isab. (*Rising.*) I never disobey'd before, and wish I had
not Reason now ; but Nature has got the better of my
Duty, and makes me loathe the harsh Commands you lay.

Lop. Ha, ha, very fine ! Ha, ha.

Isab. Death itself would be more welcome.

Lop. Are you sure of that ?

Isab. I am your Daughter, my Lord, and can boast
as strong a Resolution as yourself ; I'll die before I'll
marry *Guzman*.

Lop. Say you so ? I'll try that presently. (*Draws.*)
Here, let me see with what Dexterity you can breathe a
Vein now (*offers her his Sword.*) The Point is pretty
sharp, 'twill do your Business, I warrant you.

Inis. Bless me, Sir, What do you mean to put a
Sword into the Hands of a desperate Woman ?

Lop. Desperate, ha, ha, ha, you see how desperate
she is ; what art thou frightened, little *Bell* ? ha !

Isab. I confess, I am startled at your Morals, Sir.

Lop.

Lop. Ay, ay, Child, thou hadst better take the Man, he'll hurt thee the least of the two.

Isab. I shall take neither, Sir; Death has many Doors, and when I can live no longer with Pleasure, I shall find one to let him in at without your Aid.

Lop. Say'st thou so, my dear *Bell*? Ods, I'm afraid thou art a little Lunatick, *Bell*. I must take care of thee, Child, (*takes hold of her, and pulls out of his Pocket a Key.*) I shall make bold to secure thee, my Dear: I'll see if Locks and Bars can keep thee till *Guzman* come; go, get into your Chamber.

*There I'll your boasted Resolution try,
And see who'll get the better, you or I.*

(pushes her in and locks the Door.)

A C T II.

SCENE, a Room in Don Pedro's House.

Enter Donna Violante reading a Letter, and Flora following.

Flora. WHAT, must that Letter be read again?

Vio. Yes, and again, and again, and again, a thousand Times again; a Letter from a faithful Lover can ne'er be read too often; it speaks such kind, such soft, such tender Things———[*Kisses it.*

Flo. But always the same Language.

Vio. It does not charm the less for that.

Flo. In my Opinion nothing charms that does not change; and any Composition of the four and twenty Letters, after the first Essay, from the same Hand, must be dull, except a Bank Note, or a Bill of Exchange.

Vio. Thy Taste is my Aversion—— (*Reads.*) My all that's charming, since Life's not Life exil'd from thee, this Night shall bring me to thy Arms. *Frederick* and thee are all I trust: These six Weeks Absence has been in Love's Accompt six hundred Years; when it is dark, expect the wonted Signal at thy Window, till when, adieu, thine more than his own. *Felix.*

Flo. Who would not have said as much to a Lady of her Beauty, and twenty thousand Pounds. —— Were I a Man, methinks, I could have said a hundred finer Things;

Things ; I would have compar'd your Eyes to the Stars, your Teeth to Ivory, your Lips to Coral, your Neck to Alabaster, your Shape to——

Vio. No more of your Bombast, Truth is the best Eloquence in a Lover—What Proof remains ungiven of his Love ? When his Father threatned to disinherit him, for refusing *Don Antonio's* Sister, from whence sprung this unhappy Quarrel, did it shake his Love for me ? And now, tho' strict Enquiry runs thro' every Place, with large Rewards to apprehend him, does he not venture all for me ?

Flo. But you know, Madam, your Father *Don Pedro* designs you for a Nun, and says your Grandfather left you your Fortune upon that Condition.

Vio. Not without my Approbation, Girl, when I come to One and Twenty, as I am informed. But however, I shall run the Risk of that ; go, call in *Lissardo*.

Flo. Yes, Madam ; now for a Thousand Verbal Questions. [*Exit, and re-enter with Lissardo.*]

Vio. Well, and how do you do, *Lissardo* ?

Liss. Ah, very weary, Madam——Faith thou look'st wondrous pretty, *Flora*. [*Aside to Flora.*]

Vio. How came you ?

Liss. *En Chevalier*, Madam, upon a Hackney-Jade, which they told me formerly belong'd to an *English* Colonel. But I should have rather thought she had been bred a good *Roman Catholick* all her Life-time ; for she down on her Knees to every Stock and Stone we came along by. —— My Chops water for a Kiss, they do, *Flora*. [*Aside to Flora.*]

Flo. You'd make one believe you are wond'rous fond now.

Vio. Where did you leave your Master ?

Liss. Od, if I had you alone, House-Wife, I'd show you how fond I cou'd be——[*Aside to Flora.*] At a little Farm-House, Madam, about five Miles off ; he'll be at *Don Frederick's* in the Evening——Od, I will so revenge myself of those Lips of thine. [*To Flora.*]

Vio. Is he in Health ?

Flo. Oh, you counterfeit wondrous well. [*To Lissardo.*]

Liss. No, every Body knows I counterfeit very ill.

[*To Flora.*]

Vio. How say you ? Is *Felix* ill ? What's his Distemper ? Ha !

Liss.

Liss. A pies on't, I hate to be interrupted——Love, Madam, Love —— In short, Madam, I believe he has thought of nothing but your Ladyship ever since he left *Lisbon*. I am sure he cou'd not, if I may judge of his Heart by my own. [*Looking lovingly upon Flora.*

Vio. How came you so well acquainted with your Master's Thoughts, *Lissardo*?

Liss. By an infallible Rule, Madam; Words are the Pictures of the Mind, you know; now to prove he thinks of nothing but you, he talks of nothing but you —— for Example, Madam, coming from Shooting t'other Day, with a Brace of Partridges, *Lissardo*, said he, go bid the Cook roast me these *Violante's* —— I flew into the Kitchen, full of Thoughts of thee, cry'd, Here, Cook, roast me these *Florella's*. [*To Flora.*

Flo. Ha, ha, excellent —— You mimick your Master then it seems.

Liss. I can do every thing as well as my Master, you little Rogue: —— Another Time, Madam, the Priest came to make him a Visit, he call'd out hastily, *Lissardo*, said he, bring a *Violante* for my Father to sit down on; —— then he oft'n mistook my Name, Madam, and call'd me *Violante*; in short, I heard it so often, that it became as familiar to me as my Prayers.

Vio. You live very merrily then it seems.

Liss. Oh, exceeding merry, Madam. [*Kisses Flora's Hand.*

Vio. Ha! exceeding merry; had you Treats and Balls?

Liss. Oh! Yes, yes, Madam, several.

Flo. You are mad, *Lissardo*, you don't mind what my Lady says to you. [*Aside to Lissardo.*

Vio. Ha! Balls —— Is he so merry in my Absence? And did your Master dance, *Lissardo*?

Liss. Dance, Madam! Where, Madam?

Vio. Why, at those Balls you speak of.

Liss. Balls! What Balls, Madam?

Vio. Why, sure you are in Love, *Lissardo*; did not you say, but now, you had Balls where you have been?

Liss. Balls, Madam! Odsife, I ask your Pardon, Madam! I, I, I, had mislaid some Wash-Balls of my Master's, t'other Day; and because I cou'd not think where I had laid them, just when he ask'd for them, he very fairly broke my Head, Madam, and now it seems
I can

I can think of nothing else. Alas! He dance, Madam! No, no, poor Gentleman, he is as melancholy as an unbraced Drum.

Vio. Poor *Felix*! There, wear that Ring for your Master's Sake, and let him know I shall be ready to receive him. [Exit *Vio.*

Liss. I shall, Madam — (*puts on the Ring.*) methinks a Diamond Ring is a vast Addition to the little Finger of a Gentleman. [*admiring his Hand.*

Flo. That Ring must be mine — Well, *Lissardo*! What Haste you make to pay off Arrears now? Look how the Fellow stands!

Liss. Egad, methinks I have a very pretty Hand — and very white, — and the Shape! — Faith I never minded it so much before! — In my Opinion it is a very fine shaped Hand — and becomes a Diamond Ring, as well as the first Grandee's in *Portugal*.

Flo. The Man's transported! Is this your Love! This your Impatience!

Liss. (*Takes Snuff.*) Now in my Mind — I take Snuff with a very *Fantee* Air — Well, I am persuaded I want nothing but a Coach and a Title, to make me a very fine Gentleman. (*Struts about.*

Flo. Sweet Mr. *Lissardo*, (*curtesying*) If I may presume to speak to you, without affronting your little Finger —

Liss. Odso, Madam, I ask your Pardon — Is it to me, or to the Ring — you direct your Discourse, Madam?

Flo. Madam! Good lack! How much a Diamond Ring improves one!

Liss. Why, tho' I say it — I can carry myself as well as any Body — But what wer't thou going to say, Child?

Flo. Why I was going to say, that I fancy you had best let me keep that Ring; it will be a very pretty Wedding-Ring, *Lissardo*, would it not?

Liss. Humph! Ah! But — but — but — I believe I shan't marry yet awhile.

Flo. You shan't, you say, — Very well! I suppose you design that Ring for *Inis*.

Liss. No, no, I never bribe an old Acquaintance — Perhaps I might let it sparkle in the Eyes of a Stranger a little, till we come to a right Understanding — But then, like all other mortal Things, it would return from whence it came.

Flo.

Flo. Insolent——Is that your Manner of dealing?

Liss. With all but thee —— Kiss me you little Rogue
you. *(Hugging her.)*

Flo. Little Rogue! prithee Fellow, don't be so familiar, *(pushing him away.)* if I mayn't keep your Ring, I can keep my Kisses.

Liss. You can you say! Spoke with the Air of a Chamber-maid.

Flo. Reply'd with the Spirit of a serving Man.

Liss. Prithee, *Flora*, don't let you and I fall out, I am in a merry Humour, and shall certainly fall in somewhere.

Flo. What care I, where you fall in.

Enter Violante.

Vio. Why do you keep *Lissardo* so long, *Flora*? When you don't know how soon my Father may awake, his Afternoon Naps are never long.

Flo. Had *Don Felix* been with her, she would not have thought the Time long; these Ladies consider no Body's Wants but their own. *[Aside.]*

Vio. Go, go, let him out, and bring a Candle.

Flo. Yes, Madam.

Liss. I fly, Madam. *[Exit Liss. and Flora.]*

Vio. The Day draws in, and Night, ——the Lover's Friend advances — Night more welcome than the Sun to me, because it brings my Love.

Flo. *(Shrieks within.)* Ah Thieves, Thieves! Murder, Murder!

Vio. *(Shrieks.)* Ah! defend me Heaven! What do I hear? *Felix* is certainly pursu'd, and will be taken.

Enter Flora running.

Vio. How now! why dost stare so? Answer me quickly! What's the Matter?

Flo. Oh, Madam! as I was letting out *Lissardo*, a Gentleman rushed between him and I, struck down my Candle, and is bringing a dead Person in his Arms into our House.

Vio. Ha! a dead Person! Heav'n grant it does not prove my *Felix*.

Flo. Here they are, Madam.

Enter Colonel with Isabella in his Arms.

Vio. I'll retire till you discover the Meaning of the Accident.

[Exit. Col]

Col. (*Sets Isabella down in a Chair, and addresses himself to Flora.*)

Madam, The Necessity this Lady was under, of being conveyed into some House with Speed and Secrecy, will, I hope, excuse any Indecency I might be guilty of, in pressing so rudely into this—I am an entire Stranger to her Name and Circumstances; would I were so to her Beauty too. [*Aside.*] I commit her, *Madam*, to your Care, and fly to make her Retreat secure, if the Street be clear; permit me to return, and learn from her own Mouth, if I can be farther serviceable: Pray, *Madam*, how is the Lady of this House call'd?

Flo. Violante, Senior——He is a handsome Cavalier, and promises well. [*Aside.*]

Col. Are you she, *Madam*?

Flo. Only her Woman, *Senior*.

Col. Your humble Servant, *Mrs.* Pray be careful of the Lady —— (*gives her two Moydores.*) [*Exit Col.*]

Flo. Two Moydores! Well, he is a generous Fellow. This is the only Way to make one careful; I find all Countries understand the Constitution of a Chambermaid.

Enter Violante.

Vio. Was you distracted, *Flora*? To tell my Name to a Man you never saw! Unthinking Wench! Who knows what this may turn to — What is the Lady dead! Ah! defend me Heaven, 'tis *Isabella*, Sister to my *Felix*, what has befallen her? Pray Heaven he's safe. — Run and fetch some cold Water. [*Exit Flora, and enters with Water.*] *Isabella*, Friend, speak to me, Oh! speak to me, or I shall die with Apprehension.

Flo. See, she revives.

Isab. O! hold, my dearest Father, do not force me, indeed I cannot love him.

Vio. How wild she talks. ——

Isab. Ha! where am I?

Vio. With one as sensible of thy Pain as thou thyself can't be.

Isab. Violante! What kind Star preserved, and lodg'd me here?

Flo. It was a Terrestrial Star, call'd a Man, *Madam*; pray *Jupiter* he proves a lucky one.

Isab.

Ifab. Oh! I remember now, forgive me, dear *Violante*, my Thoughts ran so much upon the Danger I escap'd, I forgot.

Vio. May I not know your Story?

Ifab. Thou art no Stranger to one part of it; I have often told thee that my Father design'd to sacrifice me to the Arms of *Don Guzman*, who it seems is just return'd from *Holland*, and expected ashore to-morrow, the Day that he has set to celebrate our Nuptials. Upon my refusing to obey him, he lock'd me into my Chamber, vowing to keep me there till he arriv'd, and force me to consent. I know my Father to be positive, never to be won from his Design; and having no hope left me, to escape the Marriage, I leap'd from the Window, into the Street.

Vio. You have not hurt yourself, I hope.

Ifab. No, a Gentleman passing by, by Accident, caught me in his Arms; at first my Fright made me apprehend it was my Father, till he assured me to the contrary.

Flor. He is a very fine Gentleman, I promise you, Madam, and a well-bred Man, I warrant him. I think I never saw a Grandee put his Hand into his Pocket with a better Air in my whole Life-time; then he open'd his Purse with such a Grace, that nothing but his Manner of presenting me the Gold cou'd equal.

Vio. There is but one common Road to the Heart of a Servant, and 'tis impossible for a generous Person to mistake it.—But how came you hither, *Isabella*?

Ifab. I know not; I desired the Stranger to convey me to the next *Monastry*, but ere I reach'd the Door, I saw, or fancy'd that I saw, *Lissardo*, my Brother's Man, and the Thought that his Master might not be far off, flung me into a Swoon, which is all that I remember: Ha! What's here [*takes up a Letter*] For Colonel Britton, to be left at the Post-House in Lisbon; this must be brought by the Stranger which brought me hither.

Vio. Thou art fallen into the Hands of a Soldier; take care he does not lay thee under Contribution, Girl.

Ifab. I find he is a Gentleman; and if he is but unmarried, I could be content to follow him all the World over.—But I shall never see him more I fear. [*Sighs and pauses.*]

Vio. What makes you sigh, *Isabella*?

Ifab.

Isab. The Fear of falling into my Father's Clutches again.

Vio. Can I be serviceable to you?

Isab. Yes, if you conceal me two or three Days.

Vio. You command my House and Secrefy.

Isab. I thank you, *Violante*. — I wish you would oblige me with Mrs *Flora* awhile.

Vio. I'll send for her to you—I must watch if Dad be still asleep, or here will be no Room for *Felix*. [*Exit.*

Isab. Well, I don't know what ails me, methinks I wish I could find this Stranger out.

Enter Flora.

Flo. Does your Ladyship want me, Madam?

Isab. Ay, Mrs. *Flora*, I resolve to make you my Confident.

Flo. I shall endeavour to discharge my Duty, Madam.

Isab. I doubt it not, and desire you to accept this as a Token of my Gratitude.

Flo. O dear *Seniora*, I should have been your humble Servant without a Fee.

Isab. I believe it — But to the Purpose — Do you think if you saw the Gentleman which brought me hither, you shou'd know him again.

Flo. From a Thousand, Madam; I have an excellent Memory where an handsome Man is concerned; when he went away he said he would return again immediately. I admire he comes not.

Isab. Here, did you say? You rejoice me — Tho' I'll not see him if he comes: cou'd not you contrive to give him a Letter?

Flo. With the Air of a Duenna —

Isab. Not in this House — you must veil and follow him — He must not know it comes from me.

Flo. What do you take me for a Novice in Love Affairs? Tho' I have not practis'd the Art since I have been in *Donna Violante's* Service, yet I have not lost the Theory of a Chamber-maid — Do you write the Letter, and leave the rest to me — Here, here, here's Pen, Ink, and Paper.

Isab. I'll do it in a Minute. (*Sits down to write.*

Flo. So! this is a Business after my own Heart; Love always takes care to reward his Labourers, and
Great-

Great-Britain seems to be his favourite Country.—Oh, I long to see the other two Moydores with a *British* Air——Methinks there's a Grace peculiar to that Nation in making a Present.

Isab. So I have done, now if he does but find this House again!

Flo. If he should not——I warrant I'll find him if he's in *Lisbon*. *(Puts the Letter into her Bosom.*

Enter Violante.

Vio. *Flora*, watch my Papa, he's fast asleep in his Study—If you find him stir give me Notice.—Hark, I hear *Felix* at the Window, admit him instantly, and then to your Post. *[Exit Flora.*

Isab. What say you, *Violante*? Is my Brother come?

Vio. It is his Signal at the Window.

Isab. *(Kneels)* Oh! *Violante*, I conjure thee by all the Love thou bear'st to *Felix*——By thy own generous Nature—Nay more by that unspotted Virtue thou art Mistress of, do not discover to my Brother I am here.

Vio. Contrary to your Desire, be assur'd I never shall. But where's the Danger?

Isab. Art thou born in *Lisbon*, and ask that Question? He'll think his Honour blemish'd by my Disobedience, and would restore me to my Father, or kill me; therefore, dear, dear Girl.

Vio. Depend upon my Friendship, nothing shall draw the Secret from these Lips, not even *Felix*, tho' at the Hazard of his Love; I hear him coming, retire into that Closet.

Isab. Remember, *Violante*, upon thy Promise my very Life depends. *[Exit.*

Vio. When I betray thee, may I share thy Fate.

Enter Flora and Felix.

Vio. My *Felix*, my everlasting Love. *(runs into his Arms.*

Fel. My Life, my Soul! my *Violante*!

Vio. What Hazards dost thou run for me? Oh, how shall I requite thee?

Fel. If during this tedious painful Exile, thy Thoughts have never wander'd from thy *Felix*, thou has made me more than Satisfaction.

Vio. Can there be Room within this Heart for any but thyself? No, if the God of Love were lost to all the rest of Human Kind, thy Image wou'd secure him in

in my Breast; I am all Truth, all Love, all Faith, and know no jealous Fears.

Fel. My Heart's the proper Sphere where Love resides; could he quit that, he wou'd be no where found; and yet, *Violante*, I'm in doubt.

Vio. Did I ever give thee Cause to doubt, my *Felix*?

Fel. True Love has many Fears, and Fear as many Eyes as Fame; yet sure I think they see no Fault in thee—What's that? (*the Colonel pats at the Window without.*

Vio. What? I heard nothing. (*He pats again.*

Fel. Ha! What means this Signal at your Window?

Vio. Somebody, perhaps, in passing by, might accidentally hit it, it can be nothing else.

Col. (Within) Hift, hift, *Donna Violante, Donna Violante.*

Fel. They use your Name by Accident too, do they, Madam? [*Enter Flora.*

Flo. There is a Gentleman at the Window, Madam, which I fancy to be him who brought *Isabella* hither; shall I admit him? (*Aside to Violante.*

Vio. Admit Distraction rather, thou art the Cause of this, unthinking Wretch!

Fel. What has Mrs. *Scout* brought you fresh Intelligence? Death, I'll know the Bottom of this immediately! (*Offers to go.*

Flo. *Scout*! I scorn your Words, Senior.

Vio. Nay, nay, nay, you must not leave me.

(*Runs and catches hold of him.*

Fel. Oh! 'Tis not fair, not to answer the Gentleman, Madam. It is none of his Fault, that his Visit proves unseasonable; pray let me go, my Presence is but a Restraint upon you. (*Struggles to get from her.*

(*The Colonel pats again.*

Vio. Was ever Accident so mischievous! [*Aside.*

Flo. It must be the Colonel; now to deliver my Letter to him. [*Exit.*

Fel. Hark! he grows impatient at your Delay—Why do you hold the Man, whose Absence wou'd oblige you? Pray let me go, Madam; consider, the Gentleman wants you at the Window, Confusion! (*Struggles still.*

Vio. It is not me he wants.

Fel. Death, not you? Is there another of your Name in the House? But, come on, convince me of the Truth of what you say: Open the Window, if his Business

finest;

finess does not lie with you, your Conversation may be heard.—This, and only this, can take off my Suspicion.—What do you pause! Oh! Guilt! Guilt! Have I caught you? Nay then I'll leap the Balcony. If I remember, this Way leads to it. (*breaks from her, and goes to the Door where Isabella is.*)

Vio. Oh Heaven! What shall I do now, hold, hold, hold, hold, not for the World——You enter there——Which way shall I preserve his Sister from his Knowledge? (*Aside.*)

Fel. What have I touch'd you? do you fear your Lover's Life?

Vio. I fear for none but you——For Goodness Sake, do not speak so loud, my *Felix*. If my Father hear you I am lost for ever; that Door opens into his Apartment. What shall I do if he enters? There he finds his Sister——If he goes out he'll quarrel with the Stranger——Nay do not struggle to be gone, my *Felix*——If I open the Window he may discover the whole Intrigue, and yet of all Evils we ought to chuse the least. Your Curiosity shall be satisfied. Whoe'er you are that with such Insolence dare use my Name, and give the Neighbourhood Pretence to reflect upon my Conduct, I charge you instantly to be gone, or expect the Treatment you deserve.

(*goes to the Window and throws up the Sash.*)

Col. I ask Pardon, Madam, and will obey; but when I left this House to Night——

Fel. Good.

Vio. It is most certainly the Stranger; what will be the Event of this Heaven knows. (*Aside.*) You are mistaken in the House, I suppose, Sir.

Fel. No, no, he is not mistaken——Pray, Madam, let the Gentleman go on.

Vio. Wretched Misfortune, pray be gone, Sir, I know of no Business you have here.

Col. I wish I did not know it neither——But this House contains my Soul, then can you blame my Body for hovering about it.

Fel. Excellent!

Vio. Distraction! He will infallibly discover *Isabella*. I tell you again you are mistaken; however, for your own Satisfaction call To-morrow.

Fel. Matchless Impudence! An Affignation before my Face—No, he shall not live to meet your Wishes.

(Takes out a Pistol and goes towards the Window; she catches hold of him.)

Vio. Ah! *(Shrieks)* hold I conjure you.

Col. To-morrow's an Age, Madam! May I not be admitted to-night?

Vio. If you be a Gentleman I command your Absence. Unfortunate! What will my Stars do with me?

[Aside.]

Col. I have done——Only this——Be careful of my Life, for it is in your keeping. *(Exit from the Window.)*

Fel. Pray observe the Gentleman's Request, Madam.

(Walking off from her.)

Vio. I am all Confusion.

(Aside.)

Fel. You are all Truth, all Love, all Faith: Oh thou all Woman!——How have I been deceiv'd? S'Death, cou'd you not have impos'd upon me for this one Night? Cou'd neither my faithful Love, nor the Hazard I have run to see you, make me worthy to be cheated on.

Vio. Can I bear this from you?

(Weeps.)

Fel. *(Repeats)* When I left this House to-night——To-night, the Devil! Return so soon!

Vio. Oh *Isabella*! What hast thou involv'd me in! *(Aside.)*

Fel. *(Repeats)* This House contains my Soul.

Vio. Yet I resolve to keep the Secret.

(Aside.)

Fel. *(Repeats)* Be careful of my Life, for 'tis in your keeping.——Damnation!——How ugly she appears!

(Looking at her.)

Vio. Do not look so sternly on me, but believe me, *Felix*, I have not injur'd you, nor am I false.

Fel. Not false, not injur'd me! Oh *Violante*, lost and abandoned to thy Vice! Not false, oh monstrous!

Vio. Indeed I am not——There is a Cause which I must not reveal——Oh think how far Honour can oblige your Sex——Then allow a Woman may be bound by the same Rule to keep a Secret.

Fel. Honour, what hast thou to do with Honour, thou that canst admit Plurality of Lovers? A Secret! Ha, ha, ha, his Affairs are wondrous safe, who trusts his Secret to a Woman's keeping; but you need give yourself no
Trouble

Trouble about clearing this Point, Madam, for you are become so indifferent to me, that your Truth and Falshood are the same!

Vio. My Love!

[Offers to take his Hand.

Fel. My Torment!

[Turns from her.

Enter Flora.

Flo. So I have deliver'd my Letter to the Colonel, and receiv'd my Fee. [*Aside*] Madam, your Father bade me see what Noise that was—For Goodness sake, Sir, why do you speak so loud!

Fel. I understand my Cue, Mistress; my Absence is necessary, I'll oblige you. [*going*] [*takes hold of him.*

Vio. Oh let me undeceive you first!

Fel. Impossible!

Vio. 'Tis very possible if I durst.

Fel. Durst! Ha, ha, ha, durst, quotha?

Vio. But another Time I'll tell thee all.

Fel. Nay, now or never——

Vio. Now it cannot be.

Fel. Then it shall never be—Thou most ungrateful of thy Sex, farewell. [*Breaks from her and Exit.*

Vio. Oh exquisite Trial of my Friendship! Yet not even this, shall draw the Secret from me.

That I'll preserve, let Fortune frown or smile,

And trust to Love, my Love to reconcile.

[Exit.

A C T III.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. **W**AS ever Man thus plagu'd! Odsheart, I cou'd swallow my Dagger for Madness; I know not what to think; sure *Frederick* had no Hand in her Escape—She must get out of the Window; and she could not do that without a Ladder: and who cou'd bring it her, but him? Ay, it must be so. The Dislike he shew'd to *Don Guzman* in our Discourse to Day, confirms my Suspicion, and I will charge him home with it; sure Children were given me for a Curse! Why, what innumerable Misfortunes attend us Parents, when we have employed our whole Care to educate, and bring our Children up to Years of Maturity? Just when we expect to reap the Fruits of our Labour, a Man shall, in the tinkling of a Bell, see one hang'd, t'other

woor'd—This graceless Baggage—But I'll to *Frederick* immediately, I'll take the *Alguzile* with me and search his House; and if I find her, I'll use her——by *St. Anthony*, I don't know how I'll use her. [Exit.]

The Scene changes to the Street.

Enter Colonel with Isabella's Letter in his Hand, and Gibby following.

Col. Well, tho' I cou'd not see my fair *Incognita*, Fortune, to make me amends, has flung another Intrigue in my way. Oh! how I love these pretty, kind, coming Females, that wont give a Man the Trouble of racking his Invention to deceive them. —Oh *Portugal!* thou dear Garden of Pleasure——where Love drops down his mellow Fruit, and every Bough bends to our Hands, and seems to cry, Come, Pull and Eat; how deliciously a Man lives here without fear of the Stool of Repentance? — This Letter I receiv'd from a Lady in a Veil———Some *Duenna!* Some necessary Implement of *Cupid!* I suppose the Stile is frank and easy, I hope like her that writ it. [Reads] “ Sir, I have seen
“ your Person, and like it”——*Very concise*——“ And
“ if you'll meet at five o'Clock in the Morning upon
“ the *Terriero de passa*, half an Hour's Conversation
“ will let me into your Mind. —” *Ha, ha, ha, a philosophical Wench: This is the first Time I ever knew a Woman had any Business with the Mind of a Man* —— “ If
“ your Intellects answer your outward Appearance, the
“ Adventure may not displease you. I expect you'll
“ not attempt to see my Face, nor offer any thing un-
“ becoming the Gentleman I take you for:”——
Humph, the Gentleman she takes me for; I hope she takes me to be Flesh and Blood, and then I am sure I shall do nothing unbecoming a Gentleman. Well, if I must not see her Face, it shall go hard if I don't know where she lives. —— *Gibby.*

Gib. Here, an lik yer honour.

Col. Follow me at a good Distance, do you hear *Gibby?*

Gib. In troth dee I, weel eneugh, Sir.

Col. I am to meet a Lady upon the *Terriero de passa*.

Gib. The Deel an mine Eyn gin I kenn her, Sir.

Col.

Col. But you will when you come there, Sirrah.

Gib. Like eneugh, Sir; I have as tharp an Eyn tul a bony Lafs, as ere a Lad in aw *Scotland*; and what mun I dee wi her, Sir?

Col. Why, if she and I part, you must watch her home, and bring me word where she lives.

Gib. In troth sal I, Sir, gin the Deel tak her not.

Col. Come along then, 'tis pretty near the Time—I like a Woman that rises early to pursue her Inclination.

Thus we improve the Pleasures of the Day,

Whilst tasteless Mortals sleep their Time away. [Exit.

Scene changes to Frederick's House.

Enter Inis and Lissardo.

Liss. Your Lady run away, and you know not whither! say you?

Inis. She never greatly car'd for me after finding you and I together; but you are very grave, methinks, *Lissardo.*

Liss. [Looking on the Ring] Not at all—I have some Thoughts indeed of altering my Course of living; there is a critical Minute in every Man's Life, which if he can but lay hold of, he may make his Fortune.

Inis. Ha! What, do I see a Diamond Ring! Where the Duce had he that Ring? You have got a very pretty Ring there, *Lissardo.*

Liss. Aye, the Trifle is pretty enough.—But the Lady which gave it to me is a *Bona Roba* in Beauty, I assure you. [Cocks his Hat and struts.

Inis. I can't bear this—The Lady! What Lady, pray?

Liss. Oh fye! There's a Question to ask a Gentleman.

Inis. A Gentleman! Why the Fellow's spoil'd! Is this your Love for me? Ungrateful Man, you'll break my Heart, so you will. [Bursts into Tears.

Liss. Poor tender-hearted Fool.—

Inis. If I knew who gave you that Ring, I'd tear her Eyes out, so I wou'd. [Sobs.

Liss. So, now the Jade wants a little Coaxing: why, what dost thou weep for now, my Dear? Ha!

Inis. I suppose *Flora* gave you that Ring; but I'll—

Liss. No, the Devil take me if she did, you make

me swear now—So, they are All for the Ring, but I shall bob 'em: I did but joke, the Ring is none of mine, it is my Master's; I am to give it to be new set, that's all; therefore prithee dry thy Eyes, and kiss me, come. [Enter Flora,

Inis. And do you really speak Truth now?

Liss. Why, do you doubt it?

Flo. So, so, very well! I thought there was an Intrigue between him and *Inis*, for all he has forsworn it so often. [Aside.

Inis Nor han't you seen *Flora* since you came to Town.

Flo. Ha! How dares she name my Name? [Aside.

Liss. No, by this Kiss I han't. [Kisses her.

Flo. Here's a dissembling Varlet. [Aside.

Inis. Nor don't you love her at all?

Liss. Love the Devil; why did not I always tell thee she was my Aversion?

Flo. Did you so, Villain! [Strikes him a Box on the Ear.

Liss. Zounds, she here! I have made a fine Spot of Work on't. [Aside.

Inis. What's that for? Ha. [Brushes up to her.

Flo. I shall tell you by and by, Mrs. *Frippery*, if you don't get about your Business.

Inis. Who do you call *Frippery*, Mrs. *Trolup*? Pray get about your Business: If you go to that, I hope you pretend to no Right and Title here.

Liss. What the Devil do they take me for, an Acre of Land, that they quarrel about Right and Title to me? [Aside.

Flo. Pray what Right have you, Mistress, to ask that Question?

Inis. No matter for that, I can shew a better Title to him than you, I believe.

Flo. What, has he given thee nine Months earnest for a living Title? Ha, ha.

Inis. Don't fling your flaunting Jest at me, Mrs. *Boldface*, for I won't take 'em, I assure you.

Liss. So! now am I as great as the fam'd *Alexander*. But my dear *Statira* and *Roxana*, don't exert yourselves so much about me: Now I fancy, if you wou'd agree lovingly together, I might, in a modest Way, satisfy both your Demands upon me. *Flo.*

Flo. You satisfy ! No, Sirrah, I am not to be satisfy'd so soon as you think, perhaps.

Inis. No, nor I neither. — What do you make no Difference between us ?

Flo. You pitiful Fellow you ; what you fancy, I warrant, that I gave myself the Trouble of dogging you, out of Love to your filthy Person ; but you are mistaken, Sirrah—It was to detect your Treachery.—How often have you sworn to me that you hated *Inis*, and only carried fair for the good Chear she gave you ; but that you could never like a Woman with crooked Legs, you said.

Inis. How, how, Sirrah, crooked Legs ! Ods ; I cou'd find in my Heart. [*Snatching up her Petticoat a little.*]

Liss. Here's a lying young Jade now ! Prithee, my Dear, moderate thy Passion. [*Coax'ngly.*]

Inis. I'd have you to know, Sirrah, my Legs was never — your Master, I hope, understands Legs better than you do, Sirrah. [*passionately.*]

Liss. My Master ! so, so. [*Shaking his Head and*
[*winking.*]

Flo. I am glad I have done some Mischief, however. [*Aside.*]

Liss. [*To Inis*] Art thou really so foolish to mind what an enrag'd Woman says ! Don't you see she does it on purpose to part you and I ? [*runs to Flora*] Cou'd not you find the Joke without putting yourself in a Passion ! You silly Girl you ; why I saw you follow us plain enough, mun, and said all this, that you might not go back with only your Labour for your Pains——But you are a revengeful young Slut tho', I tell you that ; but come kifs, and be Friends.

Flo. Don't think to coax me ; hang your Kisses.

Fel. [*Within*] *Lissardo.*

Liss. Odsheart, here's my Master ; the Devil take both these Jades for me, what shall I do with them ?

Inis. Ha ! 'Tis *Don Felix's* Voice ; I wou'd not have him find me here, with his Footman, for the World.

[*Aside.*]

Fel. [*Within*] Why *Lissardo*, *Lissardo* !

Liss. Coming, Sir. What a Pox will you do ?

Flo. Bless me, which Way shall I get out ?

Liss. Nay, nay, you must e'en set your Quarrel aside, and be content to be mew'd up in this Cloaths-press together, or stay where you are, and face it out——there is no Help for it.

Flo. Put me any where, rather than that; come, come, let me in. *[He opens the Press, and she goes in.]*

Inis. I'll see her hang'd, before I'll go into the Place where she is.—I'll trust Fortune with my Deliverance: Here us'd to be a Pair of back Stairs, I'll try to find them out. *[Exit.]*

Enter Felix and Frederick.

Fel. Was you asleep, Sirrah, that you did not hear me call?

Liss. I did hear you, and answer'd you, I was coming, Sir.

Fel. Go, get the Horses ready; I'll leave *Lisbon* to night, never to see it more.

Liss. Hey day! what's the Matter now? *[Exit.]*

Fred. Pray tell me, *Don Felix*! what has ruffled your Temper thus?

Fel. A Woman—Oh Friend, who can name Woman, and forget Inconstancy!

Fred. This from a Person of mean Education were excusable, such low Suspicions have their Source from vulgar Conversation; Men of your politer Taste never rashly censure——Come, this is some groundless Jealousy—Love raises many Fears.

Fel. No; my Ears conveyed the Truth into my Heart, and Reason justifies my Anger: *Violante's* false, and I have nothing left but thee, in *Lisbon*, which can make me wish ever to see it more, except Revenge upon my Rival, of whom I am ignorant. Oh, that some Miracle wou'd reveal him to me, that I might thro' his Heart punish thy Infidelity.

Enter Lissardo.

Liss. Oh! Sir, here's your Father *Don Lopez* coming up.

Fel. Does he know that I am here?

Liss. I can't tell, Sir, he ask'd for *Don Frederick*.

Fred. Did he see you?

Liss. I believe not, Sir; for as soon as I saw him, I ran back to give my Master notice. *Fel.*

Fel. Keep out of his Sight then—And, dear *Frederick*, permit me to retire into the next Room, for I know the old Gentleman will be very much displeased at my Return without his Leave. [Exit.

Fred. Quick, quick, begone, he is here.

Enter Don Lopez, speaking as he enters.

Lop. Mr. *Alguzile*, wait you without till I call for you. *Frederick*, an Affair brings me here—which—requires Privacy—So that if you have any Body within Ear-shot, pray order them to retire.

Fred. We are private, my Lord, speak freely.

Lop. Why then, Sir, I must tell you, that you had better have pitch'd upon any Man in *Portugal* to have injur'd, than myself.

Fel. [Peeping] What means my Father?

Fred. I understand you not, my Lord.

Lop. Tho' I am old, I have a Son——Alas! Why name I him? He knows not the Dishonour of my House.

Fel. I am confounded! The Dishonour of his House!

Fred. Explain yourself, my Lord! I am not conscious of any dishonourable Action to any Man, much less to your Lordship.

Lop. 'Tis false! you have debauch'd my Daughter.

Fel. Debauch'd my Sister! Impossible! He could not, durst not be that Villain.

Fred. My Lord, I scorn so foul a Charge.

Lop. You have debauch'd her Duty at least, therefore instantly restore her to me, or by *St. Anthony* I'll make you.

Fred. Restore her, my Lord! Where shall I find her?

Lop. I have those that will swear she is here in your House.

Fel. Ha! in this House!

Fred. You are misinformed, my Lord; upon my Reputation I have not seen *Donna Isabella*, since the Absence of *Don Felix*.

Lop. Then pray, Sir——if I am not too inquisitive, what Motive had you for those Objections you made against her Marriage with *Don Guzman* yesterday?

Fred. The Disagreeableness of such a Match, I fear'd, wou'd give your Daughter Cause to curse her Duty, if she

comply'd with your Demands ; that was all, my Lord !

Lop. And so you help'd her thro' the Window to make her disobey.

Fel. Ha, my Sister gone ! Oh Scandal to our Blood !

Fred. This is insulting me, my Lord, when I assure you I have neither seen, nor know any Thing of your Daughter — If she is gone, the Contrivance was her own, and you may thank your Rigour for it.

Lop. Very well, Sir ; however my Rigour shall make bold to search your House : Here, call in the *Alguzile* —

Flora. [*Peeping*] The *Alguzile* ! What in the Name of Wonder will become of me !

Fred. The *Alguzile* ! My Lord, you'll repent this.

Enter Alguzile and Attendants.

Lop. No, Sir, 'tis you that will repent it : I charge you, in the King's Name, to assist me in finding my Daughter — — — — — Besure you leave no Part of the House unsearch'd ; come, follow me. [*Gets towards the Door where Felix is ; Frederick draws, and plants himself before the Door.*]

Fred. Sir, I must first know by what Authority you pretend to search my House, before you enter here.

Alg. How ! Sir, dare you presume to draw your Sword upon the Representative of Majesty ? I am, Sir, I am his Majesty's *Alguzile*, and the very Quintessence of Authority — — — — — therefore put up your Sword, or I shall order you to be knock'd down — — — — — For know, Sir, the Breath of an *Alguzile* is as dangerous as the Breath of a *Demi-Culverin*.

Lop. She is certainly in that Room, by his guarding the Door — — — — — if he disputes your Authority, knock him down, I say.

Fred. I shall show you some Sport first ! The Woman you look for is not here, but there is something in this Room, which I'll preserve from your Sight at the Hazard of my Life.

Lop. Enter, I say ; nothing but my Daughter can be there — force his Sword from him. [*Felix comes out and joins Frederick.*]

Fel. Villains, stand off ! assassinate a Man in his own House.

Lop.

Lop. Oh, oh, oh, *Misericordia*, what do I see, my Son.

Alg. Ha, his Son! Here's five hundred Pounds good, my Brethren, if *Antonio* dies, and that's in the Surgeon's Power, and he's in love with my Daughter, you know — *Don Felix*! I command you to surrender yourself into the Hands of Justice, in order to raise me and my Posterity; and in Consideration you lose your Head to gain me five hundred Pounds, I'll have your Generosity recorded on your Tomb-stone — at my own proper Cost and Charge—I hate to be ungrateful.

Fred. Here's a generous Dog now———

Lop. Oh that ever I was born——Hold, hold, hold.

Fred. Did I not tell you, you wou'd repent, my Lord? What ho! Within there [*Enter Servants*] arm yourselves, and let not a Man in nor out but *Felix*———

Look ye, *Alguzile*, when you would betray my Friend for filthy Lucre, I shall no more regard you as an Officer of Justice, but as a Thief and Robber thus resist you.

Fel. Generous *Frederick*! Come on, Sir, we'll show you Play for the five hundred Pounds.

Alg. Fall on, seize the Money right or wrong, ye Rogues. [*They fight.*]

Lop. Hold, hold, *Alguzile*; I'll give you the five hundred Pounds; that is, my Bond to pay upon *Antonio's* Death, and twenty Pistoles however things go, for you and these honest Fellows to drink my Health.

Alg. Say you so, my Lord! Why look ye my Lord, I bear the young Gentleman no Ill-will, my Lord; if I get but the five hundred Pounds, my Lord——— why, look ye, my Lord——'Tis the same Thing to me whether your Son be hang'd or not, my Lord.

Fel. Scoundrels. ——

Lop. Ay, well thou art a good-natur'd Fellow, that is the Truth on't —— Come then we'll to the Tavern, and sign and seal this Minute. O *Felix*, be careful of thyself, or thou wilt break my Heart. [*Exit Lopez,*

Alguzile and Attendants.

Fel. Now, *Frederick*, though I ought to thank you for your Care of me, yet till I am satisfied as to my Father's Accusation, I can't return the Acknowledgments I owe you: Know you aught relating to my Sister?

Fred. I hope my Faith and Truth are known to you——

And

And here by both I swear, I am ignorant of every Thing relating to your Father's Charge.

Fel. Enough, I do believe thee. Oh Fortune! where will thy Malice end!

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, I bring you joyful News, I am told that *Don Antonio* is out of Danger, and now in the Palace.

Fel. I wish it be true, then I'm at Liberty to watch my Rival, and pursue my Sister. Prithee, *Frederick*, inform thyself of the Truth of this Report.

Fred. I will this Minute — Do you hear, let no body in to *Don Felix* till my Return. [Exit.

Ser. I'll observe, Sir. [Exit.

Flo. (*Peeping*) They have almost frightened me out of my Wits — I'm sure — Now *Felix* is alone, I have a good Mind to pretend I came with a Message from my Lady; but then how shall I say I came into the Cupboard? [Aside.

Enter a Servant, seeming to oppose the Entrance of some body.

Ser. I tell you, Madam, *Don Felix* is not here.

Vio. (*Within*) I tell you, Sir, he is here, and I will see him (*breaks in*) You are as difficult of Access, Sir, as a first Minister of State.

Flo. My Stars! My Lady here! [*Shuts the Press close.*

Fel. If your Visit was design'd to *Frederick*, Madam, he is abroad.

Vio. No, Sir, the Visit is to you.

Fel. You are very punctual in your Ceremonies, Madam.

Vio. Tho' I did not come to return your Visit, but to take that which your Civility ought to have brought me.

Fel. If my Ears, my Eyes and my Understanding ly'd, then I am in your Debt; else not, Madam.

Vio. I will not charge them with a Term so gross, to say they ly'd, but call it a Mistake, nay call it any thing to excuse my *Felix* — Cou'd I, think ye, cou'd I put off my Pride so far, poorly to dissemble a Passion which I did not feel? Or seek a Reconciliation, with what I did not love? Do but consider, if I had entertained another, shou'd not I rather embrace this Quarrel, pleas'd with the Occasion that rid me of your Visits,
and

and gave me Freedom to enjoy the Choice which you think I have made ; have I any Interest in thee but my Love ? Or am I bound by ought but Inclination to submit and follow thee—No Law whilst single binds us to obey, but you by Nature, and Education, are oblig'd to pay a deference to all Woman-kind.

Fel. These are fruitless Arguments : 'Tis most certain thou wert dearer to these Eyes than all that Heaven e'er gave to charm the Sense of Man, but I wou'd rather tear them out, than suffer them to delude my Reason, and enslave my Peace.

Vio. Can you love without Esteem ? And where is the Esteem for her you still suspect ? Oh, *Felix* ! There is a Delicacy—in Love, which equals even a religious Faith ! true Love ne'er doubts the Object it adores, and Sceptics there will disbelieve their Sight.

Enter Servant.

Fel. Your Notions are too refin'd for mine, Madam. How now, what do you want ?

Ser. Only my Master's Cloak out of this Press, Sir, that's all.—Oh ! the Devil, the Devil.

[Opens the Press, sees Flora, and roars out.

Vio. Ha, a Woman conceal'd ! Very well, *Felix* !

Flo. Discover'd ! Nay then Legs befriend me.

[Runs out.

Fel. A Woman in the Press ! *[Enter Lissardo.*
How the Devil came a Woman there, Sirrah ?

Liss. What shall I say now ?

Vio. Now *Lissardo*, shew your Wit to bring your Master off.

Liss. Off, Madam ! Nay, nay, nay, there, there needs no great Wit to, to, to bring him off, Madam, for she did, and she did not come as, as, as, as, a, a, a Man may say directly to, to, to, to, speak with my Master, Madam.

Vio. I see by your Stammering, *Lissardo*, that your Invention is at a very low Ebb.

Fel. 'Sdeath, Rascal ! speak without Hesitation, and the Truth too, or I shall stick my Stiletto in your Guts.

Vio. No, no, your Master mistakes, he wou'd not have you speak the Truth.

Fel. Madam, my Sincerity wants no Excuse.

Liss. I am so confounded between one and the other, that I can't think of a Lye. *[Aside.*

Fel. Sirrah, fetch me this Woman back instantly, I'll know what Business she had here!

Vio. Not a Step, your Master shan't be put to the Blush.—Come, a Truce, *Felix*! Do you ask me no more Questions about the Window, and I'll forgive this.

Fel. I scorn Forgiveness where I own no Crime, but your Soul, conscious of its Guilt, wou'd fain lay hold of this Occasion to blend your Treason with my Innocence.

Vio. Insolent! Nay, if instead of owning your Fault you endeavour to insult my Patience, I must tell you, Sir, you don't behave yourself like that Man of Honour you wou'd be taken for; you ground your Quarrel with me upon your own Inconstancy; 'tis plain you are false yourself, and wou'd make me the Aggressor——It was not for nothing the Fellow oppos'd my Entrance——This last Usage has given me back my Liberty, and now my Father's Will shall be obeyed without the least Reluctance. [Exit.

Fel. Oh, stubborn, stubborn Heart, what wilt thou do? Her Father's Will shall be obeyed; Ha! That carries her to a Cloyster, and cuts off all my Hopes at once——By Heaven she shall not, must not leave me! No, she is not false, at least my Love now represents her true, because I fear to lose her: Ha! Villain, art thou here [*turns upon Lissardo*] tell me this Moment who this Woman was, and for what Intent she was here conceal'd.——Or

Liss. Ay, good Sir, forgive me, and I'll tell you the whole Truth. [falls on his Knees.

Fel. Out with it then——

Liss. It, it, it, was Mrs. *Flora*, Sir, *Donna Violante's* Woman—you must know, Sir, we have had a sneaking Kindness for one another a great while—She was not willing you should know it; so when she heard your Voice she ran into the Cloaths-Prefs, I wou'd have told you this at first, but I was afraid of her Lady's knowing it; this is the Truth as I hope for a whole Skin, Sir.

Fel. If it be not, I'll not leave you a whole Bone in it, Sirrah——fly, and observe if *Violante* goes directly home.

Liss. Yes, Sir; yes.

[Exit.

Fel.

Fel. I must convince her of my Faith : Oh ! how irresolute is a Lover's Heart ! My Resentments cool'd when her's grew high—Nor can I struggle longer with my Fate ; I cannot quit her, no I cannot, so absolute a Conquest has she gain'd—Woman's the greatest sovereign Power on Earth.

*In vain Men strive their Tyranny to quit,
Their Eyes command and force us to submit.
So have I seen a mettled Courser fly,
Tear up the Ground, and toss his Rider high,
Till some experienc'd Master found the Way,
With Spur and Rein to make his Pride obey.*

SCENE *the Terriero de Passa.*

Enter Colonel and Isabella veil'd. Gibby at a Distance.

Col. Then you say, it is impossible for me to wait of you home, Madam.

Isab. I say it is inconsistent with my Circumstances, Colonel, and that Way impossible for me to admit of it.

Col. Consent to go with me then—I lodge at one *Don Frederick's*, a Merchant just by here, he is a very honest Fellow, and I dare confide in his Secresy.

Isab. Ha, does he lodge there ? Pray Heaven I am not discover'd. *[Aside.]*

Col. What say you, my Charmer ? shall we breakfast together ? I have some of the best Bohea in the Universe.

Isab. Puh ! Bohea ! is that the best Treat you can give a Lady at your Lodgings——Colonel !

Col. Well hinted——No, no, no, I have other Things at thy Service, Child.

Isab. What are those Things, pray ?

Col. My Heart, Soul, and Body into the Bargain.

Isab. Has the last no Incumbrance upon it ; can you make a clear Title, Colonel ?

Col. All Freehold, Child, and I'll afford thee a very good Bargain. *[embraces her.]*

Gib. Au my Sol, they mak muckle Wards about it, Ise seer weary with standing, Ise e'en tak a Sleep.

[Lies down.]

Isab. If I take a Lease it must be for Life, Colonel.

Col. Thou shalt have me as long, or as little Time as thou

thou wilt; my Dear, come, let's to my Lodging, and we'll sign and seal this Minute.

Ifab. Oh, not so fast, Colonel, there are many Things to be adjusted before the Lawyer and the Parson comes.

Col. The Lawyer and Parson! No, no, ye little Rogue, we can finish our Affairs without the Help of the Law——or the Gospel.

Ifab. Indeed but we can't, Colonel.

Col. Indeed! Why, hast thou then trapann'd me out of my warm Bed this Morning for nothing! Why, this is shewing a Man half famish'd a well-furnish'd Larder, then clapping a Padlock on the Door, till you starve him quite.

Ifab. If you can find in your Heart to say Grace, Colonel, you shall keep the Key.

Col. I love to see my Meat before I give Thanks, Madam, therefore uncover thy Face, Child, and I'll tell thee more of my Mind——if I like you.——

Ifab. I dare not risk my Reputation upon your If's, Colonel, and so adieu. [Going.]

Col. Nay, nay, nay, we must not part.

Ifab. As you ever hope to see me more, suspend your Curiosity now; one Step farther loses me for ever.—— Show yourself a Man of Honour, and you shall find me a Woman of Honour. [Exit.]

Col. Well, for once I'll trust to a blind Bargain, Madam——[*Kisses her Hand and parts.*] But I shall be too cunning for your Ladyship if *Gibby* observes my Orders: Methinks these Intrigues, which relate to the Mind, are very insipid——The Conversation of Bodies is much more diverting——Ha! What do I see, my Rascal asleep? Sirrah, did not I charge you to watch the Lady? And is it thus you observe my Orders, ye Dog? [*Kicks him all this while, and he shrugs, and rubs his Eyes, and yawns.*]

Gib. That's treu, an lik yer Honour; but I thought that when ence ye had her in yer awn Honds, yee mit a ordered her yer sal weel eneugh without me, en ye ken, an lik yer Honour.

Col. Sirrah, hold your impertinent Tongue, and make haste after her: if you don't bring me some Account of her, never dare to see my Face again. [Exit.]

Gib. Ay! This is bony Wark indeed, to run three hundred

hundred Mile to this wicked Town, and before I can well fill my Weem, to be sent a Whore-hunting after this black shee Devil—What Gat sal I gang to speer for this Wutch now? Ah, for a ruling Elder—or the Kirk's Treasurer—or his Mon—I'd gar my Master mak twa of this; — But I am feer there's na fike honest People here, or there wou'd na be so muckle Sculdudrie*.

(Enter an English Soldier passing along.)

Gib. Geud Mon, did ye see a Woman, a Lady, ony gate here away enow?

Eng. Man. Yes, a great many. What kind of a Woman is it you enquire after?

Gib. Geud troth, she's ne Kenspekle, she's aw in a Cloud.——

Eng. Man. What! 'tis some High-land Monster which you brought over with you, I suppose, I see no such, not I, Kenspekle, quotha!

Gib. Huly, huly, Mon, the Deel pike out yer Eyn, and then you'll see the bater, ye *English* Bag Pudlin Tike.

Eng. Man. What says the Fellow? [*Turning to Gibby:*

Gib. Say! I say I am a better Fellow than e'er stude upon yer Shanks——an gin I heer meer a yer Din, Deel a my Saul, Sir, but lse crack yer Crown.

Eng. Man. Get you gone, you *Scotch* Rascal, and thank your Heathen Dialect, which I don't understand, that you han't your Bones broke.

Gib. Ay! an ye de no understond a *Scots* Man's Tongue——lse see gin ye can understond a *Scots* Man's Gripe: Wha's the better Mon now, Sir? [*Lays hold of him, strikes up his Heels, and gets astride over him.*
Here Violante crosses the Stage; Gibby jumps up from the Man, and brushes up to Violante.

Gib. I vow, Madam, but I am glad that yee and I are foregather'd.

Vio. What wou'd the Fellow have?

Gib. Nothing, away, Madam, wo worthy yer Heart, what a muckle deel a Mischief had you like to bring upon poor *Gibby*?

Vio. The Man's drunk——

Gib. In troth am I not——An gin I had not fond ye,

*Fornication.

ye, Madam, the Laird knows when I should ; for my Master bat me nere gang Heam, without Tydings of yee, Madam.

Vio. Sirrah, get about your Business, or I'll have your Bones drubb'd.

Gib. Geud Faith, my Master has e'en dun that te yer Honds, Madam.

Vio. Who is your Master, Friend ?

Gib. Mony e'en spiers the gat they ken right weel — It is no so lang sen ye parted wi him, I wish he ken yee hafe as weel as ye ken him.

Vio. Pugh, the Creature's mad or mistakes me for some Body else ; and I shou'd be as mad as he, to talk to him any longer.

Enter Lissardo at the upper End of the Stage.

Liss. So, she's gone home, I see. What did that Scotch Fellow want with her ? I'll try to find it out ; perhaps I may discover something that may make my Master Friends with me again.

Gib. Are you gaune, Madam, a Deel scope in yer Company ; for I'm as weese as I was ? but I'll bide and see whase House it is, gin I can meet with ony civil Body to spier at. — Weel of aw Men in the Warld, I think our Scots Men the greatest Feuls, to leave their weel favour'd honest Women at Heam, to rin wallop-ing after a Pack of Gycarlings here, that shame to shew their Faces, and peer Men like me, are forc'd to be their Pimps ! a Pimp ! Godswarbit, *Gibby's* ne'er be a Pimp — An yet in troth it is a threving Trade ; I remember a Countryman aw mi aen, that by ganging a fikle like Errants as I am now, came to gat Preferment : My Lad, wot yee wha lives here ? *[Turns and sees Lissardo.]*

Liss. Don Pedro de Mendoza.

Gib. And did you see a Lady gang in but now ?

Liss. Yes, I did.

Gib. And dee ken her tee ?

Liss. It was *Donna Violante* his Daughter ; what the Devil makes him so inquisitive ? Here is something in it, that's certain. 'Tis a cold Morning, Brother ; what think you of a Dram ?

Gib. In troth, very weel, Sir.

Liss. You seem an honest Fellow ; prithee let's drink to our better Acquaintance.

Gib.

Gib. Wi aw my Heart, Sir, gang your gat to the next House, and Ise follow ye

Liff. Come along then. [Exit.

Gib. *Don Pedro de Mendosa*———*Donna Violante* his Daughter; that's as right as my Leg now—— Ise need na meer, I'll tak a Drink, an then to my Master.——

Ise bring him News will mak his Heart full Blee;

Gin he rewards it not, Deel pimp for me. [Exit.

A C T IV.

S C E N E, *Violante's Lodgings.*

Enter Isabella in a gay Temper, and Violante out of Humour.

Isab. **M**Y Dear, I have been seeking you this half Hour to tell you the most lucky Adventure.

Vio. And you have pitched upon the most unlucky Hour for it, that you could possibly have found in the whole Four and Twenty.

Isab. Hang unlucky Hours, I won't think of them; I hope all my Misfortunes are past.

Vio. And mine all to come.

Isab. I have seen the Man I like.

Vio. And I have seen the Man that I cou'd wish to hate.

Isab. And you must assist me in discovering whether he can like me or not.

Vio. You have assisted me in such a Discovery already, I thank ye.

Isab. What say you, my Dear?

Vio. I say I am very unlucky at Discoveries, *Isabella*; I have too lately made one pernicious to my Ease; your Brother is false.

Isab. Impossible!

Vio. Most true.

Isab. Some Villain has traduc'd him to you.

Vio. No, *Isabella*, I love too well to trust the Eyes of others; I never credit the ill-judging World, or form Suspicions upon vulgar Censures; no, I had ocular Proof of his Ingratitude.

Isab. Then am I most unhappy; my Brother was the only Pledge of Faith betwixt us; if he has forfeited your

your Favour, I have no Title to your Friendship.

Vio. You wrong my Friendship, *Isabella*; your own Merit entitles you to every thing within my Power.

Isab. Generous Maid — But may I not know what Grounds you have to think my Brother false.

Vio. Another time — But tell me, *Isabella*, how can I serve you?

Isab. Thus then — The Gentleman that brought me hither, I have seen and talk'd with upon the *Terriero de Passa* this Morning, and I find him a Man of Sense, Generosity, and good Humour; in short, he is every Thing that I could like for a Husband, and I have dispatch'd Mrs. *Flora* to bring him hither; I hope you'll forgive the Liberty I have taken.

Vio. Hither, to what Purpose?

Isab. To the great universal Purpose, Matrimony.

Vio. Matrimony! Why, do you design to ask him?

Isab. No, *Violante*, you must do that for me.

Vio. I thank you for the Favour you design me, but desire to be excus'd: I manage my own Affairs too ill, to be trusted with those of other People; besides, if my Father should find a Stranger here, it might make him hurry me into a *Monastery* immediately; I can't for my Life admire your Conduct, to encourage a Person altogether unknown to you. — 'Twas very imprudent to meet him this Morning, but much more so to send for him hither, knowing what Inconveniency you have already drawn upon me.

Isab. I am not insensible, how far my Misfortunes have embarrass'd you; and, if you please, sacrifice my Quiet to your own.

Vio. Unkindly urg'd — Have I not preferr'd your Happiness to every thing that's dear to me?

Isab. I know thou hast — Then do not deny me this last Request, when a few Hours, perhaps, may render my Condition able to clear thy Fame, and bring my Brother to thy Feet for Pardon.

Vio. I wish you don't repent of this Intrigue. I suppose he knows you are the same Woman that he brought in here last Night.

Isab. Not a Syllable of that; I met him veil'd, and to prevent his knowing the House, I order'd Mrs. *Flora*

to bring him by the back Door into the Garden.

Vio. The very Way which *Felix* comes; if they should meet, there would be fine Work — Indeed, my Dear, I can't approve of your Design.

Enter Flora.

Flor. Madam, the Colonel waits your Pleasure.

Vio. How durst you go upon such a Message, Mistress, without acquainting me?

Isab. 'Tis too late to dispute that now, dear *Violante*, I acknowledge the Rashness of the Action — But consider the Necessity of my Deliverance.

Vio. That indeed is a weighty Consideration; well, what am I to do?

Isab. In the next Room I'll give you Instructions! in the mean time, Mrs. *Flora*, show the Colonel into this. [*Exit Flora one Way, and Isabella and Violante another.*]

Re-enter Flora with the Colonel.

Flo. The Lady will wait on you presently, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Col. Very well—This is a very fruitful Soil. I have not been here quite four and Twenty Hours, and I have three Intrigues upon my Hands already, but I hate the Chase, without partaking of the Game. [*Enter Violante veil'd.*] Ha, a fine siz'd Woman — Pray Heaven she proves handsome — I am come to obey your Ladyship's Commands.

Vio. Are you sure of that Colonel?

Col. If you be not very unreasonable indeed, Madam; A Man is but a Man. [*Takes her Hand and kisses it.*]

Vio. Nay, we have no Time for Compliments, Colonel.

Col. I understand you, Madam — *Montre moy votre Chambre.* [*Takes her in his Arms.*]

Vio. Nay, nay, hold Colonel, my Bed-chamber is not to be enter'd without a certain Purchase.

Col. Purchase! Humph, this is some kept Mistress, I suppose, who industriously lets out her leisure Hours.

[*Aside.*] Look ye, Madam, you must consider we Soldiers are not over-stock'd with Money — But we make ample Satisfaction in Love; we have a World of Courage upon our Hands now, you know — Then prithee use a Conscience, and I'll try if my Pocket can come up to your Price. [*Puts his Hand into his Pocket.*]

Vio. Nay, don't give yourself the Trouble of drawing
our

your Purse, Colonel, my Design is levell'd at your Person, if that be at your own Disposál.

Col. Ah, that it is Faith, Madam, and I'll settle it as firmly upon thee ———

Vio. As Law can do it.

Col. Hang Law in Love-affairs; thou shalt have Right and Title to it out of pure Inclination ——— A matrimonial Hint again! Gad, I fancy the Women have a Project on Foot to transplant the Union into *Portugal*.

Vio. Then you have an Aversion to Matrimony, Colonel; did you never see a Woman, in all your Travels, that you cou'd like for a Wife?

Col. A very odd Question—Do you really expect that I should speak Truth now?

Vio. I do, if you expect to be dealt with, Colonel.

Col. Why then———Yes.

Vio. Is she in your Country, or this?

Col. This is a very pretty Kind of a Catechism: but I don't conceive which Way it turns to Edification: in this Town, I believe, Madam.

Vio. Her Name is ———

Col. Ay, how is she call'd, Madam?

Vio. Nay, I ask you that, Sir.

Col. Oh, Oh, why she is call'd—Pray, Madam, how is it you spell your Name?

Vio. Oh, Colonel, I am not the happy Woman, nor do I wish it.

Col. No, I'm sorry for that.——What the Devil does she mean by all these Questions? [*Aside.*

Vio. Come, Colonel, for once be sincere.—Perhaps you may not repent it.

Col. Faith, Madam, I have an Inclination to Sincerity, but I'm afraid you'll call my Manners in Question: This is like to be but a silly Adventure, here's so much Sincerity required. [*Aside.*

Vio. Not at all: I prefer Truth before Compliment, in this Affair.

Col. Why then to be plain with you, Madam, a Lady last Night wounded my Heart by a Fall from a Window, whose Person I cou'd be content to take, as my Father took my Mother, till Death do us part. ——— But whom she is, or how distinguished, whether Maid, Wife,

Wife, or Widow, I can't inform you ; perhaps you are she.

Vio. Not to keep you in Suspence, I am not she, but I can give you an Account of her: That Lady is a Maid of Condition, has ten thousand Pounds; and if you are a single Man, her Person and Fortune are at your Service.

Col. I accept the Offer with the highest Transports; but say, my charming Angel, art thou not she? (*offers to embrace her*) This is a lucky Adventure. [*Aside.*

Vio. Once again, Colonel, I tell you I am not she— But at Six this Evening you shall find her on the *Terriero de Passa*, with a white Handkerchief in her Hand; get a Priest ready, and you know the rest.

Col. I shall infallibly observe your Directions, Madam. *Enter Flora hastily, and whispers Violante, who starts and seems surprised.*

Vio. Ha, *Felix* crossing the Garden, say you, what shall I do now?

Col. You seem surpriz'd, Madam.

Vio. Oh, Colonel, my Father is coming hither, and if he finds you here, I am ruin'd!

Col. Odsife, Madam, thrust me any where; can't I go out this Way?

Vio. No, no, no, he comes that Way: how shall I prevent their Meeting? Here, here, step into my Bed-chamber, and be still, as you value her you love; don't stir till you've Notice, as ever you hope to have her in your Arms.

Col. On that Condition, I'll not breathe. [*Exit.*
Enter Felix.

Fel. I wonder where this Dog of a Servant is all this while——But she is at home I find——How coldly she regards me.——You look, *Violante*, as if the Sight of me were troublesome to you.

Vio. Can I do otherwise, when you have the Assurance to approach me, after what I saw to-day!

Fel. Assurance, rather call it good Nature, after what I heard last Night; but such regard to Honour, have I in my Love to you, I cannot bear to be suspected, nor suffer you to entertain false Notions of my Truth, without endeavouring to convince you of my Innocence; so
2 much

much good Nature have I more than you, *Violante*,
 ——— Pray give me Leave to ask your Woman one
 Question ; my Man assures me she was the Person you
 saw at my Lodgings.

Flo. I confess it, Madam, and ask your Pardon.

Vio. Impudent Baggage, not to undeceive me sooner ;
 what Business cou'd you have there ?

Fel. *Liffardo* and she, it seems, imitate you and I.

Flo. I love to follow the Example of my Betters,
 Madam.

Fel. I hope I am justified ———

Vio. Since we are to part, *Felix*, there needs no Jus-
 tification.

Fel. Methinks you talk of parting as a Thing indif-
 ferent to you ; can you forget how I have lov'd ?

Vio. I wish I could forget my own Passion ; I shou'd
 with less concern remember yours ——— But for Mrs.
Flora ———

Fel. You must forgive her ; ——— Must, did I say ? I
 fear I have no Power to impose, tho' the Injury was
 done to me.

Vio. 'Tis harder to pardon an Injury done to what we
 love than to ourselves ; but at your Request, *Felix*, I do
 forgive her ; go watch my Father, *Flora*, lest he should
 awake and surprize us.

Flo. Yes, Madam.

[Exit *Flora*.

Fel. Dost thou then love me, *Violante* ?

Vio. What need of Repetition from my Tongue,
 when every Look confesses what you ask ?

Fel. Oh ! let no Man judge of Love but those who
 feel it ; what wonderous Magic lies in one kind Look !
 ——— One tender Word destroys a Lover's Rage, and
 melts his fiercest Passion into soft Complaint. Oh the
 Window, *Violante*, wouldst thou but clear that one
 Suspicion !

Vio. Prithee, no more of that, my *Felix*, a little Time
 shall bring thee perfect Satisfaction.

Fel. Well, *Violante*, on that Condition you think no
 more of a Monastery ——— I'll wait with Patience for
 this mighty Secret.

Vio. Ah, *Felix*, Love generally gets the better of Reli-
 gion in us Women : Resolutions made in the Heat of
 Passion, ever dissolve upon Reconciliation.

Enter

Enter Flora hastily.

Flo. Oh, Madam, Madam, Madam! my Lord your Father has been in the Garden, and lock'd the back Door, and comes muttering to himself this Way.

Vio. Then we are caught: Now, *Felix*, we are undone.

Fel. Heavens forbid, this is most unlucky! let me step into your Bed-chamber, he won't look under the Bed; there I may conceal myself. [*runs to the Door, and pushes it open a little.*]

Vio. My Stars! if he goes in there he'll find the Colonel——No, no, *Felix*, that's no safe Place, my Father often goes thither; and should you cough, or sneeze, we are lost.

Fel. Either my Eye deceiv'd me, or I saw a Man within; I'll watch him close——She shall deal with the Devil, if she conveys him out without my Knowledge. [*Aside.*] What shall I do then?

Vio. Bless me how I tremble!

Flo. Oh, Invention, Invention!—I have it, Madam; here, here, here, Sir, off with your Sword, and I'll fetch you a Disguise. (*Runs in and fetches out a Riding-Hood.*)

Fel. Ay, ay, any thing to avoid *Don Pedro*.

Vio. Oh! quick, quick, quick, I shall die with Apprehension. (*Flora puts the Riding-Hood on Felix.*)

Flo. Be sure you don't speak a Word!

Fel. Not for the *Indies*.——But I shall observe you closer than you imagine. [*Aside.*]

Pedro. [*within.*] *Violante*, where are you, Child? [*Enter Don Pedro*] Why, how came the Garden-Door open? Ha! How now, who have we here?

Vio. Humph, he'll certainly discover him. [*Aside.*]

Flo. 'Tis my Mother, and please you, Sir. [*She and Felix both courtsey.*]

Pedro. Your Mother! By *St. Anthony*, she's a Strapper; why, you are a Dwarf to her——How many Children have you, good Woman?

Vio. Oh! if he speaks we are lost. [*Aside.*]

Flo. Oh! Dear *Senior*, she cannot hear you, she has been deaf these twenty Years.

Pedro. Alas, poor Woman —— Why, you muffle her up as if she were blind too.

Fel. Would I were fairly off.

[*Aside.*

Pedro. Turn up her Hood.

Vio. Undone for ever—*St. Anthony* forbid : Oh, Sir, she has the dreadfulest unlucky Eyes.———Pray don't look upon them ; I made her keep her Hood shut on Purpose.———Oh, oh, oh, oh !

Pedro. Eyes ! Why, what's the Matter with her Eyes ?

Flo. My poor Mother, Sir, is much afflicted with the Cholick ; and about two Months ago she had it grievously in her Stomach, and was over-persuaded to take a Dram of filthy *English Geneva*--Which immediately flew up into her Head, and caused such a Defluxion in her Eyes, that she could never since bear the Day-light.

Pedro. Say you so ?—Poor Woman !—Well, make her sit down, *Violante*, and give her a Glass of Wine.

Vio. Let her Daughter give her a Glass below, Sir ; for my Part, she has frightened me so, I shan't be my self these two Hours. I am sure her Eyes are evil Eyes.

Fel. Well hinted.

Pedro. Well, well, do so : Evil Eyes, there is no evil Eyes, Child.

[*Exit Felix and Flora.*

Vio. I'm glad he's gone.

Pedro. Hast thou heard the News, *Violante* ?

Vio. What News, Sir ?

Pedro. Why, *Vasquez* tells me, that *Don Lopez's* Daughter *Isabella* is run away from her Father ; that Lord has very ill Fortune with his Children---Well, I'm glad my Daughter has no Inclination to Mankind, that my House is plagu'd with no Suitors.

[*Aside.*

Vio. This is the first Word ever I heard of it ; I pity her Frailty.——

Pedro. Well said, *Violante*.——Next Week I intend thy Happiness shall begin.

[*Enter Flora.*

Vio. I don't intend to stay so long, I thank you, Papa.

[*Aside.*

Pedro. My Lady *Abbess* writes Word she longs to see thee, and has provided every Thing in Order for thy Reception.—Thou wilt lead a happ Life, my Girl—Fifty Times before that of Matrimony, where an extravagant Coxcomb might make a Beggar of thee, or an ill-natur'd surly Dog break thy Heart.

Flo. Break thy Heart ! She had as good have her Bones

Bones broke as to be a Nun ; I am sure I had, rather of the two.—You are wonderous kind, Sir ; but if I had such a Father, I know what I wou'd do.

Pedro. Why, what wou'd you do, Minx, ha ?

Flo. I wou'd tell him I had as good a Right and Title to the Law of Nature, and the End of the Creation, as he had ———

Pedro. You wou'd, Mistrefs ; who the Devil doubts it ? A good Assurance is a Chamber-maid's Coat of Arms ! and Lying, and Contriving, the Supporters. — Your Inclinations are on tip-toe, it seems--If I were your Father, Housewife, I'd have a Pennance enjoin'd you, so strict, that you should not be able to turn you in your Bed for a Month—You are enough to spoil your Lady, Housewife, if she had not Abundance of Devotion.

Vio. Fye, *Flora*, are you not ashamed to talk thus to my Father ? You said yesterday you would be glad to go with me into the Monastery.

Pedro. She go with thee ! No, no, she's enough to debauch the whole Convent.—Well, Child, remember what I said to thee : Next Week——

Vio. Ay, and what I am to do this too.— [*Aside.* I am all Obedient, Sir ; I care not how soon I change my Condition.

Flo. But little does he think what Change she means. [*Aside.*

Pedro. Well said, *Violante*.——I am glad to find her so willing to leave the World, but it is wholly owing to my prudent Management, did she know that she might command her Fortune when she came at Age, or upon Day of Marriage, perhaps she'd change her Note. ——— But I have always told her that her Grandfather left it with this Proviso, That she turn'd Nun : now a small Part of this twenty thousand Pounds provides for her in the Nunnery, and the rest is my own ; there is nothing to be got in this Life without Policy. [*Aside.*] Well Child, I am going into the Country for two or three Days, to settle some Affairs with thy Uncle. — And then—Come, help me on with my Cloak, Child.

Vio. Yes, Sir. [*Exit Pedro and Violante.*

Flo. So, now for the Colonel. [*Goes to the Chamber-Door.*] Hift, hift, Colonel. [*Colonel peeping.*

Col. Is the Coast clear ?

Flo. Yes, if you can climb ; for you must get over the Wash-house, and jump from the Garden-Wall into the Street.

Col. Nay, nay, I don't value my Neck if my Incognita answers but thy Lady's Promise.

[*Exit Colonel and Flora.*]

Re-enter Pedro and Violante.

Ped. Good-bye, *Violante*, take care of thyself, Child.

Vio. I wish you a good Journey, Sir—Now to set my Prisoner at Liberty. [*Enter Felix behind Violante.*]

Fel. I have lain perdue under the Stairs, till I watch'd the old Man out.

Vio. Sir, Sir, you may appear. [*Goes to the Door.*]

Fel. May he so, Madam ?—I had Cause for my Suspicion, I find, treacherous Woman.

Vio. Ha, *Felix* here ! Nay, then, all's discover'd.

Fel. [*Draws.*] Villain, whoe'er thou art, come out I charge thee, and take the Reward of thy adulterous Errand.

Vio. What shall I say ? — Nothing but the Secret which I have sworn to keep can reconcile this Quarrel.

[*Aside.*]

Fel. A Coward ! Nay, then I'll fetch you out, think not to hide thyself ; no, by St. *Anthony*, an Altar should not protect thee, even there I'd reach thy Heart, tho' all the Saints were arm'd in thy Defence. [*Exit.*]

Vio. Defend me, Heaven ! What shall I do ? I must discover *Isabella*, or here will be Murder.—

Enter Flora.

Flo. I have help'd the Colonel off clear, Madam.

Vio. Say'st thou so, my Girl ? then I am arm'd.

Re-enter Felix.

Fel. Where has the Devil in Compliance to your Sex convey'd him from my just Resentment ?

Vio. Him, who do you mean, my dear inquisitive Spark ? Ha, ha, ha, ha, you will never leave these jealous Whims ?

Fel. Will you never cease to impose upon me ?

Vio. You impose upon yourself, my Dear ; do you think I did not see you ? Yes, I did, and resolved to put this Trick upon you ; I knew, you'd take the Hint, and soon

soon relapse into your wonted Error: How easily your Jealousy is fired? I shall have a blessed Life with you.

Fel. Was there nothing in it then, but only to try me?

Vio. Won't you believe your Eyes?

Fel. No, because I find they have deceiv'd me; well, I am convinc'd that Faith is as necessary in Love as in Religion; for the Moment a Man lets a Woman know her Conquest, he resigns his Senses, and sees nothing but what she'd have him.

Vio. And as soon as that Man finds his Love return'd, she becomes as errant a Slave, as if she had already said after the Priest.

Fel. The Priest, *Violante*, would dissipate those Fears which cause these Quarrels; when wilt thou make me happy?

Vio. To-morrow, I will tell thee; my Father is gone for two or three Days to my Uncle's, we have Time enough to finish our Affairs.—But prithy leave me now, for I expect some Ladies to visit me.

Fel. If you command it.—Fly swift, ye Hours, and bring to-morrow on.—You desire I wou'd leave you, *Violante*.

Vio. I do at present.

Fel. So much you reign the Sovereign of my Soul,
That I obey without the least Controul. [Exit.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. I am glad my Brother and you are reconcil'd, my Dear, and the Colonel escap'd without his Knowledge; I was frighted out of my Wits when I heard him return.—I know not how to express my Thanks, Woman—for what you suffer'd for my Sake, my grateful Acknowledgment shall ever wait you; and to the World proclaim the Faith, Truth, and Honour of a Woman.—

Vio. Prithy don't compliment thy Friend, *Isabella*.—You heard the Colonel, I suppose.

Isab. Every Syllable, and am pleas'd to find I do not love in vain.

Vio. Thou hast caught his Heart, it seems; and an Hour hence may secure his Person.—Thou hast made hasty work on't Girl.

Isab. From thence I draw my Happiness, we shall have no Accounts to make up after Consummation.

*She who for Years, protects her Lover's Pain,
And makes him wish, and wait, and sigh in vain,
To be his Wife, when late she gives Consent,
Finds half his Passion was in Courtship spent ;
Whilst they who boldly all Delays remove,
Find every Hour a fresh Supply of Love.*

A C T V.

SCENE, Frederick's House.

Enter Felix and Frederick.

Fel. **T**HIS Hour has been propitious, I am reconcil'd to *Violante*, and you assure me *Antonio* is out of Danger.

Fred. Your Satisfaction is doubly mine.

Enter Lissardo.

Fel. What Haste you made, Sirrah, to bring me Word if *Violante* went home?

Liss. I can give you very good Reasons for my Stay, Sir——Yes, Sir, she went home.

Fred. O! Your Master knows that, for he has been there himself, *Lissardo*.

Liss. Sir, may I beg the Favour of your Ear?

Fel. What have you to say? [*Whispers, and Felix seems uneasy*]

Fred. Ha, *Felix* changes Colour at *Lissardo's* News. What can it be?

Fel. A Scots Footman, that belongs to Colonel *Britton*, an Acquaintance of *Frederick's*, say you? the Devil! if she be false, by Heaven I'll trace her. Prithy, *Frederick*, do you know one Colonel *Britton*, a Scotchman?

Fred. Yes; why do you ask me?

Fel. Nay, no great Matter; but my Man tells me that he has had some little Differences with a Servant of his, that's all.

Fred. He is a good harmless innocent Fellow, I am sorry for it; the Colonel lodges in my House, I knew him formerly in *England*, and met him here by Accident last Night, and gave him an Invitation home; he

is a Gentleman of a good Estate, besides his Commission ; of excellent Principles, and strict Honour, I assure you.

Fel. Is he a Man of Intrigue ?

Fred. Like other Men, I suppose ; here he comes. —
[Enter Colonel.]

Colonel, I began to think I had lost you.

Col. — And not without some Reason, if you knew all.

Fel. There's no Danger of a fine Gentleman's being lost in this Town, Sir.

Col. That Compliment don't belong to me, Sir. But I assure you I have been very near being run away with.

Fred. Who attempted it ?

Col. Faith, I know her not ——— Only that she is a charming Woman, I mean as much as I saw of her.

Fel. My Heart swells with Apprehension. — Some accidental Rencounter. —

Fred. A Tavern, I suppose, adjusted the Matter. —

Col. A Tavern ! No, no, Sir, she is above that Rank, I assure you ; this Nymph sleeps in a Velvet Bed, and Lodgings every way agreeable.

Fel. Ha, a Velvet Bed ! — I thought you said but now Sir, you knew her not.

Col. No more I don't, Sir.

Fel. How came you then so well acquainted with her Bed ?

Fred. Ay ay, come, come, unfold.

Col. Why then you must know, Gentlemen, that I was convey'd to her Lodgings, by one of Cupid's Emis-saries, call'd a Chambermaid, in a Chair thro' fifty blind Alleys, who by the Help of a Key let me into a Garden.

Fel. 'Sdeath, a Garden, this must be *Violante's* Garden. [Aside.]

Col. From thence conducted me into a spacious Room, then dropt me a Courtesy, told me her Lady would wait on me presently ; so without unveiling, modestly withdrew.

Fel. Damn her Modesty ; this was *Flora*. [Aside.]

Fred. Well, how then, Colonel ?

Col. Then, Sir, immediately from another Door issued forth a Lady, arm'd at both Eyes, from whence such Showers of Darts fell round me, that had I not been cover'd with the Shield of another Beauty, I had

infallibly fall'n a Mart; r to her Charms ; for you must know, I just saw her Eyes : Eyes did I say ? no, no, hold. I saw but one Eye, though I suppose it had a Fellow, equally as killing.

Fel. But how came you to see her Bed, Sir ? 'Sdeath, this Expectation gives a thousand Racks. [*Aside.*

Col. Why, upon her Maid's giving Notice her Father was coming, she thrust me into the Bed-Chamber.

Fel. Upon her Father's coming ?

Col. Ay, so she said ; but putting my Ear to the Key-Hole of the Door, I found it was another Lover.

Fel. Confound the Jilt ! 'Twas she without Dispute.

[*Aside.*

Fred. Ah poor Colonel, ha, ha, ha.

Col. I discover'd they had had a Quarrel, but whether they were reconcil'd or not, I can't tell ; for the second Alarm brought the Father in good earnest, and had like to have made the Gentleman and I acquainted, but she found some other Stratagem to convey him out.

Fel. Contagion seize her, and make her Body ugly as her Soul. There is nothing left to doubt of now.—'Tis plain 'twas she.—Sure he knows me, and takes this Method to insult me ; 'Sdeath I cannot bear it. [*Aside.*

Fred. So when she had dispatch'd her old Lover, she paid you a Visit in her Bed-chamber ; ha, Colonel ?

Col. No, Pox take the impertinent Puppy, he spoil'd my Diversion, I saw her no more.

Fel. Very fine ! give me Patience, Heaven, or I shall burst with Rage. [*Aside.*

Fred. That was hard.

Col. Nay, what was worse, the Nymph that introduced me conveyed me out again over the Top of a high Wall, where I ran the danger of having my Neck broke, for the Father it seems had locked the Door by which I enter'd.

Fel. That Way I miss'd him :—— Damn her Invention. (*Aside.*) Pray, Colonel, was this the same Lady you met upon the *Terriero de passa* this Morning ?

Col. Faith, I can't tell, Sir ; I had a Design to know who that Lady was, but my Dog of a Footman, whom I had ordered to watch her home, fell fast asleep —— I gave

gave him a good Beating for his Neglect, and I have never seen the Rascal since.

Fred. Here he comes.

Enter Gibby.

Col. Where have you been, Sirrah ?

Gib. Troth I see been seeking yee an lik yer Honour these twa Hoors an meer. I bring yee glad Teedings, Sir.

Col. What, have you found the Lady ?

Gib. Geud Faite, ha I Sir—an she's call'd *Donna Violante*, and her Parent *Don Pedro de Mendosa*, en gin yee will gan wa mi, an't lik yer Honour, Ise make yee ken the Huse right weel.

Fel. O Torture ! Torture ! [*Aside.*

Col. Ha ! *Violante* ! That's the Lady's Name of the House where my Incognita is, sure it could not be her, at least it was not the same House, I'm confident.

[*Aside.*
Fred. *Violante* ? 'Tis false ; I would not have you credit him, Colonel.

Gib. The Deel burst my Bladder, Sir, gin I lee.

Fel. Sirrah, I say you do lye, and I'll make you eat it, you Dog, (*kicks him*) and if your Master will justify you——

Col. Not I, faith, Sir,—I answer for no body's Lyes but my own ; if you please, kick him again.

Gib. But gin he dus, Ise ne take it, Sir, gin he was a thousand *Spaniards*. [*walks about in a passion.*

Col. I ow'd you a Beating, Sirrah, and I'm oblig'd to this Gentleman for taking the Trouble off my Hands ; therefore say no more, d'ye hear, Sir ? [*Aside to Gibby.*

Gib. Troth de I, Sir, and feel tee.

Fred. This must be a Mistake, Colonel, for I know *Violante* perfectly well, and I am certain she would not meet you upon the *Terriero de passa*.

Col. Don't be too positive, *Frederick*, now I have some Reasons to believe it was that very Lady.

Fel. You'd very much oblige me, Sir, if you'd let me know these Reasons.

Col. Sir ?

Fel. Sir, I say I have a Right to enquire into these Reasons you speak of.

Col. Ha, ha, really, Sir? I cannot conceive how you or any Man can have a Right to enquire into my Thoughts.

Fel. Sir, I have a Right to every Thing that relates to *Violante*.—And he that traduces her Fame, and refuses to give his Reasons for't, is a Villain. [*Draws.*]

Col. What the Devil have I been doing? now Blisters on my Tongue, by Dozens. [*Aside.*]

Fred. Prithee, *Felix*, don't quarrel, till you know for what; this is all a Mistake I'm positive.

Col. Look ye, Sir, that I dare draw my Sword, I think will admit of no Dispute ——— But tho' fighting's my Trade, I'm not in love with it, and think it more honourable to decline this Business, than pursue it. This maybe a Mistake; however I'll give you my Honour never to have any Affair directly, or indirectly with *Violante*, provided she is your *Violante*; but if there should happen to be another of her Name, I hope you would not engross all the *Violantes* in the Kingdom.

Fel. Your Vanity has given me sufficient Reasons to believe I'm not mistaken; I'll not be impos'd upon, Sir,

Col. Nor I bully'd, Sir.

Fel. Bully'd! 'Sdeath, such another Word, and I'll nail thee to the Wall.

Col. Are you sure of that, *Spaniard*? [*Draws.*]

Gib. (*Draws*) Say ne meer, Mon, aw my Sol here's Twa to Twa, dona fear, Sir, *Gibby* stonds by ye for the Honour of Scotland. [*Vapours about.*]

Fred. By St. *Anthony* you shan't fight (*Interposes*) on bare Suspicion; be certain of the Injury, and then—

Fel. That I will this Moment, and then, Sir—— I hope you are to be found ——

Col. Whenever you please, Sir. [*Exit Felix.*]

Gib. 'Sbleed, Sir, there neer was a *Scotsman* yet that sham'd to show his Face. [*Strutting about.*]

Fred. So, Quarrels spring up like Mushrooms, in a Minute: *Violante* and he were but just reconcil'd, and you have furnish'd him with fresh Matter for falling out again; and I am certain, Colonel, *Gibby* is in the Wrong.

Gib.

Gib. Gin I be, Sir, the Man that tald me leed, and gin he dud, the Deel be my Landlard, Hell my Winter-quarters, and a Rope my Winding-sheet, gin I dee not lik him as lang as I can hold a Stick in my Hond, now see yee.

Col. I am sorry for what I have said, for the Lady's Sake ; but who could divine that she was his Mistress ? Prithce, who is this warm Spark ?

Fred. He is the Son of one of our Grandees, nam'd *Don Lopez de Pimentell*, a very honest Gentleman, but something passionate in what relates to his Love.— He is an only Son, which may perhaps be one Reason for indulging his Passion.

Col. When Parents have but one Child, they either make a Madman or a Fool of him.

Fred. He is not the only Child, he has a Sister ; but I think, thro' the Severity of his Father, who would have married her against her Inclination, she has made her Escape, and notwithstanding he has offered five hundred Pounds, he can get no Tidings of her.

Col. Ha ! how long has she been missing ?

Fred. Nay, but since last Night, it seems.

Col. Last Night ! The very Time ! How went she ?

Fred. No body can tell ; they conjecture thro' the Window.

Col. I'm transported ! This must be the Lady I caught. What sort of a Woman is she ?

Fred. Middle-fiz'd, a lovely brown, a fine pouting Lip, Eyes that roll and languish, and seem to speak the exquisite Pleasure her Arms could give !

Col. Oh ! I'm fir'd with this Description—'Tis the very she—What's her Name ?

Fred. *Isabella*———You are transported, Colonel.

Col. I have a natural Tendency in me to the Flesh, thou know'st, and who can hear of Charms so exquisite and yet remain unmov'd ? Oh, how I long for the appointed Hour ! I'll to the *Terriero de passa*, and wait my Happiness ; if she fails to meet me, I'll once more attempt to find her at *Violante's* in spite of her Brother's Jealousy. [*Aside.*] Dear *Frederick*, I beg your Pardon, but I had forgot, I was to meet a Gentleman upon Business

finest at Five ; I'll endeavour to dispatch him, and wait on you again as soon as possible.——

Fred. Your humble Servant. Colonel. [Exit.

Col. Gibby, I have no Business with you at present. [Exit Colonel.

Gib. That's weel——naw will I gang and seek this Loon, and gar him gang with me to *Don Pedro's* Huse.——Gin he'll no gang of himsel, Ise gar him gang by the Lug, Sir ; Godswarbit, *Gibby* hates a Lear. [Exit.

Scene changes to Violante's Lodging.

Enter Violante and Isabella.

Isab. The Hour draws on, *Violante*, and now my Heart begins to fail me, but I resolve to venture for all that.

Vio. What, does your Courage sink, *Isabella* ?

Isab. Only the Force of Resolution a little retreated, but I'll rally it again for all that.

Enter Flora.

Flo. *Don Felix* is coming up, Madam.

Isab. My Brother ! Which way shall I get out —— Dispatch him as soon as you can, dear *Violante*.

[Exit into the Closet.

Vio. I will. (*Enter Felix in a surly posture.*) *Felix*, what brings you home so soon, did I not say to-morrow ?

Fel. My Passion choaks me, I cannot speak ; Oh ! I shall burst ! [*Aside.*] [Throws himself into a Chair.

Vio. Bless me, are you not well, my *Felix* ?

Fel. Yes, — No, — I don't know what I am.

Vio. Hey Day ! What's the Matter now ? Another jealous Whim !

Fel. With what an Air she carries it !—— I sweat at her Impudence. [*Aside.*

Vio. If I were in your Place, *Felix*, I'd chuse to stay at home, when these Fits of Spleen are upon me, and not trouble such Persons as are not obliged to bear with them. (*Here he affects to be careless of her.*

Fel. I am very sensible, Madam, of what you mean : I disturb you, no doubt ; but were I in a better Humour I should not incommode you less. I am but too well convinc'd you could easily dispense with my Visit.

Vio. When you behave yourself as you ought to do,
no

no Company so welcome—But when you reserve me for your ill Nature, I wave your Merit, and consider what's due to myself—And I must be so free to tell you, *Felix*, that these Humours of yours will abate, if not absolutely destroy the very Principles of Love.

Fel. (Rising.) And I must be so free to tell you, Madam, that since you have made such ill Returns to the Respect that I have paid you, all you do shall be indifferent to me for the future, and you shall find me abandon your Empire with so little Difficulty, that I'll convince the World your Chains are not so hard to break as your Vanity would tempt you to believe—I cannot brook the Provocation you give.

Vio. This is not to be borne—Insolent! You abandon! You! Whom I have so often forbid ever to see me more! Have you not fall'n at my Feet! Implor'd my Favour and Forgiveness?—Did not you trembling wait, and wish, and sigh, and swear yourself into my Heart? Ungrateful Man! If my Chains are so easily broke, as you pretend, then you are the silliest Coxcomb living you did not break 'em long ago; and I must think him capable of brooking any thing on whom such Usage could make no Impression.

Isab. (Peeping) A Duce take your Quarrels; she'll never think on me.

Fel. I always believed, Madam, my Weakness was the greatest Addition to your Power; you wou'd be less imperious, had my Inclination been less forward to oblige you.—You have indeed forbid me your Sight, but your Vanity even then assured you I would return, and I was Fool enough to feed your Pride—Your Eyes, with all their boasted Charms, have acquired the greatest Glory in conquering me.—And the brightest Passage of your Life is, wounding this Heart with such Arms as pierce but few Persons of my Rank.

[*Walks about in a great Pet.*]

Vio. Matchless Arrogance! True, Sir, I should have kept Measures better with you, if the Conquest had been worth preserving; but we easily hazard what gives us no Pain to lose.—As for my Eyes, you are mistaken if you think they have vanquished none but you;

you ; there are Men above your boasted Rank who have confes'd their Power, when their Misfortune in pleasing you made them obtain such a disgraceful Victory.

Fel. Yes, Madam, I am no Stranger to your Victories.

Vio. And what you call the brightest Passage of my Life, is not the least glorious Part of yours.

Fel. Ha, ha, don't put yourself into a Passion, Madam, for I assure you, after this Day I shall give you no Trouble.—You may meet your Sparks on the *Terriero de passa* at four in the Morning, without the least Regard to mine—For when I quit your Chamber, the World shan't bring me back.

Vio. I am so well pleas'd with your Resolution, I don't care how soon you take your Leave.—But what you mean by the *Terriero de passa* at four in the Morning, I can't guess.

Fel. No, no, no, not you——You was not upon the *Terriero de passa* at Four this Morning.

Vio. No, I was not ; but if I was, I hope I may walk where I please, and at what Hour I please, without asking your leave.

Fel. Oh, doubtless, Madam ! And you might meet Colonel *Britton* there, and afterwards send your Emisfary to fetch him to your House.——And upon your Father's coming in, thrust him into your Bed-chamber——without asking my leave. 'Tis no Business of mine if you are expos'd among all the Footmen in Town.—Nay, if they Ballad you, and cry you about at a Half-penny a piece——They may without my Leave.

Vio. Audacious ! Don't provoke me——don't ; my Reputation is not to be sported with, (*going up to him.*) at this Rate.——No, Sir, it is not, (*bursts into tears.*) Inhuman *Felix* !——Oh, *Isabella*, what a Train of Ills hast thou brought on me ! [*Aside.*]

Fel. Ha ! I cannot bear to see her weep.—A Woman's Tears are far more fatal than our Swords. [*Aside.* Oh, *Violante*——'Sdeath ! what a Dog am I ? Now have I no Power to stir :——Dost not thou know such a Person as Colonel *Britton* ? Prithee tell me, didst not thou meet him at Four this Morning upon the *Terriero de passa* ?

Vio.

Vio. Were it not to clear my Fame, I would not answer thee, thou black Ingrate!—— But I cannot bear to be reproached with what I even blush to think of, much less to act; by Heaven, I have not seen the *Terrero de passa* this Day.

Fel. Did not a Scots Footman attack you in the Street neither, *Violante*?

Vio. Yes, but he mistook me for another, or he was drunk, I know not which.

Fel. And do not you know this Scots Colonel?

Vio. Pray ask me no more Questions, this Night shall clear my Reputation, and leave you without Excuse for your base Suspicions; more than this I shall not satisfy you, therefore pray leave me.

Fel. Didst thou ever love me, *Violante*?

Vio. I'll answer nothing.—— You was in haste to be gone just now, I should be very well pleas'd to be alone, Sir.

(She sits down and turns aside.)

Fel. I shall not long interrupt your Contemplation.—— Stubborn to the last.

[Aside.]

Vio. Did ever Woman involve herself as I have done?

Fel. Now would I give one of my Eyes to be Friends with her; for something whispers to my Soul she is not guilty.—— *(He pauses, then pulls a Chair, and sits by her at a little Distance, looking at her some time without speaking.—Then draws a little nearer to her.)* Give me your Hand at Parting however, *Violante*, won't you, *(Here he lays his open upon her Knee several times.)* won't you——won't you——won't you?

Vio. *(Half regarding him)* Won't I do what?

Fel. You know what I would have, *Violante*. Oh, my Heart!

Vio. *(Smiling.)* I thought my Chains were easily broke. *(Lays her Hand into his.)*

Fel. *(Draws his Chair close to her, and kisses her Hand in a Rapture.)* Too well thou knowest thy Strength——Oh my charming Angel, my Heart is all thy own. Forgive my hasty Passion, 'tis the Transport of a Love sincere!

Don Pedro *within*.

Pedro. Bid *Sancho* get a new Wheel to my Chariot presently.

Vio.

Vio. Bless me! my Father return'd! what shall we do now, *Felix*! We are ruin'd, past Redemption.

Fel. No, no, no, my Love; I can leap from thy Closet Window. (*Runs to the Door where Isabella is, who claps too the Door, and bolts it within side.*)

Isab. (*Peeping.*) Say you so: But I shall prevent you.

Fel. Confusion! Some body bolts the Door within side; I'll see who you have conceal'd here, if I die for't; Oh *Violante*! hast thou again sacrific'd me to my Rival. (*Draws.*)

Vio. By Heaven thou hast no Rival in my Heart, let that suffice—Nay, sure, you will not let my Father find you here——Distraction!

Fel. Indeed but I shall—except you command this Door to be open'd, and that way conceal me from his Sight. [*He struggles with her to come at the Door.*]

Vio. Hear me, *Felix*——Though I were sure the refusing what you ask would separate us for ever, by all that's powerful you shall not enter here: Either you do love me, or you do not; convince me by your Obedience.

Fel. That's not the Matter in debate—I will know who is in this Closet, let the Consequence be what it will. Nay, nay, nay, you strive in vain; I will go in.

Vio. You shall not go in——

Enter Don Pedro.

Ped. Hey day! What's here to do! I will go in, and, You shan't go in——and, I will go in——Why, who are you, Sir?

Fel. 'Sdeath! What shall I say now?

Ped. Don *Felix*, pray what's your Business in my House? Ha, Sir.

Vio. Oh Sir, what Miracle return'd you home so soon? Some Angel 'twas that brought my Father back to succour the Distress'd——This Russian he, I cannot call him Gentleman——has committed such an uncommon Rudeness, as the most profligate Wretch would be asham'd to own——

Fel. Ha, what the Devil does she mean!

(*Aside.*
Vio.

Vio. As I was at my Devotion in my Closet, I heard a loud Knocking at the Door, mix'd with a Woman's Voice, which seem'd to imply she was in Danger——

Fel. I am confounded! (*Aside.*)

Vio. I flew to the Door with the utmost Speed, where a Lady veil'd rush'd in upon me; who falling on her Knees begged my Protection, from a Gentleman, who, she said, pursued her: I took Compassion on her Tears, and lock'd her into this Closet; but in the Surprise, having left open the Door, this very Person whom you see, with his Sword drawn, ran in, protesting, if I refus'd to give her up to his Revenge, he'd force the Door.

Fel. What in the Name of Goodness does she mean to do! Hang me! (*Aside.*)

Vio. I strove with him till I was out of Breath, and had you not come as you did, he must have enter'd—But he's in drink, I suppose, or he could not have been guilty of such an Indecorum. [*Leering at Felix.*]

Ped. I'm amaz'd!

Fel. The Devil never fail'd a Woman at a Pinch: what a Tale has she form'd in a Minute——In drink, quotha; a good hint; I'll lay hold on't to bring myself off. (*Aside.*)

Ped. Fie, *Don Felix*! No sooner rid of one Broil, but you are commencing another—to assault a Lady with a naked Sword, derogates much from the Character of a Gentleman, I assure you. X

Fel. (*Counterfeits Drunkenness*) Who, I assault a Lady——upon Honour the Lady assaulted me, Sir; and would have seiz'd this Body Politick upon the King's Highway——let her come out, and deny it if she can——pray, Sir, command the Door to be open'd, and let her prove me a Liar if she knows how——I have been drinking right *French* Claret, Sir, but I love my own Country for all that.

Ped. Ay, ay, who doubts it, Sir?—Open the Door, *Violante*, and let the Lady come out—Come, I warrant thee he shan't hurt her.

Fel. Ay, now which way will she come off.

Vio. (*Unlocks the Door*) Come forth, Madam, none shall dare to touch your Veil——I'll convey you out with

with Safety, or lose my Life—I hope she understands me. *(Aside.)*

Enter Isabella veil'd and crosses the Stage.

Isab. Excellent Girl! *(Exit.)*

Fel. The Devil! a Woman! I'll see if she be really so. *(Offers to follow her.)*

Ped. (Draws.) Not a Step, Sir, till the Lady be past your Recovery.—I never suffer the Laws of Hospitality to be violated in my House, Sir.—I'll keep *Don Felix* here till you see her safe out, *Violante*.

Vio. Get clear of my Father, and follow me to the *Terriero de passa*, where all Mistakes shall be rectified. *(Aside to Felix.)* *[Exit Violante.]*

Ped. Come, Sir, you and I will take a Pipe and a Bottle together.

Fel. Damn your Pipe, Sir, I won't smoak—I hate Tobacco—Nor I, I, I, I won't drink, Sir—No nor I won't stay neither, and how will you help yourself.

Ped. As to smoaking or drinking, you have your Liberty, but you shall stay, Sir. *(Gets between him and the Door, Felix strikes up his Heels and Exit.)*

Fel. Shall I so, Sir?—But I tell you, old Gentleman, I am in haste to be married—And so God be with you.

Ped. Go to the Devil—In haste to be married, quotha, thou art in a fine Condition to be married truly!

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Here's *Don Lopez de Pimentell* to wait on you, Senior.

Ped. What the Devil does he want? Bring him up, he's in Pursuit of his Son I suppose.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. I am glad to find you at home, *Don Pedro*; I was told that you was seen upon the Road to—this Afternoon.

Ped. That might be, my Lord; but I had the Misfortune to break the Wheel of my Chariot, which oblig'd me to return—What is your Pleasure with me, my Lord?

Lop. I am inform'd that my Daughter's in your House, *Don Pedro*.

Ped.

Ped. That's more than I know, my Lord; but here was your Son just now as drunk as an Emperor.

Ped. My Son drunk! I never saw him in drink in my Life; where is he, pray, Sir?

Ped. Gone to be married.

Lop. Married! To whom? I don't know that he courted any Body.

Ped. Nay, I know nothing of that——Within there! [*Enter Servant.*] bid my Daughter come hither, she'll tell you another Story, my Lord.

Ser. She's gone out in a Chair, Sir.

Ped. Out in a Chair! What do you mean, Sir?

Ser. As I say, Sir; and *Donna Isabella* went in another just before her.

Ser. And *Don Felix* followed in another; I overheard them all bid the Chairs go to the *Terriero de passa*.

Ped. Ha! What Business has my Daughter there? I am confounded and know not what to think.——
Within there. [*Exit.*]

Lop. My Heart misgives me plaguily——Call me an *Alguzile*, I'll pursue them strait.

SCENE changes to the Street before Don Pedro's House.

Enter Lissardo.

Liss. I wish I cou'd see *Flora*——Methinks I have an hankering Kindness after the Slut——We must be reconcil'd.

Enter Gibby.

Gib. Aw my Sol, Sir, but Ise blithe to find yee here now.

Liss. Ha! Brother! Give me thy Hand, Boy.

Gib. No se fast, se ye me—Brether, me ne Brethers, I scorn a Lyar as muckle as a Thiefe, se ye now, and yee must gang intul this House with me, and justifie to *Donna Violante's* Face, that she was the Lady that gang'd in here this Morn, se yee me, or the Deel ha my Sol, Sir, but ye and I shall be twa Folks.

Liss. Justify it to *Donna Violante's* Face, quotha, for what? Sure you don't know what you say,

Gib.

Gib. Troth de I, Sir, as weel as yee de ; therefore come along, and make no meer Words about it.

[*Knocks hastily at the Door.*]

Liss. Why, what the Devil do you mean ? Don't you confider you are in *Portugal* ? Is the Fellow mad ?

Gib. Fallow ! Ise none of yer Fallow, Sir ; and gin this Place were Hell, id gar ye de me Justice, [*Liss. going*] nay the Deel a Feet ye gang. [*Lays hold of him, and knocks again.*]

Enter Don Pedro.

Ped. How now ! what makes you knock so loud ?

Gib. Gin this be *Don Pedro's* House, Sir, I wou'd speak with *Donna Violante*, his Daughter.

Liss. Ha ! *Don Pedro* himself, I wish I were fairly off. [*Aside.*]

Ped. Ha ! What is it you want with my Daughter, pray ?

Gib. An she be your Doughter, and lik your Honour, command her to come out, and answer for hersel now, and either justify or disprove what this Shield told me this Morn.

Liss. So, here will be a fine Piece of Work. [*Aside.*]

Ped. Why, what did he tell you, ha ?

Gib. By my Sol, Sir, Ise tell you aw the Truth ; my Master got a pratty Lady upon the how de ye call't—*Passa*—here at Five this Morn, and he gar me watch her heam——And in Troth I lodg'd her here ; and meeting this ill favour'd Thiefe, se ye me, I spiered wha she was——An he told me her Name was *Donna Violante*, *Don Pedro de Mendosa's* Daughter.

Ped. Ha ! My Daughter with a Man abroad at Five in the Morning : Death, Hell, and Furies, by St *Anthony* I'm undone. [*Stamps.*]

Gib. Wounds, Sir, ye put yer Saint intul bony Company.

Ped. Who is your Master, you Dog you ? Adsheart I shall be trick'd of my Daughter, and my Money too, that's worst of all.

Gib. Ye Dog you ! 'Sblead, Sir, don't call Names—I won't tell you wha my Master is, se ye me now.

Ped.

Ped. And who are you, Rascal, that knows my Daughter so well? Ha! *(Holds up his Cane.)*

Liss. What shall I say to make him give this Scots Dog a good beating? *(Aside.)* I know your Daughter, Senior? Not I, I never saw your Daughter in all my Life.

Gib. *(Knocks him down with his Fist.)* Deel ha my Sol, Sar, gin ye get no your Carich for that Lye now.

Ped. What, hoa! Where are all my Servants? *(Enter Servants on one Side, Colonel, Felix, Isabella, and Violante on the other Side.)* Raise the House in pursuit of my Daughter.

Serv. Here she comes, Senior.

Col. Hey Day! What's here to do?

Gib. This is the Loon like-Tik, an lik yer Honour, that sent me heam with a Lye this Morn.

Col. Come, come, 'tis all well, Gibby; let him rise.

Ped. I am Thunder-struck—and have no Power to speak one Word.

Fel. This is a Day of Jubilee, *Lissardo*; no quarrelling with him this Day.

Liss. A Pox take his Fists:—Egad these Britons are but a Word and a Blow.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. So, have I found you, Daughter? Then you have not hang'd yourself yet, I see.

Col. But she is married, my Lord.

Lop. Married! Zounds, to whom?

Col. Even to your humble Servant, my Lord. If you please to give us your Blessing. *(Kneels.)*

Lop. Why, hark ye, Mistress, are you really married?

Isab. Really so, my Lord.

Lop. And who are you, Sir?

Col. An honest North Britain by Birth, and a Colonel by Commission, my Lord.

Lop. An Heretic! The Devil! *(Holding up his Hands.)*

Ped. She has play'd you a slippery Trick indeed, my Lord.—Well, my Girl, thou hast been to see thy Friend married.—Next Week thou shalt have a better Husband, my Dear. *[To Violante.]*

Fel. Next Week is a little too soon, Sir; I hope to live longer than that.

Ped. What do you mean, Sir? you have not made a Rib of my Daughter too, have you?

Vio. Indeed but he has, Sir; I know not how, but he took me in an unguarded Minute,—when my Thoughts were not over-strong for a Nunnery, Father.

Lop. Your Daughter has play'd you a slippery Trick too, *Senior*.

Ped. But your Son shall never be the better for't, my Lord; her twenty thousand Pounds was left on certain Conditions, and I'll not part with a Shilling.

Lop. But we have a certain Thing call'd Law, shall make you do Justice, Sir.

Ped. Well, we'll try that,—my Lord, much good may it do you with your Daughter-in-Law. *(Exit.*

Lop. I wish you much Joy of your Rib. *(Exit.*

Enter Frederick.

Fel. *Frederick*, welcome! ——— I sent for thee to be Witness of my good Fortune, and make one in a Country Dance.

Fred. Your Messenger has told me all, and I sincerely share in all your Happiness.

Col. To the Right about, *Frederick*; with thy Friend Joy.

Fred. I do with all my Soul;—and, Madam, I congratulate your Deliverance—Your Suspicions are clear'd now, I hope, *Felix*.

Fel. They are, and I heartily ask the Colonel Pardon, and wish him happy with my Sister; for Love has taught me to know, that every Man's Happiness consists in chusing for himself.

Liss. After that Rule I fix here. *[To Flora.*

Flo. That's your Mistake; I prefer my Lady's Service, and turn you over to her that pleaded Right and Title to you To-day.

Liss. Chuse, proud Fool; I shant ask you twice.

Gib. What say ye now, Lads; will ye ge yer Maiden-head to poor *Gibby*?—What say you, will ye dance the Reel of *Bogie* with me?

Inis. That I may not leave my Lady—I take you at your Word,—And tho' our Wooing has been short, I'll by her Example love you dearly. *[Musick plays.*

Fel.

A WOMAN keeps a SECRET.

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Fel. Hark ! I hear the Musick ; somebody has done us the Favour to send them, call them in.

A Country Dance.

Gib. Wounds, this is bony Musick—— How caw ye that Thing that ye pinch by the Craig, and tickle the Weam, ond make it cry, *Grum, Grum* ?

Fred. Oh ! that's a Guitar, *Gibby*.

Fel. Now, my *Violante*, I shall proclaim thy Virtues to the World.

*No more let us thy Sex's Conduct blame,
Since thou'rt a Proof to their eternal Fame,
That Man has no Advantage but the Name.*

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EPI-

E P I L O G U E.

Written by Mr. PHILIPS.

CUSTOM, with all our Modern Laws combin'd,
Has given such Power despotic to Mankind,
That we have only so much Virtue now,
As they are pleas'd in favour to allow.
Thus like Mechanic Work we're us'd with Scorns,
And wound up only for a present Turn;
Some are for having our whole Sex enslav'd,
Affirming we've no Souls *and can't be sav'd.
But were the Women all of my Opinion,
We'd soon shake off this false usurp'd Dominion.
We'd make the Tyrants own, that we cou'd prove,
As fit for other Business as for Love.
Lord! What Prerogative might we obtain,
Could we from Yielding, a few Months refrain?
How fondly wou'd our dang'ling Lovers doat?
What Homage wou'd be paid to Petticoat?
'T wou'd be a Jest to see the Change of Fate,
How might we all of Politicks debate;
Promise and swear what we ne'er meant to do,
And what's still harder, Keep our Secrets too.
Ay, Marry! Keep a Secret, says a Beau,
And sneers at some ill-natur'd Wit below;
But faith, if we shou'd tell but half we know,
There's many a spruce young Fellow in this Place,
Wou'd never more presume to show his Face;
Women are not so weak, whate'er Men prate;
How many tip-top Beaus have had the Fate,
T' enjoy from Mamma's Secrets their Estate.
Who, if her early Folly had made known,
Had rid behind the Coach that's now their own.
But here the Wond'rous Secret you discover;
A Lady ventures for a Friend,———A Lover.
Prodigious! for my Part I frankly own,
I'd spoil'd the Wonder, and the Woman shown.

* Alluding to an ironical Pamphlet tending to prove that
Women had no Souls.

F I N I S.

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